THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Illustrated Weekly
Anº Dom. Benj. Franklin

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Samuel G. Blythe—Cameron MacKenzie—Irvin S. Cobb—John Crowfoot—Wilbur Hall
Edward Mott Woolley—Edwin Lefèvre—Pelham Grenville Wodehouse—James H. Collins

"We recommend this one— It has a Robbins & Myers Motor."

"John, that's the cleaner for me. The Robbins & Myers Motor is a sure sign that the machine is high-grade throughout."

"That's so, Mary—the Robbins & Myers is the motor that runs our adding and addressing machines at the office. You can't go wrong on that."

* *

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For twenty years the name Robbins & Myers has been a sign of motor excellence and a guarantee of satisfactory operation. Today this name distinguishes motors of all sizes from 1/40 to 25 horsepower, for operation on all commercial direct and alternating current circuits.

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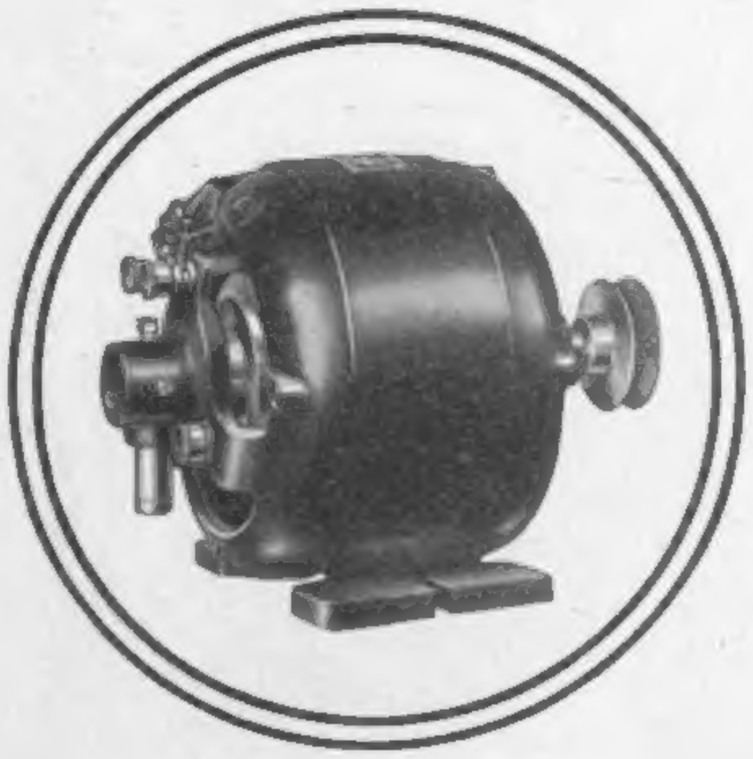

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at the right store; the merchant can suit your preference in details—the name represents the general idea.

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Chicago New York

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The Thanksgiving Dessert

HOW all eyes brighten when they see Grandma's mince pie! It is a tempting sight, giving to the home-coming an appetizing reminder of past Thanksgiving feasts. Made with Crisco a mince pie is a real delicacy. The lower crust is as tender as the flaky, brown top that covers it. Just as good and wholesome as it looks, it is easily digested.

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For Frying · For Shortening
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Use Crisco for shortening if you wish the lightest, most delicious pastry you ever ate. Crisco is an all-vegetable product, having neither odor nor taste. It is the cream of edible oil, pure and delicate and gives only richness to foods.

Crisco Mince Pie

In Making Both Pastry and Filling Use Accurate Level Measurements

For Pastry: 1½ cupfuls flour 1 teaspoonful salt ⅓ cupful Crisco 4 to 6 tablespoonfuls water

Sift the flour and salt and cut the Crisco into the flour with two knives until it is finely divided. Then add the water sparingly, mixing it with a knife through the dry materials. Form into a dough, roll on a floured board to about ¼ inch in thickness. Use a light motion in handling the rolling pin, and roll from the center outward. The Crisco should be of such consistency that when scooped out with a spoon it rounds up egg-shaped. In making pastry it is advisable to use pastry flour. Brush over the lower crust with a little beaten egg white before adding the mince meat. (The egg forms a hard surface between the crust and filling but does not prevent crust from baking properly.) Bake in hot oven.

For Filling

4 tart apples
¼ cupful raisins
¼ cupful currants
1 tablespoonful chopped citron
¼ cupful Crisco
½ teaspoonful cinnamon
½ teaspoonful nutmeg
¼ teaspoonful cloves
3 tablespoonfuls sugar
¼ cupful cider

Chop apples, raisins, currants, citron and Crisco together until quite fine. Add spices, sugar and cider. Mix well together. Cover closely, and, to ripen, let stand several hours before using.

Send for "The Whys of Cooking"

Many housewives are thankful, among other things, for the household helps they have found in Janet McKenzie Hill's new book, "The Whys of Cooking." Many of your own perplexing problems will doubtless be found among the questions she asks and answers in this handsome addition to the Crisco library. It contains 150 *new* recipes and the interesting Story of Crisco. Bound and illustrated in color. Makes a fine gift book. We will send it to you for five 2-cent stamps. Worth much more. Write Dept. K-11, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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VOX POP. TO THE BAT

By Samuel G. Blythe

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

IT WOULD seem, basing the surmise on the absolute, inside, down-cellar, strictly confidential, don't-breathe-it-to-another information available, and imparted thus sacredly and secretly, that it is up to our old friend Proletarius Vox Populi, Esquire, to keep this forthcoming presidential election from being a flat and dismal failure. If Vox Pop. doesn't save it "We are lost!" as the captain shouted on the historical occasion when he staggered down the stairs.

ITEM—It is to be learned, by one sufficiently accredited to penetrate the penetralia, as one might say, of the various Democratic national, associated, and other committees, organized and instituted for the purpose of making sure the reëlection of Mr. Wilson, that the entire Democratic campaign, from beginning to end, has been mismanaged, manhandled, mussed, mixed and massacred by incompetents and impossibles, by cravens and cowards, by dubs and dumbheads, by puerile politicians and silly statesmen, by amateurs, accidents, aberrates and absquatulates—that it is wrecked and ruined beyond repair; and that if Mr. Wilson is reëlected it will be a miracle—no less.

ITEM—It is to be learned, by one sufficiently accredited to penetrate the penetralia, as one might say, of the various Republican national, associated, and other committees, organized and instituted for the purpose of making sure the election of Mr. Hughes, that the entire Republican campaign, from beginning to end, has been bungled, benumbed, botched, boggled and boobed by fools and four-flushers, by hard-boiled eggs and handshakers, by pussyfooters and posers, by inefficients and inadequates, by piffling politicians and makeshift managers, by novices, neverwasers, numskulls, nullifiers and nuciferanians—that it is wrecked and ruined beyond repair; and that if Mr. Hughes is elected it will be solely because the High Gods are with him.

ITEM—This does not apply, of course, to any of the various and numerous managerial Democrats who impart the information; nor does it apply to any of the various and numerous managerial Republicans who speak likewise. Each one of these, alone among these welters of weakness and ineptitude, has done his part; has labored incessantly and intelligently. But the others! And the thing as a whole! Incredibly incompetent! A flat failure! A dire disgrace! Awful! Keep it to yourself; but I'm telling you personally that these are the facts.

A Candid Answer to the Natural Question

IF MR. WILSON wins, they say, it will be because crass mismanagement couldn't defeat him. If Mr. Hughes wins—the same. But not on the part of the person who is speaking at the moment. He has been the only high spot.

The managers claim everything—publicly. They pass the buck—privately. Every confidential conversation with a man who has had to do with either campaign begins with an alibi and ends with a disclaimer. Each side says the other side has had the most money, the better organization, the more favorable conditions. Each side is sadly aware of its own incompetencies, and apprehensive of the strength of the other fellows.

Wherefore, the unprecedented situation has arisen in which it is admitted by the professionals, when they are not talking for publication—and thus approximating the truth—that the determination of the event rests with the people, and that the predetermination of it has not been what may be called a managerial success on either side. The result of the election seems to be in the hands of the voters. All the professionals are waiting for Vox Pop. to speak, and nobody appears to know what that self-contained person is going to say. However, it is likely that he will make a pronouncement on election day—very likely, indeed. Vox Populi will burst out vocally on November seventh. There have been some whispers—mere murmurs—but nothing that can be called illuminating conversation. Here we are, as I write, only four weeks from a presidential election, and the result of it is neither foreshadowed nor foreseen, save on the basis of hope that things will come out the way the various hopers hope. An odd state of affairs, I should say, and a disconcerting.

For the love of Vance McCormick and William R. Willcox, what is all this campaign machinery for—these bureaux and flambeaux, these parioux and conferoux, these directors, managers, scouts, organizations, polls, straws, statistics and strategy—if not to find out what Vox Pop. intends to say?

What, indeed? That, kind reader, is your question. I do not know.

Regarding the Expert Ethics of Churn-Making

OF COURSE, campaign committees have some uses—some very important uses. Wouldn't President Wilson have been in a fine pickle, for example, with that excellent front porch at Shadow Lawn to talk from, and those shadowy lawns, broad and soft to the feet of multitudes who came to that shrine of Democracy for cheer, encouragement, uplift and exaltation—wouldn't Mr. Wilson have been in a fearful fix, with all his speeches congesting inside of him and no spontaneous pilgrims spontaneously pilgrimaging to hear and cheer?

He surely would have been; and there is where Mr. Vance McCormick's committee came in quite handsomely, for Mr. Vance McCormick's committee maintained a very special bureau that had for its purpose the organization, incitement and entraining of those spontaneous pilgrimages, so full of enthusiasm and determination.

It isn't such a poor diversion for a Saturday afternoon to go enthusing down to Asbury Park, at that, no matter if it was necessary for some of the boys to make a bluff at listening to the speech and being spontaneous. Moreover, the railroad rate was only a dollar a head from New York, which isn't much; and every Sunday morning saw its speech in all the papers, just as every Saturday afternoon saw its impulsive and ardent—also, spontaneous—faring thither. A worthy political effort, I should say.

Then, too, heedless as we are concerning these important facts of life, we might never have recalled that Mr. Vance McCormick himself was a great football player in his college days; and, in fact, probably is the greatest football player who ever managed a national campaign. We might never have noted the expert ethics of churnmaking, as applied to raising campaign funds, unless we had had an opportunity for observing that celebrated churnmaker, Mr. Wilbur Marsh, putting the bee on postmasters, and

such, for the purpose of retaining prosperity for the American workingman—those postmasters and other officeholders are mere tax-eaters, anyhow; and when a churnmaker from Iowa gets after them—good-by to that ten per cent! Nor could we have had Henry Morgenthau, or Colonel House, or many other important features, including the highly important information that if Mr. Hughes is elected he, personally and immediately, will declare war on somebody—possibly Monaco or Guatemala, but somebody; and you know—oh, you know!—who has kept and will keep us out of war.

And, then, it would not have been much of a campaign if that reconciliation between Theodore and Will had not been arranged and executed. We must admit that. Oh, that was positively necessary in order that the Bull Moose and the Elephant might coalesce satisfactorily. And who are Bill and Teddy that they should not shake—unless, perchance, the rest of the outfit might get shook, or shaken, as you prefer? It took all the aggregate political genius of Mr. Willcox and Mr. Perkins, and Mr. Hitchcock and Mr. Crane, and Mr. Penrose and Mr. Tanner, and a lot of other geniuses, to put that over; and what a coup it was!

To be sure they backed Bill and Teddy into a closet, hung a curtain over the door, excluded the reporters, made the immutable rule that there must be no hitting in clinches, and kept it nice and dignified; but they put it over. And a great sigh of relief went up all over the country when it was learned that the only casualty was when one of Chauncey Depew's "When I lived in Peekskill" anecdotes missed fire, because the only person he could find to tell it to was Bill Barnes; and Bill never did have a sense of humor; nor the committee that arranged the meeting between Bill and Teddy, neither—not by no means, as we say when desiring to set it down in the negative.

The Virtue of the Progublican Committee

FURTHERMORE, even if George W. Perkins is so heavily upholstered with money that he resembles Archie Stevenson, who is positively the largest politician in politics, there are limits, are there not, to the amount one should be required to spend to keep the public from forgetting one's inestimable services to the republic? I should say there are limits—several of them, but not mentioning names at this time; and one of them is the dastardly ingratitude and lack of appreciation of the people, which forced Mr. Perkins to use pages and pages in the papers, at advertising rates—and advertising costs money—to urge the common people to eat fish in case the fillet mignon cost more than ninety-seven cents a pound; and pages and pages more to show that he personally disapproved of Mr. Root's constitution for the state of New York, and rise and rebuke it—which they did!

Now, even if Mr. Perkins did all these things, in addition to making it a cinch for Mr. Wilson by financing the Progressives, which, of course, didn't keep Mr. Perkins out of the limelight any—nor should it; the manager is worthy of his dough—there are, as I have said, limits. And it was due this eminent publicist and constitution wrecker and fish propagandist to give him a chance to get his name in the papers once in a while without paying for the privilege at so much an agate line. So the Progublican committee had its great virtue in this way, doing justice to a public-spirited citizen and easing off on his check book considerably.

Likewise, if there had been no Republican committee it is quite possible the country would not have been edified by the special train that took the Hughes ladies across the country and back, and we might never have known that Helen Varick Boswell lost her voice, or that Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had a sore throat, or many other important things. Jimmie Garfield would have remained in Ohio, and William R. Willcox would have continued to the end, possibly, clamped down to a good job.

Still, looking at the matter without partisan bias—notwithstanding the activities referred to above, and many others of similar magnitude—speaking in no censorious spirit, but calmly, judicially, magnanimously, and with no desire to be hypercritical or minatory, it would seem—don't you think?—that such eminent bodies of astute and skillful politicians, statesmen, publicists and patriots as are comprehended in Mr. Vance McCormick's committee aggregation—also Colonel House—and in Mr. William R. Willcox's association—George W. Perkins—it would seem that, after their incessant and arduous and skillful and intelligent labors and investigations and calculations to discover what they have been so incessantly and arduously and skillfully and intelligently laboring to discover, they might have discovered something! It would seem so.

Quite a few dollars—quite some few—have been spent in that quest—quite; and here we are, on this ninth day of October, when I am seeming these seems; and here we shall be on the second day of November, when they shall be pitilessly public, as things were going to be at Washington, you remember—going to be; but were they? I forget. And about all that has been discovered to us is that Henry Ford had another meal at the White House, and that Brother George Harvey isn't at all satisfied with the way things have been going on.

Of course, and naturally, we have discovered that each side is certain sure that its peerless candidate will be triumphantly elected—we have discovered that liberally. But what boots it? It boots it nothing at all—not a boot; for we know that is a fifty-fifty proposition. Neither a prominent football player nor a citizen who has done the public so great a service as to remain on the pay roll for years and years, sitting at the heads of these exceptional organizations that direct the campaigns, would so far forget himself as to admit there was a shadow, a scintilla, of doubt over the result. Not at all! Besides, one of them will be right, and thereby gain great kudos for political prescience, as well as for managerial ability and acumen.

We have discovered that in broad and general terms, but with a perplexing absence of detail. "Wilson," says Mr. McCormick, "inevitably will win!" So say his associates. "Hughes," says Mr. Willcox, "inevitably will win!" So say his associates.

So, also, says Mr. Wilson himself concerning himself. His faith in the sense of justice of the great, the vast, the loyal and the common people is complete. He has a passion for it—them—the common people! Give Mr. Wilson a submerged and common people, and he just naturally adores them and seeks to uplift them—especially in times like these. Also, vide Mexico!

"THERE WOULD PROBABLY HAVE BEEN NO INVASION OF BELGIUM,
NO TORPEDOING OF MERCHANT VESSELS,
NO MURDER OF MISS CAVELL,
NO ATTEMPTED EXTERMINATION OF THE ARMENIANS AND SYRIAN CHRISTIANS"
"AMERICA HAS STOOD AN IDLE SPECTATOR OF THE INVASION OF BELGIUM, OF THE SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA."
T.R.
Herbert Johnson

And there is Mr. Hughes. Albeit he doffed the ermine, which was a life job, by the way, at a thousand a month—some doff!—he doffed it unsullied—the ermine; and he has abiding faith, also, in what the common people intend to do for him. He thinks they will be just to the Justice. How can he lose? How can Mr. Wilson lose?

Now I know forty ways Mr. Hughes can lose, and I know forty ways Mr. Wilson can lose. These are immaterial and irrelevant to the point at issue. The question is: How can either of them win? How can Mr. Wilson win? How can Mr. Hughes win?

Large numbers of interested persons have been searching the souls of these campaign conductors for answers to those modest inquiries, and the only answers are the claim answers. Large numbers of interested persons have been polling, and strawing, and trending, and drifting, and otherwise probing the proletariat. And the results have been polls, and straws, and trends, and drifts—and then what? That's all there is. There isn't any more.

Though it is true that one man's drift may be another man's doom, it is, also, so true that it makes all the aggregated heads of all the political managers and mixers-in ache with an aggregated ache, which forebodes a gigantic cerebral disaster to some of our most political intellects—if such they be; so desperately and disconcertingly true that this event rests with Vox Populi, and that what Vox Pop. intends to do is less than a guess. It is merely a suspicion.

Medal-Pinning Postponed Till November 8

HENCE, the alibis. Hence, the elaborately framed I-told-you-so's, fixed up and laid by for reference. Hence, these hectic claims and these more hectic hopes. Hence, the continuous and clamorous assertions of the best, and the concealed and corroding fears for the worst. Hence, the whole boiling of assertion, dissertation, conversation and conjecture. Hence, the absence of definite conviction, save that conviction which comes from self-hypnosis. Hence, it is all up in the air!

There have been a few tangible things. Hughes started strong. He slumped. Wilson got a swing. He slumped. Hughes came up again and was apparently leading in the latter part of September. Then Wilson began coming back; and, as I write, there they are, coming down the stretch neck and neck, and, as it looks now, somebody is going to nose somebody out.

The true thing is that anything may happen; and something will happen. The untrue thing is that, in the first part of October, there is a single, solitary person in these United States who knows—knows!—what will happen. Fifty or sixty per cent of those interested are bound to be right after the event, on the morning of November eighth, or on the night before; and they will be entitled to pin medals on themselves. But they mustn't do it now. They positively must not; for if they do they shall be stood up in a row and asked these questions:

How is New York going? How is Ohio going? How is Indiana going? How is Connecticut going? How is the Middle West going? How is anything going?—except the South, and a few bits of the North, here and there.

I know what the managers say. I know what the professionals say. I know what the partisans say. But I do not know what the people are going to say, and I have spent weeks trying to find out. I pass it up with the statement that on the date of writing the thing is so close, the advantage so negligible, the situation so complex, the possibilities for shifts so great, that one man's guess is as good as another's, and no man's guess is worth a hoot.

Take New York—New York, with forty-five electoral votes. Mr. Hughes can get more than the required two hundred and

(Continued on Page 44)

The Man in the Gilded Cage

By CAMERON MACKENZIE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

LONG since, Frank Grovener has got his front—that impressive, almost distinguished front which the lawyer presents to Grantsburg—patched up so that one would never guess of the damage that had been done. With exactly as much aplomb as before he can say that many men—he has a case in mind—do not "round into form" until they are close upon forty. But more than Grovener's front was shattered. His most grievous hurt came in that small, deep-down part of his soul which offers him his own most private estimate of himself.

It is likely that he will never fully recover there. To this day, when he finds himself alone—in his library, perhaps, at a late hour, or at some deserted railway station awaiting a night train—and there is nothing to do but think, anger poisons will suddenly begin to rush up through him and his teeth will clench, and in impotent wrath will come:

"Oh, the scoundrel! The miserable scoundrel! The lying, insulting little upstart! Somehow I'll make him pay, yet! I'll make him pay!"

And it would seem that, if a man keeps up that sort of thing for a couple of years, he must have sustained an extremely actual injury at the very core of his ego.

Frank was forty-five when the thing happened. He was one of those men who are almost short and almost fat; he would have seemed short if he had not held himself very erectly, and he would have seemed fat if he had not been very well tailored. His head was partially bald and the fringes of his hair formed a kind of horseshoe curve, which included his crown.

"Blagdon'll Make a Poor Underling for You or Anyone Else of Your World"

Indeed, he was a man of curves; for his face, too, was oval, though one might guess that, with the shriveling of age, flesh would droop down, mastifflike, and tend to square it up. He had a good, steady eye, and a good, firm mouth, and a general air of straight living about him; and even if, to look at him, one would not have listed him among the Titans of the earth, nevertheless he seemed a measurably able, measurably forceful, measurably successful individual, with no more fatuousness or unwarranted conceit about him than most men have.

There was, to be sure, a slight pretentiousness in his manner and the hint of a strut in it; but there was nothing offensive. And besides, he was able to carry it off because he was a man of importance and had been for ten years.

Ten years earlier he had come to Grantsburg. Before then he had been down in New York, plugging along in a huge, impersonal law office. His uncle in Grantsburg, Judge Bailey, had at the time been turning sixty, and was bethinking himself of the future and of what he would do with the very substantial practice he had builded.

The old judge was a man in whom the family tradition ran strong, and Frank was his nearest of kin in the law. He had finally sent for his nephew, with the result that Grovener had forsaken his none too lucrative pickings at the metropolitan bar, and the firm of Bailey & Grovener had been formed.

Frank moved and had not been at his desk a month when his uncle went down under a stroke and was carried home, doomed to his bed and a porch chair for the remainder of his days. Thereupon, Grovener had found himself not only a man of importance but a prospectively affluent and sought-after man; a man upon whom the destinies of others depended.

In the decade that followed Frank had conducted the practice. Old Judge Bailey had lingered on; his mind was crystal-clear, but he was not able to set foot to his own gate. Grovener had done creditably, holding most of the old clients and adding new ones. The business was of an ordinary kind—drawing wills by which respectable citizens left their properties to their wives and children; drafting the usual commercial contracts; now and again putting through an incorporation or transferring a piece of realty. To aid him Frank had three well-paid assistants, each of whom hoped to become a partner some day—by names, Bixby, Morrison and Trench.

For Grovener this had been a happy period. As the omnipotence of the firm, he had found his associations with his subordinates extremely congenial. His income had not been inconsiderable; and, what with his own and his clients' money, he had become a substantial depositor in the Grantsburg Bank. He had formed friendships, too, notably perhaps with Ridgely Moulton, president of his bank, and Homer Clark, pastor of the Grove Street Church.

As head of a family he had been an adored husband and father; and as the active member of Bailey & Grovener, as a man of substance, as a citizen, he had with satisfaction watched his place in the community grow. Most especially, though, during this time he had, as he would have expressed it, found himself, and learned what he reckoned to be the true scope of his own powers.

Indeed, it had seemed to Grovener that, from the hour when the stretcher bearers had carried Judge Bailey's inert form across the office threshold, he had embarked upon a charming voyage of self-discovery. Before then he had been painfully and by degrees accepting a conclusion that he himself was little more than a mediocre or at least middling man, destined for a mediocre or middling position in the universe. He had reckoned his mind an uncertain instrument; his knowledge of the law confined to well-marked grooves; his personal prestige to be measured by the thimbleful. But during those ten years, which had brought him up to forty-five, he had become persuaded that his earlier self-appraisal had been premature. Probably, he often privately reflected, his was a case of tardy development, and that, to evoke his strength, responsibility had been needed.

At any rate, with the lapse of time Grovener had been able in moments of self-scrutiny to see in himself a new man; and upon the day when there walked into his life and affairs a certain Emery Blagdon, possessing a small, tight mouth and a knob-like projection for a chin, Frank was entirely confident that he had taken an accurate measure of himself, of his abilities and of his status in society, and had found them all neither mediocre nor middling.

There was no conceit in his attitude. It was merely that a perfectly definite, quiet judgment had irresistibly and gradually formed itself. If anyone had ever taunted him with it—which no one had ever so overstepped deference and respect as to do—he would have passed the matter off smilingly by saying that he regarded himself only as a lucky human being. He was not haughty or arrogant or actually bombastic concerning what a man he was.

But, for all that, he had an innermost, private conviction that as an attorney he was, at the least, an extremely good one, equipped with a penetrating and agile brain and a knowledge of law qualifying him for practically any field of practice he might choose to enter. It was a mere accident that his business was of one branch and not of another; and to him there was no valid reason why, if occasion arose, he should not carry a case personally to the United States Supreme Court and argue it there himself. He believed, also, that he had presence, and a compelling, almost dominating, personality, and that most men bent to his will.

When it came to prestige he did not reckon himself Grantsburg's foremost citizen, but he felt that he bulked hugely to the town and that his rating at the local bar was perhaps equaled, but not surpassed. In short, Frank Grovener had in middle life found himself able to rejoice in a solid conviction that, taken by and large, as men go, he was generously endowed and well raised above the common sort. And in that most agreeable inner conclusion—upon which incidentally much of his outer manner had been built—he was thoroughly established and thoroughly content when Blagdon entered upon the scene.

Much might be written concerning that young man. One of the stormy petrels of the world, his progress through life had thus far been attended by a series of more or less violent explosions. He enjoyed a free and independent mind, a free and independent tongue, a small private inheritance, and a reputation for intelligence, candor and great honesty.

Like Grovener, he, too, was almost short; indeed, he was short, but with this difference—Grovener suggested the carefully nurtured growth of a hothouse; Blagdon, a tight little knot of oak. Grovener was not compact; Blagdon was—a chunky, formidable figure, with extraordinarily broad shoulders which he carried thrown back in a manner that gave a striking projection to his chest and made you look to see whether, when he walked, his elbows were not crooked out.

He was a dozen years Frank's junior when Grovener, suddenly conceiving that he was overworked and finding confirmation of the idea from all with whom he consulted, added Blagdon as a fourth to his office staff.

At first Grovener thought him a most engaging young man. He admired—really admired, he said—Emery's supremely free and bold spirit, which swept contemptuously aside petty frauds and expediencies. He put a premium upon his subordinate's obvious fearlessness, and saw in him qualities that, Grovener declared, are rarely enough met with in modern life and should be prized whenever they

were found. Civilization, he asserted, was prone, in its process of refining existence and developing niceties, to lose sight of and hold upon the rugged, primitive traits of character which, when all was said and done, basically determined the worth of a man.

"The Miserable Scoundrel! I'll Make Him Pay!"

"There's an honesty about him," Frank said enthusiastically to his wife, "that's exceptional—very exceptional and very fine. Outspoken, straight, strong; that's the word for him—strong! I like him."

"Of course he comes highly recommended?" asked Ruth Grovener, by way of reply.

"Oh, of course," returned Frank. "Able, clear-headed, astute—all that. A little tactless at times, I'm told; but tact is a minor virtue after all. Yes; an excellent addition—more vigor, drive and vitality than those other men I've got. Heaven knows I needed a man like that!" he concluded with a sigh.

"Yes, poor Frank, you did. You've been cruelly overdriven."

There was only one person who cautioned Grovener against Emery Blagdon. Judge Bailey, in his invalid's chair, volunteered a hint of the dangers ahead. Frank had been telling his uncle of the new acquisition and of the kind of person the young lawyer seemed. The old man smiled a very thin, very dry smile, and rubbed his lean and lifeless cheek.

"A mistake, Frank; a mistake, I am afraid."

"No one else thinks so," retorted Grovener.

The judge was thoughtful.

"You can't tell about that," he said; and he shook his head before he added: "But let it pass. You speak of this young man as being so independent, and straight-spoken, and spurning—well, pretense.

"Good! Excellent! In theory we all like that kind of a fellow; and if we're employers we think they are the sort we want to hire. We laud their virtues and believe we admire them. And no doubt we do admire them; but a man like that —— No, no, Frank." And he raised a warning finger. "Blagdon'll make a poor underling for you or for anyone else of your world."

"My world? What's so odd about my world?"

"Nothing! It's just the world of employers, of success—the world not of seekers, but of those who are sought. And the Emery Blagdons have no part as hired men therein."

"You're talking riddles," said Grovener impatiently.

"I know; I know I am," acknowledged Judge Bailey weakly. "But, just the same, you only think you want this young man; you really don't."

"Absurd!" pronounced Frank, and dismissed the talk from his mind.

Blagdon's actual installation was a signal for Grovener to ease what he unquestioningly considered his prodigious labors, and to depart upon a vacation urged, in reply to his queries, upon him by his three other assistants, by his wife and by his friends. It, therefore, happened that Blagdon sat in upon but two or three of the conferences which were a regular feature of the conduct of Frank's business, and at which all of Grovener's major assistants were invariably present.

At those two or three he kept his mouth shut. In an indefinite way Frank did not precisely like the grim smile with which Blagdon, upon one occasion, listened in silence to a chorus of exhortation from Bixby, Trench and Morrison that their boss, when he had gone off, must positively forget everything—absolutely everything, and so on. But he thought little of the matter; and—sure that he had earned a respite; sure that he possessed conspicuous all-round abilities and rather unusual power; sure that Blagdon was a most admirable young man, who would fit comfortably into his orbit—Grovener struck for the woods. Three weeks later the first encounter came.

The Lackland Murder Case is now history in Grantsburg. Not a man or woman in the town but can remember that much-discussed, breathlessly watched affair, and recount its stages and public aspects. For weeks it lived in headlines and scare heads, for there had been a time when Lackland had been an honored name. The case began with the arrest of Harold Lackland, a third or fourth generation waster and the ne'er-do-well son of a very distant cousin of Frank Grovener, for the murder of old Peter Hess in the Hess homestead, just beyond the outskirts of the town. Grovener, sought out by his relative, the young man's mother, conducted the defense at the trial, which, in a most sensational and unexpected manner, resulted in an acquittal for his client.

All that is common property and may be learned for the asking. But there were other aspects of the Lackland Case, and only a few persons are able to tell of what went on behind the closed door of Frank's private room, and more particularly within his own mind and being, from the day when he was summoned by telegraph from his vacation to take up young Lackland's cause to the time when he bundled all the papers pertaining thereto into his archives and set out to forget the entire affair and its accompanying incidents. And the beginning of those incidents was within an hour after Frank, having quitted his stream, had reached town.

His first act was to go into consultation with the tearful Mrs. Lackland, in order to learn the details of the case. Peter Hess, a rich recluse, had been found by his gardener, Fallon, and Fallon's wife, the housekeeper, murdered and robbed. They fixed the hour of the crime at twelve-forty in the night, because they said they had noticed a clock when they had sprung up, roused by the old man's screams from below. Rushing to a window, they had seen, under a clear, strong road light in front of the house, a man fleeing. That man they had both identified as Harold Lackland.

On the other hand, the young man's story was that at twelve-forty he was in Mike Doyle's Power House Saloon, which, though on the way out to the Hess place, was a good fifteen minutes from it. Mrs. Lackland said she had heard her son return home a little after one.

However, Grovener was compelled to discount that testimony because, whether Harold had really been in the saloon or had committed the crime, he still could have reached his home by a few minutes after one. Clearly the immediate thing to do was to corral Mike Doyle, commit him, if possible, to a substantiation of the prisoner's story, and learn whether anyone besides Lackland and himself was in the saloon at twelve-forty.

Though there was no very urgent reason for a general conference with his four assistants, nevertheless—perhaps because he had always rather enjoyed the meetings—Grovener decided that he would have one; and he summoned his henchmen to his room.

One by one they arrived, Blagdon shouldering in, like a small monitor, last of all. With the employer's long, broad table between them they fell into various attitudes opposite Frank. Bixby, lean and cadaverous, settled himself for business, gravely and solicitously studying his superior. The small, nervous Trench watched Grovener anxiously from the shelter of a palm. Morrison, tall, spare, trim, rested forward in his chair, alert upon Frank's every move and expression. Blagdon, a little removed from the group, remained standing, his legs squared, his hands in his pockets, his chest spread wide, his deep-set button eyes shooting from one face to another. Grovener cleared his throat and explained the case.

"Looks bad for the young man," commented Bixby.

"It surely does; but if anyone can pull him out the boss can," put in Morrison, addressing Bixby.

"Well," spoke up Trench, "all I can say is that Harold Lackland is mighty fortunate in his attorney."

Grovener made no retort. He swiveled round in his chair and gazed out of the window. There was no conscious expectation on his part that Blagdon would speak; he was thinking what there was to be said next.

"One moment," came sharply, and Frank was conscious that Blagdon was moving up into the room. "Let me get the hang of this thing."

In mild surprise Grovener swung about. There had been that in Emery's tone which had arrested him. Frank realized, too, that the other men had twisted toward Blagdon expectantly. No time offered in which to collect himself before his subordinate was proceeding.

"As I get it," he said incisively, "this man and his wife swear that they saw this Lackland kid running away from the house, and the Lackland kid says he was in Mike Doyle's place."

"Correct, Blagdon," returned Grovener, smiling at Emery's seriousness.

"All right; and what does Mike Doyle say?"

"I shall see him today."

"You're going to see him?"

"Certainly! Who else would?"

A certain curiosity was beginning to form in Grovener's mind.

"I know all you'll get out of him."

Grovener Formed a Friendship With the Pastor of the Grove Street Church

And, upon the words, Emery's small nether lip shot upward. Bixby, Morrison and Trench straightened perceptibly and Grovener had involuntarily caught his breath sharply.

"So?" he asked with a lift of his thin brows.

"Certainly!" returned Blagdon, now planted squarely confronting Frank. "Perjury's nothing to that fellow. It's going to take some pressure to make him admit he was open after closing hours—and maybe lose his license. There is no way to get at him. You've got simply to scare that man—overwhelm him—cow him."

"Well?"

"Well, he's not scared of you, and you can't make him. You're not that kind. You haven't the personality."

The gasp that went up from the three other assistants was audible. Morrison started to speak, obviously to protest; but Grovener raised a forbidding hand, though he could scarcely credit his senses. Blagdon, entirely calm, was fixing him with his sharp little eyes.

"No; don't fool yourself. You haven't, Mr. Grovener," he added.

"Now this is interesting," observed Frank, floundering and constrained; he did not know what to make of the situation. "Won't you explain a little further?"

"As far as you like," grinned Blagdon, whose shoulders were still back and whose hands were still in his trousers' pockets. "This Mike Doyle is a tough one, raised with a tough gang. It's nothing to him whether Lackland swings or not. His license is a whole lot to him.

"Now just suppose that Lackland's telling the truth; you haven't the influence or prestige to get Doyle's license made the price of testifying. There are only two or three men in this town big enough to work that, and you're not one of 'em. All you can do is to go at that man with a moral sledge hammer and use sheer native force on him. But I'll tell you this, if you personally try to pound Mike Doyle he'll only laugh."

Grovener was not angry, because he was too much taken aback. It was as if a sudden blow had been landed on his solar plexus. In a second, though—and in that second he saw the outraged glances of Bixby, Morrison and Trench blast at the new subordinate—he brought himself up with a reminder of the absurdity of it all. He was about to attempt a rejoinder when Trench burst out:

"Hah, Blagdon, you don't know the boss."

There were murmurs of assent from the two others, but not from Emery.

"Maybe I don't; but I know one thing," said Blagdon: "Mr. Grovener is not the man to defend Harold Lackland."

He had given it to them flat, stating the thing as a simple matter of fact. Frank, who had by now almost recovered himself, remained good-natured, tipping back and forth in his chair. He was sure he was not in the least upset or disturbed, and felt himself very big and superior as he sat there smiling patronizingly at his young lieutenant and congratulating himself that he was able to do so. Nevertheless, there was an awkward silence in the room, and he realized that his three other employees were waiting for him to take the initiative.

"You seem to forget, Blagdon," he said with elaborate courtesy, "that this grief-stricken mother has come to me and has intrusted to me, as the best-fitted man she knows, the fate of the person most precious to her in the world. Isn't that a sufficient answer?"

"No," replied Emery; "not if you want to get her boy off. Besides, what does she know about whether you're the best-fitted man or not? She came to you because you're some kind of relative; and the judgment of relatives, and families generally, is never any good. They either away underrate or away overrate a man. Very likely her cousin once told her you were the best lawyer in town, and the cousin was told that by an aunt, and maybe the aunt got it from your wife. Something of the sort; it's the way those things go. But, anyhow, she's too distracted, and she hasn't the brains to know the kind of lawyer she ought to get."

"There is something in that—something in that, Blagdon," Grovener said with great magnanimity

of tone. "But I still do not see, even granting that particular contention about Mrs. Lackland's condition, that we—er—I must necessarily conclude that she has made a mistake, and that I am not—the ——"

"The lawyer for the job!" interrupted Blagdon. "Well, you aren't; and I'll tell you why."

Half-amused, contemptuous, pitying expressions were upon the faces of Bixby, Morrison and Trench. Frank's fleshy countenance assumed an unconcerned, indulgent look; he had himself fully in hand by now and had overcome his first surprise. Indeed, he believed that he was getting a certain enjoyment and detached interest from the proceeding.

"Now, Mr. Grovener," Blagdon was saying, "I don't want to get too thick about this thing. I can see that these fellows here"—and with a jerk of his thumb he indicated the constrained triumvirate—"think I'm committing hideous lese majesty. Maybe I am; but, after all, it's really nothing to me what you do—only I'd like to see young Lackland get a run for his money, and I don't want you to make a mess of things and be ridiculous. And, more than that, if I'm hired here for anything I'm hired to give honest opinions."

"Quite so," Grovener said pleasantly, and, at the moment, saw merit in himself that he was able to rise so completely above petty personal resentments; it was a mark of the man he was.

"The matter stacks up like this," continued Emery: "This boy's got a very evil name; and, when it comes to giving out who his attorney is or who his attorneys are, there ought to be right up in the forefront of the defense the best-known, most respected, most reputable lawyer in Grantsburg. He'll need to have hooked up with him all of the right kind of reputation he can get. That sort of thing has its effect—creates a favorable advance prejudice, and can't help having an effect on reporters, on witnesses, on the jury, and even on the judge. You know that as well as I do. Get the finest, strongest name, and ——"

"Come down to earth," cut in Morrison irritably. "Who's got more name or standing, or as much as Mr. Grovener?"

"Half a dozen men!"

Morrison made a helpless gesture and Blagdon went on:

"Now I've given you item one. Here's item two: I've already made the point, but I'll rub it in. The man who conducts this trial, like every other trial of the sort, needs a big, husky, battering-ram personality. He needs it not only when it comes to Mike Doyle, but when it comes to addressing the jury and putting those Fallons on the grill. All along the line it's vitally necessary. Whoever appears for Lackland ought to be something approaching an original cosmic force. He ought to have drive and presence and the knack of compulsion."

"I agree—I agree perfectly," returned Grovener cheerfully. He was tempted to wink at Morrison or one of the others, but his dignity forbade.

"Finally, there's an item three," continued Emery.

"Mercy!" groaned Bixby in derision; and Frank, half suppressing a smile, frowned and gestured for quiet.

"Well, there is!" Blagdon declared sharply.

Once more Emery's nether lip shot up, drawing even tighter the knob of his chin. Then he resumed:

"Young Lackland ought to have a lawyer who's got an exceptionally quick and agile mind—a regular razor-edge effect. This case will probably be won or lost on cross-examination. Those Fallons will send the kid to the gallows for a certainty if their story isn't broken. I'll gamble that they're a pretty keen, shrewd pair. I don't know anything about 'em; but couples who take care of rich old men usually are. It'll take some very neat, sharp picking to find flaws in their evidence, and if flaws aren't found it will require a lot of skillful alibi-ing to get Lackland off. Isn't that true, Mr. Grovener?"

"It most unquestionably is!" laughed Frank, who at the same instant was acknowledging to himself that his employee had accurately described the most desirable type of attorney for Harold Lackland.

He saw, with all clearness, that the young man's defender should be a redoubtable public figure, with plenty of power over men, and should possess a steel-trap mind. Upon that score he had no difference with Blagdon.

"And I take it," Frank continued lightly and condescendingly, "that you do not think I measure up to the qualifications you have enumerated?"

"No; I don't think you do," returned Emery shortly. "I think you've got plenty of capabilities. Give you time and you'll work most things out. But you're sounder than you're quick. You're not equipped for this job mentally any more than you are by personality or prestige. And then—if you don't mind my saying it—aren't you really short and fat? That doesn't make for court presence, you know.

"And, though you're no weakling and people don't take liberties with you, you're not a locomotive of force. You've got a good, decent standing and reputation in this town; but if you should die to-morrow the citizens wouldn't erect a monument to you in the square. It's a time now, if you're thinking about handling this Lackland Case yourself, when someone ought to tell you just where you get off—and I've tried to do it."

"It's a Time Now When Someone Ought to Tell You Just Where You Get Off"

"So it would seem," said Grovener with entire amiability.

"Look here, chief," said Morrison sharply; "I don't like this at all. It's not only disrespectful but it's silly. Blagdon here evidently knows nothing about you. Anyhow, it's clear he doesn't appreciate you."

"Appreciate him?" fired back Blagdon. "Certainly I appreciate him; and there's a heap of good stuff in him, but not the stuff for this job."

"Man, you're crazy!" piped up Trench.

"No; not crazy—just on the level." And Emery jerked his head and closed his jaws upon the words.

"Anyhow," cut in Morrison hotly, "I suggest that Blagdon, here, subside and reserve for his strictly most private consumption the extraordinary views he has. We're wasting time on this nonsense."

"No, no! Now, Morrison," said Grovener from lofty heights. "None of that! Let's hear our new associate out." He smiled as he spoke and turned to Emery: "But come now, Blagdon! You've described a man for Lackland's defense. Name him."

"Certainly! You ought to turn the job over to Jim Constable."

For the bare fraction of a second Grovener winced. If there was one lawyer at the Grantsburg Bar whom Frank might have admitted overtopped him it was Constable, who indubitably had a big name throughout the state and beyond it. A towering man of six-feet-three, he had won several hopeless causes; he had frequently shattered seemingly impregnable testimony; and upon an occasion had acquired a singularly enviable reputation by throwing up a case in the middle of the trial because he had discovered that his client had lied to him.

Grovener, for the first time, felt a trace of irritation; as promptly he realized that he must not show it. Subconsciously it came to him that he could have heard any other name without a twinge. The reason for this he did not pause to search out, because Trench was addressing Blagdon vigorously:

"My dear sir, don't you know that Mr. Grovener has everything that Constable has? The only difference is that Constable's gone in particularly for criminal law. But in standing, in ability, in everything else, he's got all the qualifications of Constable and actually more besides, because he's younger and keener."

Blagdon tossed his head indifferently and, swinging a chair behind himself, sat down.

"Well, I'm through!" he declared.

For a moment Frank, revolving a pencil in his fingers, let his eyes remain lowered. The thought was in Grovener's mind that candor in another man was an excellent quality if the other man was right; it was distressing for everyone when the other man was so palpably wrong.

"All this," he finally said in a large, amused manner, "has been very interesting, very instructive, and, I may add, very refreshing. I'm sure"—and he bowed slightly toward Emery—"that we're much indebted to you for your frankness and—ah—definiteness. I thank you, and will—well, shall I say—consider the matter?"

"Don't get much straight talk round here, do you?" commented Blagdon casually.

"Not as straight as your talk, I'm afraid, Blagdon." Another genial smile from Grovener.

"Nor as wrong," snapped Morrison, rising.

"What I liked best about the whole performance," laughed Bixby, also getting to his feet, "was the way you took it, chief."

"Well," contributed Trench, "he took it that way because he could afford to. Isn't that the answer?"

"Certainly it's the answer!" rejoined Morrison.

After the four assistants had cleared themselves from the room it was impossible for Grovener to escape a little thinking. The experience had been most unusual. Irresistibly recollection of it carried him back to the drab days in New York when he had been in his embryonic condition, and when a certain irascible old gentleman, whom he could remember, had had an incontinent way of banging into his room and slamming a paper on his desk with some such remark as: "Damn it, Grovener, I could drive a cavalry troop through that brief!" He smiled complacently at the memory and wondered exactly what Blagdon's mental processes were. He seemed wide-awake and intelligent enough, but it was remarkable that he should have so undershot the mark in his estimate of his superior.

There was no real doubt in Grovener's mind that Blagdon was ludicrously wrong; no one could have been more certain of that than Frank himself. And he reflected that if he had required any confirmation of that conclusion he had but to turn to any of his other assistants, each of whom had had far greater opportunity to measure their employer's powers.

However, the question of whether he should personally represent young Lackland was a solemn issue; and, though his faith in himself was not, he reassured himself, even jarred—why should it be?—he determined to withhold a final decision for a few hours.

It was now turning twelve, and Grovener's habit was to go for his noon meal to his home. This he and his wife, as a rule, ate alone, for the children would be off at school. On the way from the office was the bank presided over by Ridgely Moulton, in which Frank kept extensive funds. More because of a sense of his responsibility, he was convinced, than because his self-confidence needed bolstering, it occurred to him to drop in; and he let his footsteps conduct him to Moulton's private office. Moulton pushed aside a stack of papers and congratulated Grovener upon how well he was looking after his holiday.

"I was abruptly called back," Frank volunteered. "Ridgely, they want me to take the Lackland Case."

The banker's face instantly lighted.

"Bully," he declared, and thrust out a hand. "Mrs. Lackland could not have acted more wisely."

Grovener swelled a little and pulled at his chin.

"That's nice of you—nice of you, I'm sure." There was a pause; then Frank hitched himself a little closer. His eyes twinkled as he said: "Fact is, Ridgely, I just stopped in to ask a friend's advice."

"Anything at all," rejoined the sleek banker heartily. "I'm responsible in this matter. It's life and death—all that sort of thing."

Moulton nodded.

"And Mrs. Lackland imposes no restrictions. I can carry the case through myself or hire counsel. I've a free hand—you understand."

"She'd be a fool if she didn't give you one."

"Well, she has; and the question is one largely of prestige, local standing, reputation—you understand. Naturally one thinks immediately of Jim Constable ——"

Frank, looking self-conscious, did not conclude. A boisterous laugh greeted him.

"Oh, I see your drift now—I see!" And Moulton rose to slap the lawyer on the back. "Frank, old man, it depends entirely on what you yourself want to do," he said.

Grovener got up, smiling and pleased.

"I thought so," he chuckled, and took his hat. "Thanks, Ridgely."

And as he proceeded homeward he reflected that when it came to estimating a man's place in the community, *prima facie*, the judgment of the president of the Grantsburg Bank was infinitely more to be trusted than—well, than the judgment of an Emery Blagdon. And must it not be frightfully uncomfortable, in such a matter, to be, as his employee was, in a ridiculous and mistaken minority of one?

His wife, Ruth, was on the doorstep, as she always was, to welcome him. He had seen her that morning before he had gone to his office, and she had then been told of the occasion of his hurried return. Now she was eager for news.

"Yes," he said to her at the table; "the entire matter is in my hands."

"Oh, how splendid, Frank!"

"Yes; it is gratifying."

"And when will the trial be?"

"Oh, soon—quite soon."

"And you'll appear?"

"Why, yes; I suppose so."

"Are you certain, Frank?"

"No, no; only ——" He paused, and then suddenly brought out almost merrily: "Ruth, tell me something."

"Of course, Frank!"

"Am I short and fat?"

His wife rose swiftly and went round to him.

"You? Short and fat? Never, darling!" And she kissed him.

"I thought not," he laughed, and told her a little of what he characterized as his "curious experience" that morning.

Ruth Grovener pronounced Blagdon's part incredible, absurd and insulting.

"Ah, but, no matter how mistaken," declared the husband, "I'm sure the boy meant well, and frankness and real honesty are rare enough in this world. I bear no malice."

"Frank," rejoined his wife soberly, "sometimes your bigness takes my very breath away."

It is needless to inquire too deeply into Grovener's psychology. Perhaps it was because away within him was a desire to demolish further, if that was possible, Blagdon's indictment; perhaps because the talks with his banker and his wife had produced such eminently pleasing results. In any event he did not return to his office by the route over which he had come, but permitted himself to stray past the parsonage of the Grove Street Church. Homer Clark was in his study and greeted him with a warm double handclasp.

Frank did not immediately launch into his hardly confessed errand. Instead, he asked first about the progress of church matters since he had been away, and especially what success the minister was having with his building fund. Mr. Clark replied that his building fund was growing, but that he was not so optimistic as he had been. He suggested that possibly a few of the mainstay members and props of his congregation—the more well-to-do men—might be willing to increase their donations. He wondered: what did Frank think? Grovener was certain they would. The clergyman beamed mildly. That was all there was to that—a thoroughly impersonal, noncommittal discussion; as impersonal and noncommittal as Frank's eventual opening.

"Clark," he began, "you know this town and its men thoroughly, don't you?"

"I believe so—yes."

"You know the doctors and the bankers, the business men and the—the lawyers?"

The pastor nodded.

"Very well," Frank proceeded, and recrossed his short legs as he struck out upon a new tack. "And you also know something of the arts of searching men's minds and moving their souls?"

Mr. Clark glanced down and spread his hands deprecatingly.

"Good!" said Grovener. "Now, I have a matter—a vastly important matter—upon which I desire your advice. A case has come to me that is an unusual opportunity. Great fame may be built upon it—a life may be saved."

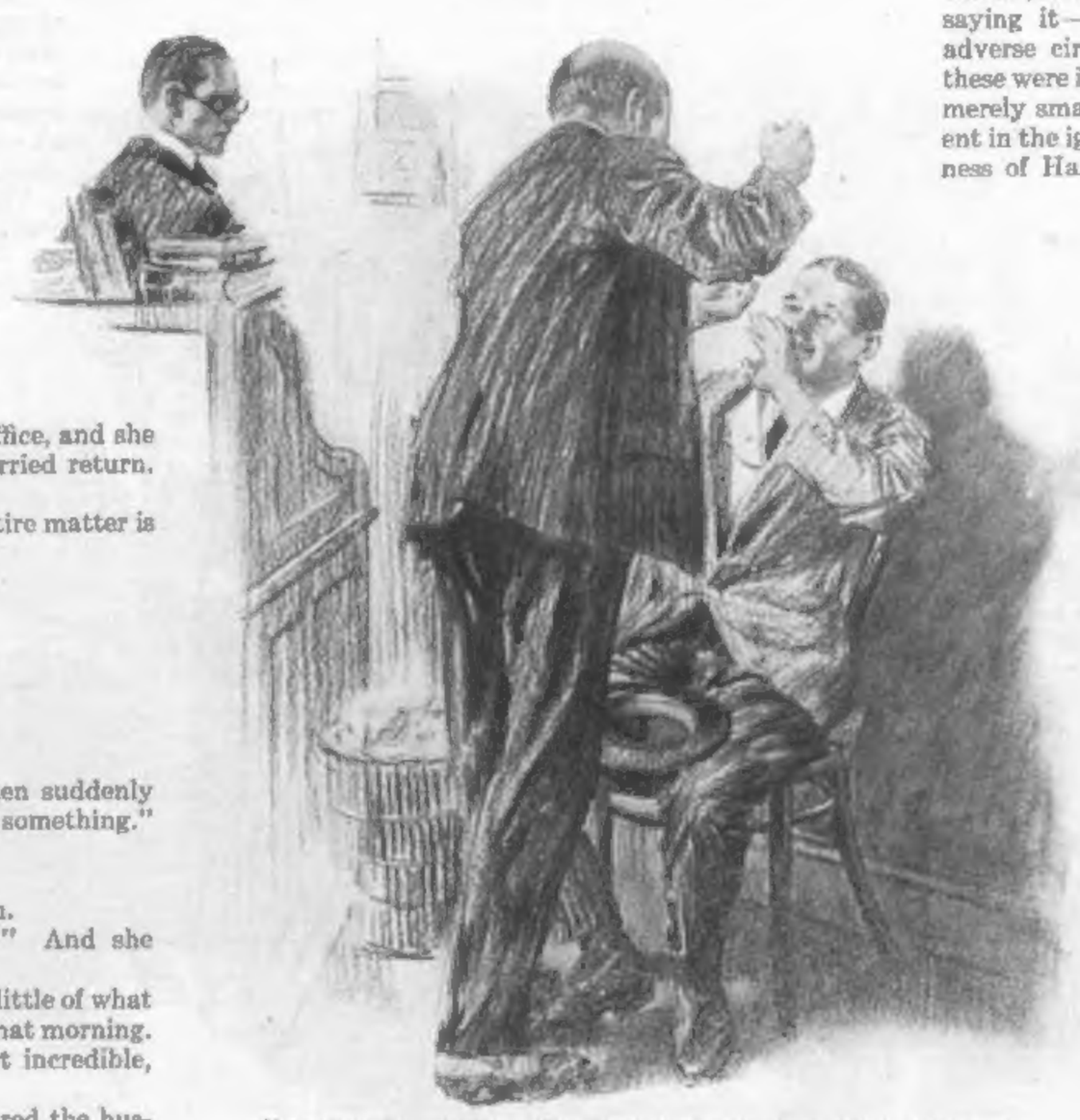
The minister straightened and would evidently have spoken had not Frank indicated silence.

"I wish," pronounced the attorney slowly, his gaze distant, "you would name for me the man practicing at the Grantsburg bar who, in your opinion, embodies the strongest personality and general oratorical presence, the greatest reputation of a sound sort, the most astute mind. You can perceive the qualifications. I wish to decide who shall bear the brunt of the defense of Harold Lackland."

"The Lackland Case, eh?" And Mr. Clark's eyes opened wide.

"The Lackland Case," affirmed Grovener.

The clergyman reflected; he searched the ceiling as apparently he searched his mind. A paper on his desk caught his glance; he shoved it away as if it distracted him and hindered concentration. Grovener noticed that it was the building-fund subscription list. The minister rose and, walking to his window, gazed out. Evidently he was unwilling to risk a word lightly. Presently, however, he was speaking.



"Answer Me, Doyle! Was Harold Lackland in Your Saloon at Twelve-Forty on the Night of May Sixteenth?"

"Personality—reputation—brain," he murmured. "Umph!" he said.

Another long pause.

"And it is yours, Grovener, to choose?"

"Absolutely."

But a second elapsed before Mr. Clark spun on his heel. Eye to eye they studied each other. Grovener was smiling.

"Very well," Clark said briskly; "I'll name you a man."

The lawyer nodded. The minister heightened his effect with a pause and then gave him:

"Frank Grovener."

"You mean it?"

"Most emphatically."

Grovener rose and departed.

"Strange!" he said to himself as he hurried to his office; and there was a quizzical expression on his face. "I wonder with whom that young man associates—from whom he can possibly get his ideas!"

He arrived; and shortly after he had reached his desk he summoned Blagdon and assured him that he—Grovener—bore no resentment at the part his subordinate had played, because at all times he had looked and did look for frankness of opinion from his employees.

"I expect it," concluded the lawyer. "And so—concerning anything you said this morning—feel no distress."

Grovener was gracious and magnanimous and undisturbed.

II

IT IS not ours to trace in elaborate detail the ins and outs, the ups and downs of the Lackland Case. During the succeeding weeks Grovener prepared for the trial, which was to be held before Judge Conover at the courthouse in Grantsburg. Against Frank the district attorney, Simeon Carr, would appear—a vigorous, relentless prosecutor, who considered it his business to get convictions whenever he could. To the encouraging plaudits of at least three members of his office staff, and to the gentle, unheeded admonitions from his wife not to overwork, Grovener made ready for the day when twelve jurymen should have been drawn.

During this period Blagdon kept almost completely out of sight. He was engaged upon other matters, because Grovener, somehow, with the progress of events, felt less and less impelled to bring Emery into intimate relation with the Lackland Case.

It was, no doubt, without conscious design that he came to requisition other assistance. He had absolutely no rancor; he was still kindly disposed toward the young man; memory of what he rated Emery's extraordinary piece of erroneous judgment did not annoy him.

Just the same, however, he did not want him too much under his nose, because there were occurrences that, no matter how understandable in themselves, would, nevertheless, he felt, have been tedious to explain; for—no gainsaying it—the lawyer met, in this time, a number of adverse circumstances of one sort or another. None of these were in any sense failures—Frank was certain of that; merely small, absolutely unavoidable catastrophes inherent in the ignorance or brutality of others, and in the weakness of Harold Lackland's case. Disappointments—that was how others described them to him and how he described them to himself.

The earliest of these was the manner in which the press responded to the news that Grovener had "consented," as Morrison phrased the announcement, to take up the defense of Harold Lackland. This intelligence was given out promptly by his assistants after Frank's interview with Homer Clark.

The story in the Grantsburg Courier, for example, led off with a lengthy account of how Harold Lackland had slept the previous night; how many cigarettes he had consumed in the preceding twenty-four hours; of what his meals had consisted. An interview with Mrs. Lackland, saying that her Harold had always been a good boy, followed. Next came a statement from the district attorney that the case would be pushed without fear or favor, regardless of social influences, to the bitter end. And then, finally, a four-line paragraph saying that Mrs. Lackland had engaged Attorney Grovener to look after the interests of her son.

"Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!" murmured Trench, strolling into Frank's room, the paper held up in his hand.

"What can you expect from a twelve or fifteen dollar a week reporter?" curtly observed Morrison, who chanced to be present. "Those fellows never get the significance of news. Wait a couple of days and the city editors in town will begin to tumble to the importance of Mr. Grovener's connection with the case."

Frank presumed that Morrison was right in his supposition. For several days he watched the papers for a larger measure of acclaim. When none appeared he concluded that Ridgely Moulton had correctly diagnosed the matter when he said it was not to be expected that much *furore* would be made over Grovener's attorneyship, and the fact that it was Grovener who was defending the young man, until the actual trial came on. Bixby, Morrison and Trench agreed that that was obviously the explanation.

More serious was the outcome of Frank's interview with Mike Doyle. After some discussion of ways and means of approaching the proprietor of the Power House Saloon, it was decided that Trench should see Doyle and, if possible, persuade him to call at Grovener's office. The assistant succeeded in his mission and Doyle, with all the attributes to be expected in the keeper of a sawdust bar, appeared.

Meantime, with a moral vigor and violence surprising in a burned-out youth of twenty-three, who bit his finger nails to the quick and had mean, hard corners to his mouth, Lackland had been insisting that at twelve-forty on the night of the Hess murder he had been in Doyle's place. He contended that he had been very drunk, and did not remember whether anyone else besides the proprietor—who had served him, he said—was there at that hour.

As a precaution against any recanting later of possible admissions by the saloonkeeper, Grovener had Trench—who, however, remained in the background—present at the interview.

Doyle, entering the room, nodded briefly and sat down upon the edge of a chair, holding his flat-rimmed derby between his knees.

"You are Mr. Doyle?" began Frank.

The caller grunted, but said nothing.

"I am Mr. Grovener," said Lackland's attorney, and paused, watching his quarry.

Doyle merely continued to regard the lawyer stolidly through slit eyes; his face remained unillumined. Frank leaned his bulk forward over his desk upon an elbow and

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THE SALESMAN WHO LASTS

He Carries Something Besides Samples

By JAMES H. COLLINS

SAM and Jim were hardware drummers covering the same Corn Belt territory for rival houses. Sam was undoubtedly a sales genius, born with gifts and instincts that made his work easy. Jim was just a successful sales plodder, who had to labor hard in all he accomplished.

Perhaps it was their contrasting temperaments that made them such close pals. For when Saturday night came it usually found them making for the same town to spend Sunday together. In all matters outside of business they helped and confided in each other. When it came to sales, of course, they were vigorous competitors.

There came a time when Sam, the genius, got knocked flat in his work and came to Jim, the plodder, for counsel.

"I'm going stale," he confessed. "Come along and spend a few days with me on the road, watch my work, and tell me what's wrong!"

Jim had a shrewd theory about what was the matter with Sam.

"How long since you took a vacation?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Seldom take vacations. Don't have any fun! When I feel right I'd rather sell goods than play."

"I'll spend a week with you on one condition," announced his friend. "You must first spend two weeks' vacation with me."

So they went off into the mountains, fishing, hunting and loafing round in old clothes, like boys. It was agreed that each time one or the other mentioned business he should pay a dollar fine. Going through a pine clearing one day, Sam picked up an old ax and started scraping the rust off.

"What are you doing?" asked Jim suspiciously.

"Just want to see the trademark—it looks like one of our axes."

"That'll just cost you a dollar!" declared Jim.

Vacation over, they started back to their territory, and Sam's first call was upon a jobber who had never bought any goods from him for the very good reason that he was a competitor of Sam's house. The genius was thoroughly himself again, and he determined to sell something to this difficult prospect, just to prove that he had got his nerve back. Jim went along, as had been agreed, to listen and criticize.

The New Idea in Salesmanship

SAM talked for half an hour on the merits of a new safety razor lately introduced by his house, and he got along beautifully up to the point where the sale should have been closed, when the jobber laughingly refused to place an order. The two pals went outside and walked round an hour, discussing the attempt, but Jim could find no flaw in Sam's methods. Before lunch they went back to the jobber's office and Sam talked twenty minutes unsuccessfully. Then they had lunch and went over the details again. Jim thought the case hopeless. But Sam went back a third time and asked for five minutes more in which to talk about that safety razor. The jobber was good-natured and listened, and before the five minutes were gone signed an order for a small lot of the razors. There was no reason on earth why he should have done this, for he had a safety razor of his own which was quite as satisfactory. To this day Jim cannot explain how that sale was made, unless on a basis of hypnotism. It was simply Sam at his best, that's all.

All that happened nearly ten years ago. To-day Jim is general sales manager for a big corporation in the East, while Sam, the genius, is still a hardware drummer on the road, as capable as ever when it comes to selling, but not much better off than in the old days.

When they met not long ago it was Sam himself who furnished the best explanation of this contrast in their present positions:

"Jim, I wonder if you remember one night years ago when we were in Indianapolis. You came in near midnight and found a party of us playing poker. We asked you to sit in the game. You said you had some orders to get into the mail before going to bed. I told you there would be plenty of time for that in the morning, but you went over to a desk and began writing. When the game broke up after one o'clock you were still writing, and I thought to myself: 'What a chump! What does it matter whether he mails those orders to-night or to-morrow? His house will never know the difference.' But I want to tell you that I've changed my mind. It does matter a whole lot. For even if the house never knew that a fellow sat up all night to write his orders, it would pay him in the results he got from self-training. Jim, I wish I'd been able to plug as you did!"

Quite a literature has grown up round salesmanship lately. Some of it is inspirational, some analytical, some devoted to practical sales methods in different lines of business. One scientific investigator is able to reduce all selling to the simple principle that it is just leading your customer to think as you do about your goods. That definition is as correct as it is brief, and merely leaves the salesman the task of doing this. Other writers reveal successful "stunts" in selling—the tactful approach, the gauging of a prospect's temperament, and so on.

Down at the bottom of all the selling science and the selling stunts, however, the real salesman must have a quality that might be called man stuff. If he has this man stuff the rest tends to take care of itself. And man stuff is based largely on two things in which the plodder shines—first, willingness to work hard at little details, and, second, the ability to build character.

More and more every day there is a demand for the kind of salesman who lasts, as opposed to the sales genius who succeeds by inspiration. Margins of profit in all lines of business are growing smaller, so that solid business connections are sought rather than brilliant single sales. Where once the drummer was satisfied to get his goods on the merchant's shelves, leaving the latter to sell them in turn as best he could, now the salesman's object is to make the merchant a better retail channel through which goods will constantly flow. "How many of these ventilators do you want to sell me?" asked a country storekeeper of a salesman who was seeking agents for a line of barn equipment.

"Not a single one!" replied the salesman. "We want the farmers in your neighborhood to do the buying, and I won't take your order for ventilators until I can show you how to sell them."

This is the spirit of selling nowadays, and it involves a lot of hard, plodding work. The salesman must get on to his customer's side of the bargain, help him plan, furnish him with information and inspiration, voluntarily take work off his shoulders.

When Jim was selling hardware on the road he found it difficult to get attention from the average merchant. There were so many other salesmen calling on the hardware dealer, and the latter's days were so taken up with store duties, that it was often impossible to pin him down in one place long enough for him to inspect the extensive assortment of samples.

The Secret of Getting Big Advance Orders

MERCHANTS' excuses never bothered Jim. Every merchant meets every drummer with an excuse about lack of time, slack trade, overstocked shelves, and so forth. In fact, a drummer once compiled the following handy excuse calendar for merchants, covering every month in the year and all the days of the week, to save them the trouble of thinking up original excuses:

January—I'm taking stock and busy with special sales.
February—Just going to the city market.
March—Just got back from the city and stocked up.
April—Rainy weather, poor business.
May—Clearing off stock, too late to buy spring goods.
June—Going on a vacation, too hot to do business.
July—Going to market, special sales.
August—Going on an Eastern trip.
September—Just back from the Eastern market.
October—Rainy weather, poor business.
November—Getting ready for Christmas trade.
December—Christmas rush, get out!
N. B.—Don't come in Saturdays or Mondays. Rather not see salesmen on Wednesday, Friday, Thursday or Tuesday. Call about four o'clock Sunday morning.

As the man who lives next door to a boiler shop is not apt to notice the racket of a pneumatic riveter, so the drummer learns to let these excuses pass in one ear and out the other. They are not heard at all.

Jim was never checked by an excuse. He knew that merchants make them mechanically, just as they comment on the weather, and went right on with his talk. But he also knew that behind these automatic excuses there was a real scarcity of time in which properly to inspect a salesman's goods, and to this difficulty Jim devoted a lot of hard study. Eventually he found a way out. It was so effective in its results that Sam was astounded. They often argued round the edges of the subject.

"Jim, how is it that a dealer not only buys a big lot of your stuff, trip after trip, but places his orders months ahead? How do you do it?"

To which Jim would reply dryly:

"Oh, I guess it's just because they like my goods."

And there the matter stopped.

Sam knew this was not the real reason, of course. Jim had a valuable secret, and Sam knew it. But their good understanding about the line between friendship and business led one to keep his methods to himself and the other to respect them. It is just lately that Jim has ever said anything about those methods. Here is what he did:

The retail hardware dealer gave too little attention to buying his goods, because his time was taken up with other matters. The retail merchant has to be a buyer, a sales manager, a cost expert, a stock keeper, a financial man, an executive, a barn boss, and a number of other things. Jim could seldom get the dealer's whole attention for several hours, because other drummers were in the way, and other duties distracted him. It was luck to get half the hardware man's attention for ten minutes, and then his purchases were usually made in snap judgment. Jim's house carried something like sixty thousand separate items in stock. Many were seasonable articles, which had to be ordered in advance, with close study of the calendar. Practically all had to be adjusted to the merchant's community in quantity and quality, so that he would have as little capital as possible tied up in dead stock.

Like all drummers, Jim wasted a lot of time waiting for a chance to talk to the merchant.

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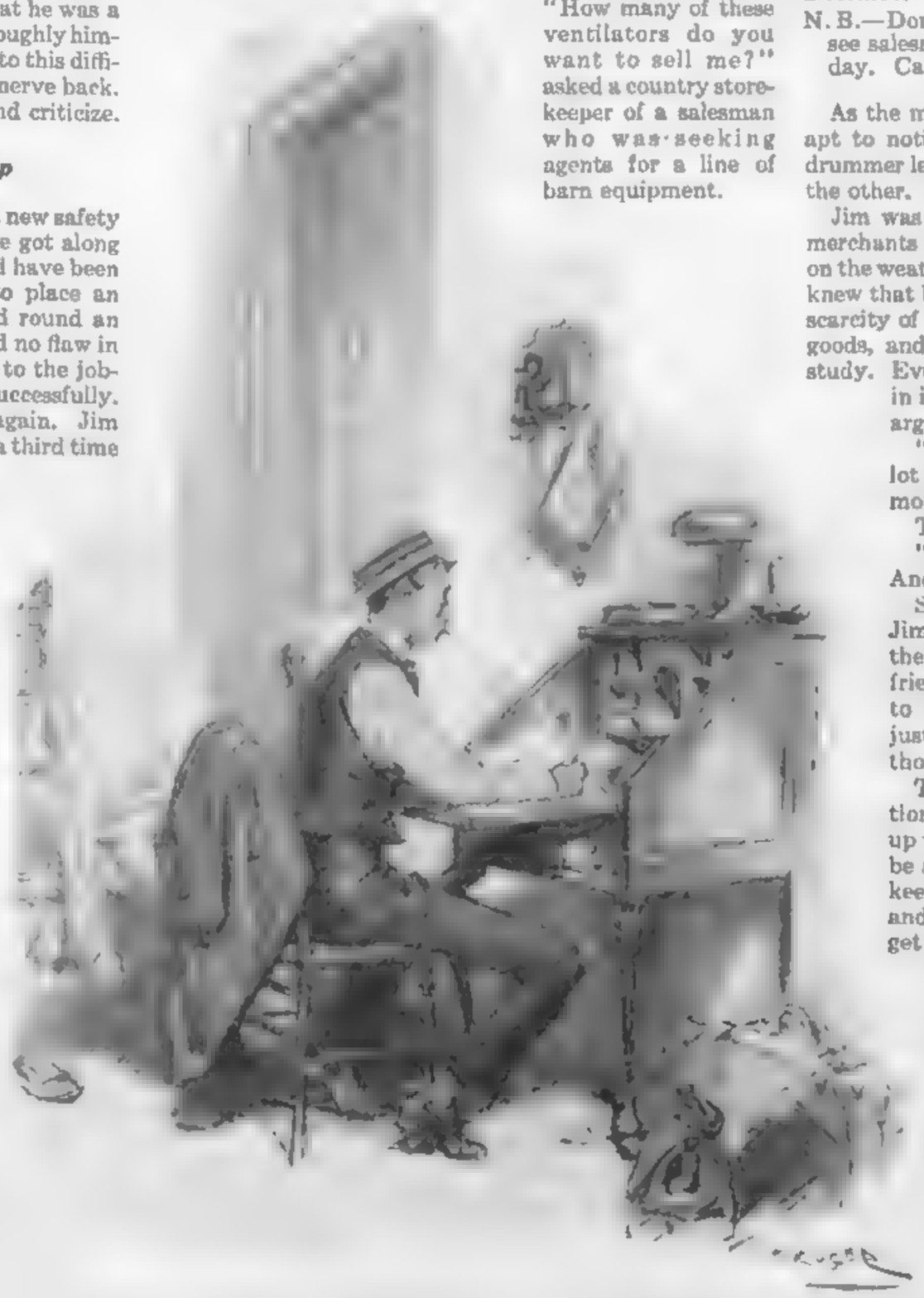


He Kept Memoranda of His Customers' Turnover and Was Able to Sell on Confidential Information, for Which He Had Patiently Grubbed

THE PEDIGREE PLUG

By John Crowfoot

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

LIKE all great establishments, commercial, temporal or spiritual, Simon Simon's rapidly became a hierarchy. There was Simon himself, moving incessantly through his universe, holding one hand at the back of the ear of a benevolent Zeus, still ever ready to take a suggestion, but carrying in the other hand the no less ready thunderbolt of Jove. Nowadays no one in his employ ever thought of him as a little man. Under him came the fitters, two of them, stars at two hundred dollars a week; then the head saleswoman, the saleswomen, the saleswomen's assistants; then three pink-cheeked, exaggeratedly clothed youths thrown in, Lord knows why, perhaps for scenic effect, perhaps because it cheers a woman to see a man she can despise. After them came the models, as carefully chosen a variety of pulchritude as ever graced a Midnight Rolic; then the doorman, a giant; the elevator buttons, a midget; the chauffeur; and last, least but prettiest, the midinettes, the little girls who carried home the purchased hats.

For Simon was no such fool as to fill his smart electric with cold-storaged advertising. He would have counted that day lost that did not see a little girl, pink of cheek and bright of eye, struggling up the Avenue before the wind, dangling behind a big round cardboard box inscribed with the cabalistic sign, SIMON SIMON!

Such was the section of the hierarchy known to the public, and it was inevitable that so self-contained an organization should have a slang of its own no less than a collective viewpoint from which it measured and ticketed the moneyed world that came into its parlor and was forever ensnared by its webs of gossamer, chiffon, glovecloth and tweed.

In the cryptic argot of Simon Simon's the word "plug" designated one who comes in, parades all the models, fingers all the stuffs, and suddenly remembers an engagement elsewhere—in short, a person who takes all the privileges of a customer without paying tribute in cash. Simon Simon's had no time and no use for plugs, and seldom did one of that ilk have the temerity to withstand a second onslaught from twenty bright eyes shooting glances of scorn and ten pink tongues dripping venom in honeyed tones. "It's a plug. Show her the Gate model!" was the rallying cry that meant: "This is a pseudo-customer; point out to her the nearest exit."

But there was one such who came and came again. She was a frowzy woman who seemed to be on the verge of running to flesh, not so much from sheer avoirdupois as through negligence of certain restraining arts known to the tailoring trade. Her clothes were bad and her glasses were as unbecoming as they were bourgeois, to say nothing of her hat. When first she loomed in the entrance to the tailored department little Irene Swharta, commonly known as Swarty, cried out: "Gee, goils, look what's here! Le's eat the horsemeat!"

What had hindered the consummation? Not this special plug's powers of rebuff and repartee. She did not appear thick-skinned; her lips often hung open but never went into action. In her eyes was a continual mild surprise at everything they saw, that actually invited attack and conquest. Yet she was protected, guarded by a rumor that even garbed her in a mantle of tantalizing mystery.

It was whispered that orders had wafted down through the ranks from the apex of Olympus itself to the effect that this plug among plugs was not to be slaughtered, and that the first girl to get out her little hammer would find herself first in the ranks of the unemployed. However, on the third appearance of the phenomenon Swarty cried out: "Here she comes again! I simply can't stand it. I'm goin' to hump it out to lunch."

"An' that's jest where you'll get in wrong," snapped her friend, Miss Perkins, a thin girl with big bright eyes and heaps of hair, the one that posed the débutante first-party frocks. "Things like this don't happen for nothin'. She may be a plug; but take it from me she's got a pedigree an' the boss has it pasted in his hat."

In Her Place Stood Somebody Else, Somebody That Looked Old Yet Young, Smart Yet Demure, Trim But Dignified

Thus was the frowzy lady christened the Pedigree Plug, and once given a distinction she soon became an object of interest and conjecture among the beautifully coifed but light-headed salesroom contingent. Who was she? Nobody seemed really to know, and when you consider that Simon Simon's customers ranged from the very crust of Society, the *crème de la crème* of inherited wealth, to the latest bit of Broadway pastry that had connected with a fool and his money, you will realize that to be a stranger in that gallery you had to come from Brooklyn or a kindergarten.

Perky said darkly that she had reason to believe the Pedigree Plug was a lady of title sojourning incognito at some swell hotel. Shorty, the Chernit model, said her flesh crept on Plug days, and she had a hunch that the lady was a *revenant* haunting the scene of some undiscovered crime. Swarty, puzzled but still unconvinced, said: "I don't know what her pull is with the old man, but take it from me she's nothin' but the original plug. I c'n see God makin' Adam an' Eve 'nd her all at the same time."

As usual, they turned to Marta for a decision. Marta was the only person in the establishment that everyone called by her first name. She was tall, well-formed, supple; she had soft, cowlike eyes and the face of a Madonna. Her hair was coiled in a dark crown upon her molded head and her skin was the color of milk touched by sunshine. She was altogether beautiful, quite unassuming, always placid, always kindly, but when anyone called out "Marta!" she would open her perfect lips and say "*Vuss?*"

"*Vuss!*" snapped Perky. "Why do you always say '*vuss*'? Why don't you learn to say 'what'?

"*Vuss?*" repeated Marta calmly.

"What we want to know is what you think about the Pedigree Plug?"

"I tink she been the vooman to the boss," said Marta placidly.

It was as though she had dropped a bomb. The girls shrieked derision and amusement. In imagination they saw dapper little Simon Simon pacing the Avenue beside the frowzy one, and almost went into hysterics over the ludicrous conception. When they had quite finished laughing Marta's ravishing lips pursed into their nearest approach to a look of stubbornness, and she said: "I tink she been the vooman to the boss."

At that repetition a shrewd gleam came into the eyes of Miss McNab, head saleswoman. She began to think, and to think hard. She remembered several things, among them that the Pedigree Plug had never shown the marks of a shopping fiend, and that she took quite as much interest and wonder in the luxurious fittings of Simon's as she did in the miracles of dress. Lastly, that she seemed to have some secret source of information as to Mr. Simon Simon's movements; for never, with the exception of the day of her initial visit, had she come when he was on the premises.

Miss McNab, as may have been guessed, was of Scotch extraction. She knew the difference between a kite and a good gamble, and throughout her short life she had avoided the former and consistently played up the latter to the limit. As a consequence she was a successful young woman and had a bank balance.

She was the first to see the Pedigree Plug on her next appearance, promptly walked up to her and began deftly to put her at her ease. She dropped all the regulation patter and chatted to her of things besides frocks, said how chilly it was getting and that the first frost always meant a harvest of dollars for Simon's and a lot of work for the girls. Just now they weren't so awfully busy. If customers only realized how much better attention they would come in for if they'd only slip into town and get fitted before the rush of the opening season, things would be a lot pleasanter all round.

The Pedigree Plug listened eagerly to all that Miss McNab said. She responded well to treatment, not to the information she was getting so much as to Miss McNab's kindness, thoughtfulness and affability. Two or three times she looked nervously round and then back to Miss McNab, as though she would like to make a friend of her but didn't quite know how.

"Some people must be hard to dress," she said finally, and flushed a deep red.

"Some are," said Miss McNab, "and it's almost always those that think they aren't. Now take yourself, for example. Some people would say you would be hard to dress, but d'you know what I say?"

"No," said the frowzy one, a little breathlessly.

"I say, give me a free hand and in three weeks I'll make you look one-third thinner, two-thirds younger and a hundred per cent smarter than you do at present. Sounds rude, I know, but it's one of those bets we'd both take pleasure in settling, isn't it?"

Miss McNab glanced at the lady and promptly turned away her eyes. Behind the frowzy exterior and the ugly glasses she had caught a look of wistfulness, the sort of appeal that one sees often in the eager faces of children. For the first time in her life Miss McNab realized that a customer may also be a human being under the skin.

"I don't know who you are," she said, flushing at her unprofessional audacity, "but I'm ready to say that of all the people that come here you are the one person who can buy happiness at Simon's and buy it cheap!"

The lady's eyes went moist. "My dear," she said, laying a trembling hand on the saleslady's arm, "I've a hundred and fifty dollars saved up. Could I buy it for that?"

Miss McNab puckered her brows in a moment's calculation. She looked as if she were thinking of ways and means, but in reality she was only deciding to go the whole hog on her own and take the consequences. Once she had settled with herself that it was a good gamble, her face brightened and cleared for action. She turned briskly and summoned two assistants from among the bevy of wondering and whispering girls.

A chair was brought for the Pedigree Plug, a plug no longer, and she sat down with a sigh of content, as though all along she had felt the silent contumely which is the universal lot of a piker in any walk of life. Miss McNab gave an order and then turned to the lady.

"Dressing anybody," she said, "is like building a house: everything depends on the foundations. In our business the foundations are corsets. Now we are going to show you the corset model, but I want you to notice something besides the stays. I want you to notice everything she has on and I trust you to do as well by yourself, because no tailor on earth can make you look beautiful on the outside unless you feel beautiful through and through. You get me, don't you?"

The lady nodded. Her eyes, grown bright, wandered round. She sat in surroundings long since familiar, but

saw them now for the first time in their true perspective. The whole room was done in a single tone, fitted luxuriously in gold and drab, and furnished with maple polished to the texture of satin and upholstered in dull embroidered damask. There was no break in the sheer scheme of color created by a master in backgrounds who relied entirely for relief on those incidents which it was intended to bring supremely to the eye. Bathed in the opalescent light, models, customers and even bolts of fine fabrics stood out and seemed to breathe beauty and content as though they felt in the atmosphere a palpable caress.

At one side hung high amber portières. Miss McNab nodded, the curtains parted, a girl stepped through them and their folds sank back softly behind her. She stood silhouetted against them as though against a fluted sunset sky. Her hair was the color of ripe corn and was swept up and round her head in straight strands that broke into waves and tendrils above her brows. Her skin was like the petals of pink and white roses. From her neck to her daintily shod feet she was veiled in an azure robe of sheer satin.

Miss McNab nodded again. The girl raised her arms slowly, extending her mantle of blue until it hung like a vast shell against the amber background. With that movement she disclosed to the enraptured gaze herself—a pearl of great price done in pink. Pink were her cheeks, pink her crêpe-de-Chine camisole, pink the knotted ribbons and the corsets that seemed molded to her body, pink her knickers, her silk stockings and satin slippers.

Tears rose to the eyes of the ex-plug.

"My dear," she said quite simply, and looking at the girl not at all as though she saw a manikin, "you are like—like apple blossoms in the country."

A grateful and surprised look sprang alight in the girl's eyes. Her fixed lips trembled and broke into a smile. All the other girls, stirred by a feeling of having accidentally bumped into some long forgotten but familiar sensation, drew nearer to the strange customer that could be her natural self at Simon's. Miss McNab took a sudden decision. "You see, Mrs. Simon," she said, her voice trembling a little with excitement, "the power of a scheme of colors. It grips you, doesn't it?"

All the girls jumped at the mention of the magic name, but the customer, her eyes still fastened on the vision of apple blossoms, only nodded.

From that moment the individual robing, outfitting, coifing, shoeing and hatting of the Pedigree Plug became at once a labor of love and a monster conspiracy. Every girl was excited but mum, intent upon showing the Old Man what the shop could do when it really took notice and liked the job. A new name soon replaced the old, and very sharp ears could occasionally catch a whisper as to the last news of how Ma Simon looked in this or that.

Miss McNab became more than a saleslady: she developed into a mentor. She stole time at the lunch hour and piloted Mrs. Simon to the feminine shrines of the initiated and the well-groomed. First of all she led her to a neat bootmaker's shop that looked in no way pretentious. It was in a side street; you even had to go down three or four steps to get into it. Mrs. Simon was measured for a special last, and a trial pair of walking boots was ordered. Miss McNab was very precise as to just what effect the footwear was to produce.

"And what will be the price?" asked Mrs. Simon.

"Our usual price, madam," said the shoemaker. "Twenty."

Mrs. Simon opened her mouth and left it open, for she found herself suddenly bereft of speech.

"Of course," said Miss McNab brightly. "That will be all right." She piloted her dazed victim into the street and the reviving air.

Mrs. Simon came to. "I must go back!" she cried. "I must tell him not to—not to ——"

"There, there!" soothed Miss McNab, taking a firmer grip on her companion's arm. "I thought it might be a shock to you, so I took you there first. After that plunge the rest will be easy."

"The rest," gasped Mrs. Simon. "Oh, my dear, there isn't going to be any rest—not like that. You know what I told you, my dear. Only a hundred and fifty, and you said—you said ——" Mrs. Simon gave way to quiet weeping.

"That's right," said Miss McNab calmly; "have a last good cry, because once I've dressed you you'll never cry again. The kind of woman you're going to be next Tuesday doesn't know how to cry."

"C-clothes d-don't make a man," sobbed Mrs. Simon, "n-nor a wo-woman."

"Oh, don't they just!" sniffed Miss McNab. "Now dry your eyes, please do, because we're going into Lowman's for 'undies.' Just keep thinking of apple blossoms and you'll forget all about the price tags."

Needless to say, Miss McNab soon became banker to Mrs. Simon as well as mentor. The dear lady, her eyes bemused by the lovely things constantly and with malice aforethought presented to her gaze, protested weakly and ever more weakly.

"Oh," she sighed at last, "I don't know what'll become of me. I don't! I don't!"

"You mean you don't care," said Miss McNab with a laugh. "Now, don't you? Of course you do. Think of having lived all these years without going on one real bust! Why, I envy you for just that, let alone the sweet kind of trouble you're heading for. Leave it to me."

Mrs. Simon did; and once she had surrendered beyond any mental reservation she proved to be no piker at heart. She went the whole hog, including skin and bristles, and Miss McNab grew several years younger just by contagion. To cap the climax of her many extravagances Mrs. Simon invited her banker to lunch. They chose a quiet and secluded corner in the Brusseled silence of the stately St. Readthis.

"My dear," said Mother Simon, her eyes luminous behind her glasses and glowing with a new fire, "it's awful cheek my asking you to lunch on your own money, but I wanted to, just once, before we know how things are going to turn out. It's—it's part of my gamble."

"Our gamble," corrected Miss McNab.

Mrs. Simon nodded emphatically, but kept to her own subject.

"You've done so much and you've seen so much that I want to tell you right out the things you've guessed. Mr. Simon and me, we've been married twenty-eight years."

Miss McNab looked surprised. Mrs. Simon smiled.

"Yes," she said, "we were just kids. Funny how long ago it seems, and then somehow it doesn't. My name's Maria. We didn't like it, neither of us, so John just invented a name for me. He used to call me Maida. That's what made me begin to really love him. Later on—oh, much later—he called me Ma, but lately he just calls me Maria straight out; but somehow I keep on loving him."

Mrs. Simon's eyes wandered and she sighed.

"Now, my dear, as you can guess, there's never been any trouble, not really, not with a man like John. But ever since he went to bed a common-garden salesman and woke up into Simon Simon the next morning I—I haven't even been riding in the caboose. I've been sitting just where the jerk dropped me and—and watching him sail along the up-grade, till every minute I think he's going to pop over the horizon and leave me forever on the dark side of the world."

"Not if you can talk like that," said Miss McNab.

Simon Simon's Customers Ranged From the Very Crust of Society to the Latest Bit of Broadway Pastry

A Little Girl, Pink of Cheek and Bright of Eye, Struggled Up the Avenue, Dangling a Big Round Cardboard Box

"I haven't been talking much lately," said Mrs. Simon. "I've been thinking and waking up slowly for two years, and—and pinching my legs, getting ready to get up and run after him. Oh, I'm a fool all right, but I'm a woman, too, and that's a great thing, for all women are fools sometimes, but there never yet was a woman that was a fool all the time. It seems to me somebody's said that before, but anyhow it's true."

Mrs. Simon nodded in self-affirmation.

"I knew all the time that John was all right, but it took me a long time to fall for the fact that I wasn't. I've been an It, a great big It, the kind of thing that grows fat on air and that ought to be rooted on a rotten stump but not on a live wire like John."

She nodded again.

"Well, my dear, I'd just been saving and saving out of my same old housekeeping allowance, going without lunch and making over old clothes, till I'd saved a hundred and fifty, and then—then you came along and did the rest."

Mrs. Simon's eyes filled with tears. Miss McNab reached across the table and patted her hand.

"Now, none o' that, Ma Simon," she said. "Don't let's think any more about it till to-morrow afternoon. That's a dear! You just fasten your mind on getting to Symone's at one o'clock sharp to have your hair done. Remember. Just lay your hat on the top of it, slip into a closed taxi so you won't get blown to pieces, and come up to the shop. Why, you and I are just going to make this old world turn over twice in its sleep. Just keep thinking of that."

"I know. I know," said Mrs. Simon, the light of excitement flaming and dying in her eyes. "But speaking of sleep, I won't get a wink to-night, not a wink."

Great was the commotion at Simon Simon's the next afternoon at two-seventeen when a relay of midinettes reported to the fitting room that Ma Simon was landing from a taxi.

Hour and omens were propitious. Simon was still out to luncheon or engaged in his special vice of mooning round looking at apartments which he almost but never quite leased. It was too early in the day for interfering customers, and in spite of the fact that it was also very early in the fall season, the afternoon had just enough chill in its air to rob a fitting of vulgar clamminess.

Ma Simon arrived gasping a little, but from excitement rather than fatigue, and was whisked behind the amber curtains to those regions which were a holy of holies even to Simon himself. She entered a somewhat tubby woman, badly gowned, down at the heels, and wearing a nondescript hat perched ridiculously on the top of a ravishing coiffure. She came out —— But it was a long time before she came out.

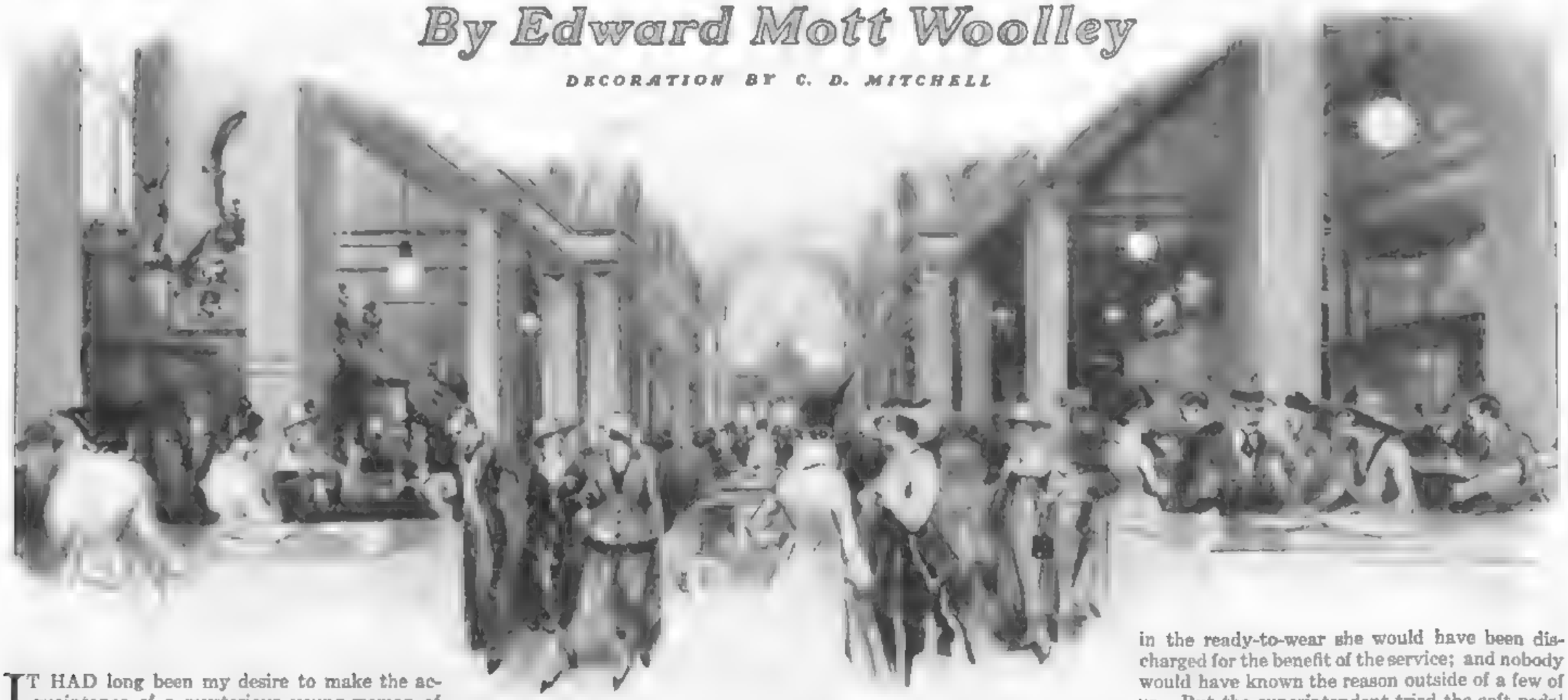
In the meantime any one sitting on the public side of the footlights and waiting for the curtain to part would have heard voices, treble, soprano and contralto, billing, cooing and ejaculating, like an orchestra tuning up for a burst of concerted music. But there was no one in the big fitting room to act as audience—at least, not until the burst of music was on the very verge of explosion. Then a

(Continued on Page 81)

THE HIDDEN MANAGERS

By Edward Mott Woolley

DECORATION BY C. D. MITCHELL



IT HAD long been my desire to make the acquaintance of a mysterious young woman of whom I had heard—one Estelle Mabel, I may call her—who had for her habitat a small apartment on the ninth floor of a house in the Bronx. Finally one evening I rang the bell and was received by Estelle Mabel's aunt, as she informed me.

Immediately Miss Mabel herself came from behind some blue velvet portières and asked me to go away, please. Her affairs were the secrets of others; and besides, her business career in New York would be ruined if people discovered her. Hurriedly I gave my bond not to reveal her identity, on penalty of lasting dishonor.

I come bluntly to the point: This young woman is a shopper for a New York department store, and a secret member of the inner organization the buying public does not see. The modern department store shops every day in the stores of its competitors. There have been stores that tried to discontinue the practice, on ethical grounds; but so fierce is the competition that shopping seems to be a necessity. One New York store has a staff of fourteen shoppers and demonstrates the popular theory that war is not war without spies. At any rate, Miss Estelle Mabel goes into the camp of the enemy and brings back information—and goods. Her story, as she finally told it, I condense:

"I am an actress sometimes; but in Frisco my show went on the rocks and a lady detective got me a job shopping for a store in that city. You see, I knew dry goods pretty well. After a while somebody gave me away to the clerks, so I couldn't land the right facts; and then I went to Denver and shopped, and to Chicago and New York. I hope I'm good for quite a while in little old Manhat. I get three dollars and a half a day, but some days I don't work. Sometimes I'm on the stage nights and shop days."

Keeping an Eye on the Girls

"IT'S my business to keep myself dark. I get to the store at nine-thirty, but I slip in at the most obscure entrance and never go out on the floors. The shopping bureau is hidden away upstairs, and here I see the shopping manager, who doesn't really do any shopping herself, but directs it. Every morning she goes among the buyers and finds out what goods they want shopped, and she gives me my assignments. I get a hundred dollars a day for shopping money and in the afternoon turn in what I have left.

"I am authorized, too, to buy things on my own initiative. I buy any old thing. One day it'll be hats; another day waists; another day lingerie. What the merchandise manager wants to know is how the other stores' prices, qualities and quantities compare with ours. Then he wants things he can copy quick and maybe cut the price on. Last week I bought a blue silk dress for fifty-five dollars, and now we've got the same thing, so far as style goes, at twenty-nine-fifty.

"Believe me, it is sure some competition! It would break your heart to see the way they grab off each other's ideas without even any thank-you-airs. But I guess it's a fair exchange; only one store has a rule that everything it sells must be ten per cent lower than any other store. You don't find any conspiracy among department stores to raise the cost of living.

"I take small parcels with me. Some of the big ones are delivered at my apartment, and I have moved twice. You see why! Then I often rent a room for the day at some hotel and have parcels sent there. Our wagons pick up the goods and the buyers examine them. Then they take off the marks and put the merchandise into stock. Good night! I'm sorry I talked!"

Shopping does not constitute all the work these young women do. They make written reports and comparisons, like this:

"The A-B-C store has a poor showing of silk sweaters, and the sport goods in the Misses' Departments are a joke. . . . The B-C-D store has its coats badly shown, and many are too extreme. . . . The C-D-E store has the best line of suits and the largest choice of any store in the city. The assortment is wonderful, with four long racks. . . . In the D-E-F store the sales service is a distinct improvement over our own. I had to wait only two minutes for my change in the millinery, and the delivery service is wonderful. . . . At the E-F-G store the light in the Rug Department is bad; and we ought to emphasize our own good light."

Sometimes these reports run into pages of closely typewritten comments on competitors' stores, and few details of each other's business escape condemnation or praise. Many of these shoppers are married women who have been saleselerks and are experts in merchandise. Some of the stores have special shoppers who work secretly in their own establishments and make reports on the service given.

Having met with success in this expedition, I felt the impulse for further adventures in the hidden recesses of department stores; so I cultivated the acquaintance of the chief detective, whose name, say, is Finnegan. He soon made it clear that the art of catching shoplifters is not his only pursuit; and he showed me an anonymous letter, evidently written by one of the clerks. It may have been sent in a spirit of jealousy or malice, but it called attention to one of the clerks in the ready-to-wear and charged her with flirting and with eating late suppers on Broadway.

"We keep the lid down pretty tight in this store," said Finnegan. "Really this is a sort of Young Women's Christian Association. It's quite a Puritan settlement. You can go into any missionary convention and you won't find a more demure lot of women than we've got right here. The girls are under strict discipline in the store; and let me tell you something that few people outside the store know: The private lives of our salespeople are under espionage—both men and women. That is a necessary part of any good merchandising.

"Well, because of this anonymous letter I kept watch of the girl, both in the store and out of it. One of my men reported that she was traveling with a pretty gay crowd, though respectable enough; and I turned all the reports over to the superintendent.

"It was here that her sales record intervened in her behalf. If she hadn't been unusually good as a seller of goods in the ready-to-wear she would have been discharged for the benefit of the service; and nobody would have known the reason outside of a few of us. But the superintendent tried the soft-pedal treatment, through the store mother. He's a soft-pedal man, the superintendent is, and you don't find any raw work here. It sure takes a big man to handle several thousand clerks, and most of them girls at that. However, the handling of the clerks is only one part of his routine.

"The store mother took it up with the girl. What was said I don't know. Whatever is said between the store mother and the clerks is sacred. Next morning she came to work—the girl did—with eyes looking somewhat red, and wearing the sort of never-again halo that means business. In the next month she beat her own record selling goods, by forty per cent."

In the Frisking Hole

"OF COURSE those affairs don't always turn out so well; but—believe me!—this store is a pretty good Sunday school, though we've got some queer pupils. There are two real princesses clerking here. *Sub rosa*, one of them is studying sociology and the other is trying to drown some back-acting romance. Then, we've got three daughters of millionaires—one is doing the self-discipline act, and two have had rows with their dads. Half a dozen women of means work here in the effort to get away from grief over lost children. There is one woman ex-convict, under an assumed name; and of course we get adventuresses from time to time, of one sort or another. One woman got in here for the purpose of exploiting a fraudulent insurance game among the girls; but we got her pretty quick.

"Yes; we sift out the undesirables by a system. They get in here through all sorts of lies and bogus recommends; but usually we spot them here in the store, and then I send my men out to shadow them or inquire into their antecedents. We go pretty far back with all recommendations, anyhow, and especially if we have reason to suspect something wrong. It's a funny thing, but girls will come here with crackerjack letters—and genuine ones, too—when you'd wonder how they got them. Letters don't count for much, because employers and acquaintances will let a person down easy, you know, or give a certificate of character just to get rid of somebody."

Finnegan does a large business, too, with shoplifters. One day a salesgirl saw a stylishly gowned woman tuck a hundred-dollar fur neckpiece under her coat and walk away. Stepping to a concealed electric button, the clerk gave the still alarm; for, as Finnegan says, there are no noisy outbursts in this store. Things move silently.

Finnegan was cruising somewhere on a lower floor when he got the S. O. S. through the operation of colored signal lights, and in a few minutes he had the thief in the superintendent's office, defiant.

There is a little room near this office that is sometimes called the frisking hole, because shoplifters are taken there to be searched. The walls are deadened, for once in a while a woman shoplifter will try to frighten her captors into releasing her by screaming or going into hysterics. In truth, such a demonstration is dreaded by Finnegan. It punctures the dignity of the store if customers hear it, and

creates an impression of martyrdom for the prisoner. As a matter of fact, the two women detectives who do the searching of female prisoners are not allowed to use compulsion. If the accused person does not consent to be searched she is taken to a police station.

In this particular case the shoplifter walked out of the store free, but mentally crushed, leaving behind a signed confession:

"I, Jane Doe, confess to stealing a hundred-dollar sable boa. I now return it and accept my liberty on the solemn promise that I will not steal again, and I agree that a second offense shall be sufficient cause for informing my husband."

In reality the store is exceedingly lenient with shoplifters, and only the hardened ones are taken into court. The number of kleptomaniacs at large is amazing, and some are mere children. One little girl was caught stealing a hatpin, and in her verbal confession she told the store mother that she had come in every day for a week to admire that particular pin, until she could no longer resist. The store mother gave her the pin, along with a sermon that made a deep impression; for next day she came back, sobbingly returned the coveted article, and promised to be a good girl forever.

This store mother is indeed a personality little known to outsiders, but exerting a powerful influence for good in the house itself. She seems to be half mother-superior and half saint, but withal an elderly married woman. She is connected with the Welfare Department, and her niche is peculiarly confidential. The girls go to her with their troubles and love affairs, and she is a sort of asylum for the desolate. Then, she looks after the little chaps in the messenger bureau; and even if they haven't mothers at home they have one in the store. They get their clothes patched and cleaned, and their morals stitched up too; and every day or two they get a homely little talk from the store mother in the schoolroom upstairs. They are very serious for a time afterward.

The work and influence of this good woman reach far adrift, for she keeps a record of girls who do not live at home, and through her organization or in person she broods over them in their hall bedrooms. If they do not come to work she finds out why, and no girl is suffered to be ill without care. Contrary to general impression, a well-managed department store exerts a strong moral power in its community, and the store mother deserves to be emulated in all institutions employing women and boys.

I asked Finnegan to give me some tips about other persons in the store who didn't bask in the spotlight, and he sent me first to a man he spoke of as a crab—the expense manager.

With trepidation I hunted out the den of this executive, located on an upper floor beyond a labyrinth of narrow passages. I confess that at first I did not warm up to the expense manager, nor he to me; but presently we became rather chummy and he told me a few of his troubles. You can well forgive an expense manager for being haggard, and short in his manner.

"It is true," he said, "that I am sometimes known as a wolf." This was going Finnegan one better. "Actually," he went on, "I am the goat of this whole establishment. My function is to bite off the excrescences in the expense accounts, and for almost every nibble I take somebody strikes at me with a poisoned lance. Did you ever know anybody to be pleased at having his expense account cut? When you consider that I take a turn at practically every line of expense in the store, you may imagine that I get few sweet smiles, but a lot of sardonic ones."

He exhibited a great mass of tabulated figures, just to look at which gave me a vertiginous sensation. It comprised comparative records of all the different expenses, running back several years. To illustrate, in a fanciful way:

Suppose in your home the cost of food last year and the year before had been round five hundred dollars, but this year it jumps to six hundred, though your income remains the same. If you had had an expense manager he would have analyzed the increase before it took place and headed it off if possible. He would have told you that you were paying too much for this or that item, or wasting something; or maybe eating more potatoes than you ate last year.

He O. K.'s all outgo before the cash escapes, and perhaps has saved this store hundreds of thousands of dollars. All expenses are gauged by some predetermined percentage. Last year the cost of running the Notion Department was 20.6 per cent of the sales in that department, or a reduction of 1.2 per cent over the preceding year. The cost of the Glove Department was 36.4 per cent, a reduction of 2.2 per cent. These expenses are itemized into selling salaries, stock salaries, administrative salaries, rent, advertising, window trimming, freight, drayage, express, insurance, delivery, heat and light, stock depreciation, traveling cost, interest, and so on; so that the expense manager can nip off tiny fragments if he chooses, or big chunks.

Gentle reader, he is a martyr so that you can buy your linens and prints and safety pins at prices astonishingly low.

An expense manager usually reports to the president alone and takes orders from nobody else. I am told that this one gets a salary of a hundred dollars a week and a percentage of the money he saves. Some expense managers' tenure of office is short, because they ride their hobbies to death and become monomaniacs, bent only on destruction. In one store a requisition was sent to this executive for a new hand truck, to be used in the shipping room. "Fix up the old one!" he decreed. This was impossible. It had been repaired so often that it was now cast aside, to the impairment of the service.

Once an official wanted a forty-cent rubber stamp, but the expense man told him to go buy it himself. A row resulted and several men resigned. Like all good things, efficiency can be overworked; nevertheless, an expense manager might be a good thing in your own establishment.

Next I went to the sample room, a large apartment, with chairs and a table in it, and a lot of torn trade papers. The only samples I saw were eleven uneasy gentlemen, who were manufacturers' salesmen awaiting their fate.

At a desk in the corner was a young man who is sometimes referred to as the bumper. As I approached he passed out to me a slip of paper on which was printed:

Name?_____

What house do you represent?_____

What line do you handle?_____

What buyer do you wish to see?_____

I convinced him that I was merely a spectator in the great game of merchandising, and he waived his dignity

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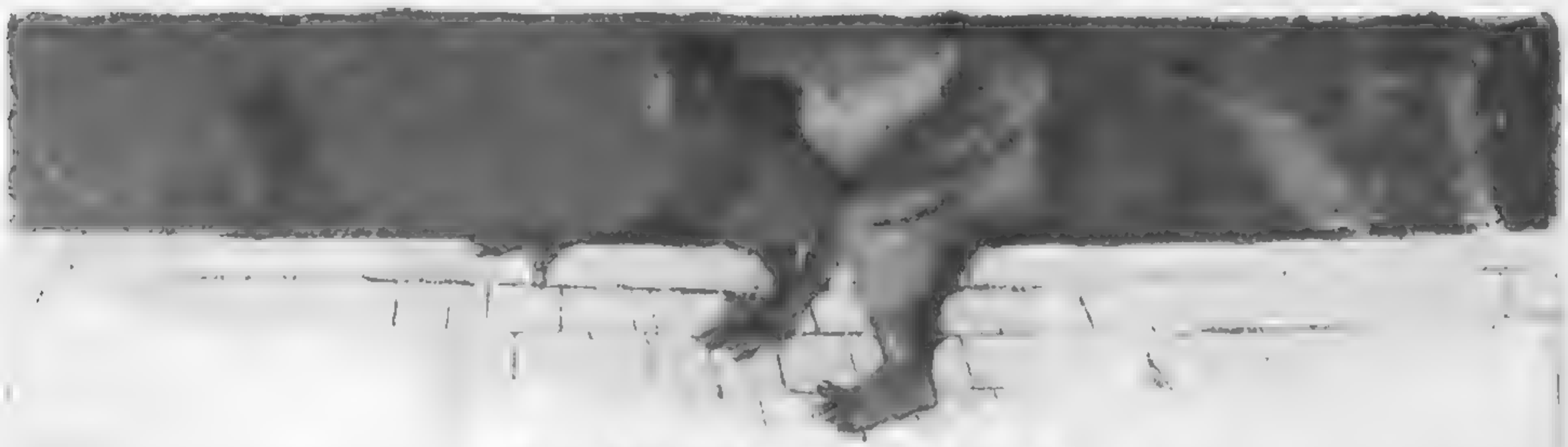
The Cure for Lonesomeness



By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

THEY were on their way back from Father Minor's funeral. Going to the graveyard the horses had ambled slowly; coming home they trotted along briskly so that from under their feet the gravel grit sprang up, to blow out behind in little squills and pennons of yellow dust. The black plumes in the headstalls of the white span that drew the empty hearse nodded briskly. It was only their color which kept those plumes from being downright cheerful. Also, en route to the cemetery, the pallbearers, both honorary and active, had marched in double file at the head of the procession. Now, returning, they rode in carriages especially provided for them.

The first carriage—that is to say, the first one following the hearse—held four passengers: firstly, the widowed sister of the dead man, from up state somewhere; secondly and thirdly, two strange priests who had come over from Hopkinsburg to assist at the services; finally and fourthly, the late Father Minor's housekeeper, a lean and elderly spinster whose devoutness made her dour; indeed, a person whom piety beset almost as a physical affliction. Seeing her any time at all, the observer went away filled with the belief that in her particular case the more certain this woman might be of blessedness hereafter, the more miserable she would feel in the meantime. Now, as her grief-drawn face and reddened eyes looked forth from the carriage window upon the familiar panorama of Buckner Street, all about her bespoke the profound conviction that this world, already lost in sin, was doubly lost since Father Minor had gone to take his reward.

In the second carriage rode four of the honorary pallbearers, and each of them was a veteran, as the dead priest had been: Circuit Judge Priest, Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, Doctor Lake, and Mr. Peter J. Galloway, our leading blacksmith and horseshoer. Of these four Mr. Galloway was the only one who worshiped according to the faith the dead man had preached. But all of them were members in good standing of the Gideon K. Irons Camp.

As though to match the changed gait of the undertaker's horses, the spirits of these old men were uplifted into a sort of tempered cheerfulness. So often it is that way after the mourners come away from the grave. All that kindly hands might do for him who was departed out of this life had been done. The spade had shaped up and smoothed down the clods which covered him; the flowers had been piled upon the sexton's mounded handiwork until the raw brown earth was almost hidden. Probably already the hot afternoon sun was wilting the blossoms. By to-morrow morning the petals would be falling—a drifting testimony to the mortality of all living things.

On the way out these four had said mighty little to one another, but in their present mood they spoke freely of their departed comrade—his sayings, his looks, little ways that he had, stories of his early life before he took holy orders, when he rode hard and fought hard, and very possibly swore hard, as a trooper in Morgan's cavalry.

"It was a fine grand big turnout they gave him this day," said Mr. Galloway with a tincture of melancholy pride in his voice. "Almost as many Protestants as Catholics there."

"Herman Felsburg sent the biggest floral design there was," said Doctor Lake. "I saw his name on the card."

"That's the way Father Tom would have liked it to be, I reckin," said Judge Priest from his corner of the carriage. "After all, boys, the best test of a man ain't so much the amount of cash he's left in the bank, but how many'll turn out to pay him their respects when they put him away."

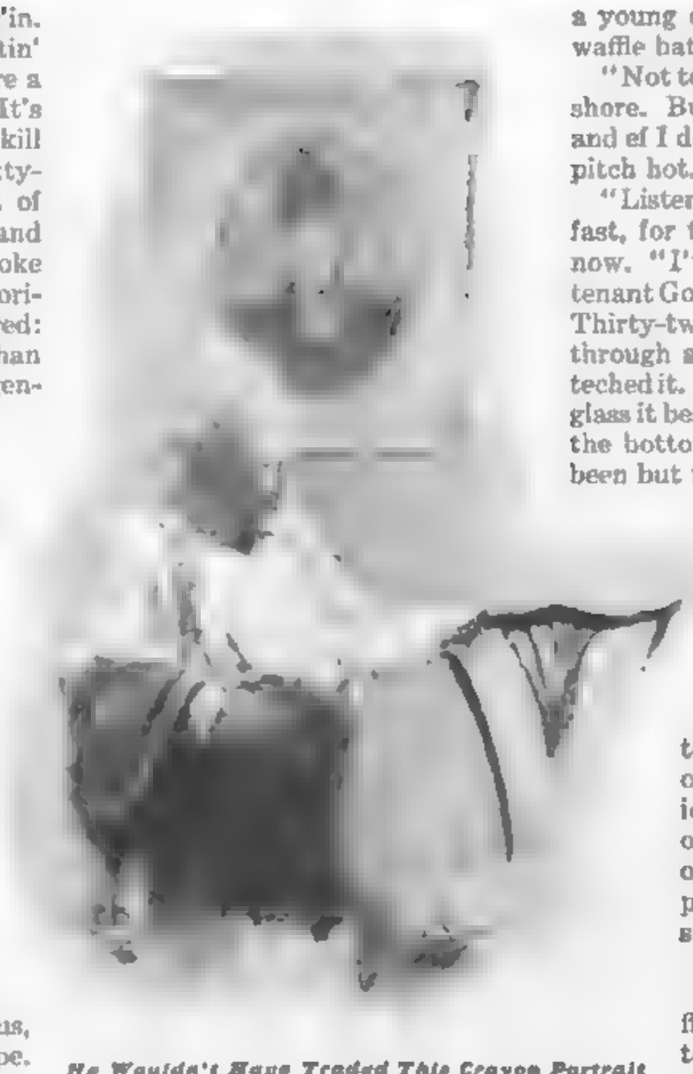
"Still, at that," said the sergeant, "I taken notice of several absentees—from the Camp, I mean. I didn't see Jake Smedley nowheres around at the church, or at the graveyard neither."

"Jake's been right porely," explained Judge Priest. "He's been lookin' kind of ga'nted anyhow, lately. I'm feared Jake is beginnin' to break."

"Oh, I reckin tain't ez bad ez all that," said the sergeant. "You'll see Jake comin' round all right ez soon ez the

weather turns off cool ag'in. Us old boys may be gittin' along in years, but we're a purty husky crew yit. It's a powerful hard job to kill one of us off. I'm sixty-seven myself, but most of the time I feel ez peart and skittish ez a colt." He spoke for the moment vainglori-ously; then his tone altered: "I'm luckier, though, than some—in the matter of gen-eral health. Take Abner Tilghman now, for instance. Sence he had that second stroke Abner jest kin make out to crawl about. He wasn't here to-day with us neither."

"Boys," said Doc-tor Lake, "I hope it's no reflection on my professional abilities, but it seems to me I've been losing a lot of my patients here recently. I'm afraid Ab Tilghman is go-ing to be the next one to make a gap in the ranks. Just between us, he's in mighty bad shape. Did it ever occur to any of you to count up and see how many members of the Camp we've buried this past year, starting in last January with old Professor Reese and winding up to-day with Father Minor?"



He Wouldn't Have Traded This Crayon Portrait for All the Old Masters in the World

None of them answered him in words. Only Judge Priest gave a little stubborn shake of his head, as though to ward away an unpleasant thought. Tact inspired Sergeant Bagby to direct the conversation into a different channel.

"I reckin Mrs. Herman Felsburg won't know whut to do now with that extry fish she always fries of a Friday," said the sergeant.

"That's right too, Jimmy," said Mr. Galloway. "Well, God bless her anyway for a fine lady!"

Had you, reader, enjoyed the advantage of living in our town and of knowing its customs, you would have under-stood at once what this last reference meant. You see, the Felsburgs, in their fine home, lived diagonally across the street from the little priest house behind the Catholic church. Mrs. Felsburg was distinguished for being a rigid adherent to the ritualistic laws of her people. Away from home her husband and her sons might choose whatever fare suited their several palates, but beneath her roof and at the table where she presided they found none of the forbidden foods.

On Fridays she cooked with her own hands the fish for the cold *Shabbath* supper and, having cooked them, she set them aside to cool. But always the finest, crispest fish of all, while still hot, was spread upon one of Mrs. Felsburg's best company plates and covered over with one of Mrs. Felsburg's fine white napkins, and then a servant would run across the street with it, from Mrs. Felsburg's side gate to the front door of the priest house, and hand it in to the dour-faced housekeeper with Mrs. Felsburg's com-pliments. And so that night, at his main meal of the day, Father Minor would dine on prime river perch or fresh lake crappie, fried in goose grease by an orthodox Jewess. Year in and year out this thing had happened once a week regularly. Probably it would not happen again. Father Minor's successor, whoever he might be, might not under-stand. Mr. Galloway nodded abstractedly, and for a little bit nothing was said.

The carriage bearing them twisted out of the procession, leaving a gap in it, and stopped in front of Doctor Lake's red-brick residence. The old doctor climbed down stiffly and, leaning heavily on his cane, went up the walk to his house. Next Mr. Galloway was dropped at his shabby little house, snug in its ambuscade behind a bushwhacker's paradise of lilac bushes; and pretty soon after that it was Sergeant Bagby's turn to get out. As the carriage slowed up for the third stop Judge Priest laid a demurring hand upon his companion's arm.

"Come on out to my place, Jimmy," he said, "and have a bite of supper with me. There won't be nobody there but jest you and me, and after supper we kin set a spell and talk over old times."

The sergeant shook his whity-gray head in regretful dissent.

"I wish't I could, judge," he began, "but it can't be done—not to-night."

"Better come on!" The judge's tone was pleading. "I sort of figger that there old nigger cook of mine has killed a young chicken. And she kin mix up a batch of waffle batter in less'n no time a-tall."

"Not to-night, Billy; some night soon I'll come, shore. But to-night my wife is figurin' on company, and ef I don't show up there'll be hell to pay and no pitch hot."

"Listen, Jimmy; listen to me." The judge spoke fast, for the sergeant was out of the carriage by now. "I've got a quart of special licker that Lieu-tenant Governor Bosworth sent me frum Lexington. Thirty-two years old, Jimmy—handmade and run through a gum log. Copper nor iron ain't never teched it. And when you pour a dram of it out into a glass it beads up same ez ef it had soapsuds down in the bottom of it—it does fur a fact. There ain't been but two drinks drunk out of that quart."

"Judge, please quit teasin' me!" Like unto a peppercorn, ground be-tween the millstones of duty and desire, the sergeant backed reluc-tantly away from between the car-riage wheels. "You know yourse'f how wimmin folks are. It's the new Campbellite preacher that's comin' to-night, and there won't be a drop to drink on the table exceptin' maybe lemonade or ice tea. But I've jest natchelly got to be on hand and, whut's more, I've got to be on my best behavior too. Dern that new preacher! Why couldn't he a-picked out some other night than this one?"

"Jimmy, listen ——"

But the sergeant had turned and was fleeing to sanctuary, beyond reach of the tempter's tongue.

So for the last eighth-mile of the ride, until the black driver halted his team at the Priest place out on Clay Street, the judge rode alone. Laboriously he crawled out from beneath the overhang of the carriage top, handed up two bits as a parting gift to the darky on the seat, and waddled across the sidewalk.

The latch on the gate was broken. It had been broken for weeks. The old man slammed the gate to with a passionate jerk. The infirm latch clicked weakly, then slipped out of the iron nick and the gate sagged open—an invitation to anybody's wandering livestock to come right on in and feast upon the shrubs, which from lack of prun-ing had become thick, irregular little jungles. Clumps of rank grass, like green scalp locks, were sprouting in the walk, and when the master had mounted the creaking steps he saw where two porch planks had warped apart, leaving a gap between them. In and out of the space ran big black ants. The house needed painting, too, he noticed; in places where the rain water had dribbled out of a rust-hole in the tin gutter overhead, the grain of the clapboard-ing showed through its white coating. Mentally the judge promised himself that he would take a couple of days off sometime soon and call in workmen and have the whole shebang tidied and fixed up. Once a place began to run down it seemed to break out with neglect all over, as with a rash.

Halfway through his supper the judge, who had been strangely silent in the early part of the meal, addressed his house boy, Jeff Poindexter, in the accents of a marked disapproval.

"Look here, Jeff," he demanded, "have I got to tell you ag'in about mendin' the ketch on that front gate?"

"Yas, suh—I means no, suh," Jeff corrected himself quickly. "Ise aimin' to do it fust thing in the mawnin', suh," added Jeff glibly, repeating a false pledge for perhaps the dozenth time within a month. "Ise got so many things to do round yere, jedge, that sometimes hit seems lak I can't think whut nary one of 'em is."

"Huh!" snorted his employer crossly. Then he went on warningly: "Some of these days there's goin' to be a sudden change in this house ef things ain't attended to better—whole place goin' to rack and ruin like it is."

Wriggling uneasily Jeff found a pretext for withdrawing himself, the situation having be-come embarrassing. It wasn't often that the judge gave way to temper. Not that Jeff feared the covert threat of discharge. If anybody quit it wouldn't be Jeff, as Jeff well knew. Usually Jeff had an excuse ready for any accusation of shortcomings on his part; thinking them up was his regular specialty. But this par-ticular moment did not seem a propitious one for offering excuses. Jeff noiselessly evaporated out of sight and hearing.

In silence the master hurried through the meal, eating it with what for him was unusual speed. He was beset with an urge to be out of the big high-ceiled dining room. Looking about it he told himself it wasn't a dining room at all—just a bare barracks, full of emptiness and mighty little else.

After supper he sat on the porch, while the long twilight gloomed into dusk and the dusk into night. He was half-minded to walk downtown in the hope of finding congenial company at Soule's drug store, the favored loafing place of his dwindling set of cronies. But he changed his mind. Since Mr. Soule, growing infirm, had taken a younger man for a partner, the drug store was changed. Its old-time air of hospitality and comfort had somehow altered.

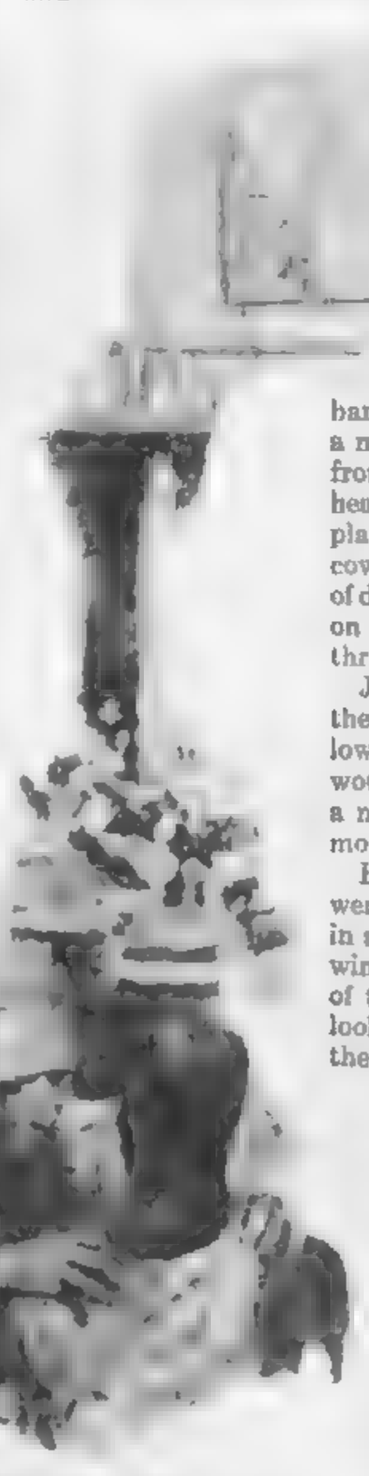
The judge smoked on, rocking back and forth in his chair. The bull bats, which had been dodging about in the air as long as the daylight lasted, were gone now, and their shy cousin, the whippoorwill, began calling from down in the old Enders orchard at the far end of the street. Two or three times there came to Judge Priest's ears the sound of footsteps clunking along the plank sidewalk on his side of the road, and at that he sat erect, hoping each time the gate hinges would whine a warning of callers' dropping in to bear him company. But the unseen pedestrians passed on without turning in.

The whippoorwill moved up close to Judge Priest's side fence. A little night wind that had something on its mind began with a mournful whispering sound to swish through the top of the big cedar alongside the porch.

The judge stood it until nearly half-past nine o'clock. Even under the most favorable circumstances a whippoor-will and a remorseful night wind, telling its troubles to an evergreen tree, do not make what one would call exhilarat-ing company. He closed and locked the front door, turned out the single gas light which burned in the hall and went up the stairs. In its main design the house was Colonial—Southern Colonial. But his bedroom was in an ell, above a side porch overlooking the croquet ground, and this ell was adorned with plank curlicues under its gables, and a square, ugly, useless little balcony, like a misplaced wooden mus-tache, adhered to its most prominent elevation on the side facing the front. The judge frequently said that, as nearly as he could figure it out, the extension belonged to the Rutherford B. Hayes period of American architecture.

Except for him the house was empty. Aunt Dilsey didn't stay on the place at night and Jeff's sleeping quar-ters were over the stable at the back. As Judge Priest felt his way through the upper hall and made a light in his bed-chamber, the house was giving off those little creaking, complaining sounds from its joints that an old tired house always gives off when it is lonely for a fuller measure of human occupancy.

His own room, revealed now in its homely contour and its still homelier furnishings, was neat enough, with Jeff's ideas of neat-ness, but all about it indubitably be-trayed the fact that only male hands cared for it. The tall black-walnut bureau lacked a cover for its top; the mantel was littered with cigar boxes and old law reports; the dead asparagus ferns, banked in the grate, were faded to a musty yellow; and some of the fronds had fallen out across the hearth so that remotely the fire-place suggested the mouth of a big cow choking on an overly large bite of dried hay. In places the matting on the floor was frayed almost through.



"Jeff, God Bless Your Black Hide, How Did You Come to Think of It?"

Just from the careless skew of the coverlid and the set of the pil-lows against the white bolster, you would have known at a glance that a man had made up the bed that morning.

Barring one picture the walls were bare. This lone picture hung in a space between the two front windows, right where the occupant of the room, if so minded, might look at it the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. Be-yond any doubt a lover of the truly refined in art would have looked at it with a shudder, for it was one of those crayon portraits—a crayon portrait done in the most crayonsome and grewsome style of a self-taught artist working by the day rather than by the piece. Plainly it had been enlarged, as the trade term goes, from a photograph; the enlarger thereof had been lavish with his black leads; that, too, was self-evident. The original

photographer had done his worst with the subject; the retoucher had gone him one better.

It was a likeness—you might call it a likeness—of a woman dressed in the abominable style of the late seventies—with heavy bangs down in her eyes, and a tight-fitting basque with enormous sleeves, and long pendent eardrops in her ears. The artist, whoever he was, had striven masterfully to rob the likeness of all expression. There alone his craftsmanship had failed him. For even he had not altogether taken away from the face a certain suggestion of old-fashioned wistfulness and sweetness. In all other regards, though, he had had his reckless way with it. The eyes were black and staring, the lines of the figure stiff and artificial, and the background for the head was a pastel nightmare.

For so long had Judge Priest been wifeless and childless that many of the younger generation in our town knew nothing of the tragedy in this old man's life—which was that the same diphtheria epidemic that took both his babies in one week's time had widowed him too. We knew he loved other people's children; some of us never suspected that once upon a time he had had children of his own to love. Except in his memory no images of the dead babies endured, and this crayon portrait was the sole sentimental reminder left to him of his married life. And so, to him, it was a perfect and a matchless thing. He wouldn't have traded it for all the canvases of all the old masters in all the art galleries in this round big world.

This night, before he undressed, he went over and stood in front of it and looked at it for a while. There was dust in the grooves of the heavy tarnished gilt frame. From the top bureau drawer he took a big silk handkerchief and carefully he wiped the dust away. Then, before he put the handkerchief back in its place, he straightened the thing upon the nail which held it, and gave the glass front an awkward little caress with his pudgy old hand.

"It's been a long, long time, honey, since you went away and left me," he said slowly, in the voice of one addressing a hearer very near at hand; "but I still miss you and the babies powerfully. And sometimes it's sorter lonesome here without you."

A little later, when the light had been turned out, a noise like a long, deep sigh sounded out in the darkness. That, though, might have been the wheeze of the afflicted bedsprings as the old judge let his weight down in the bed.

An hour passed and there was another small sound there—a muffled nibbling sound. Behind the wainscoting, between bedroom and bathroom, a young and therefore an adventuresome rat gnawed at a box of matches which he had found on the floor in the hall and had dragged to his nest in the wall. From within the box a strangely tantalizing aroma escaped; the rat, being deluded thereby into the belief that phosphorus might be an edible dainty, was minded to sample the contents. Presently his teeth met through the cover of the box. There was a sharp flaring pop, followed by a swift succession of other pops, and the rat gave a jump and departed elsewhere in great haste, with a hot bad smell in his snout and his adolescent whiskers quite entirely singed away.

The Confederates, in ragged uniforms of butternut jeans, were squatted in a clump of pawpaw bushes on the edge of a stretch of plowed ground. From the woods on the far side of the field Yankee skirmishers were shooting toward them. A shell from the batteries must have fallen near by and set fire to the dried leaves and the fallen brush, for the smoke kept blowing in a fellow's face, choking him and making him cough. Captain Tip Meldrum, the commander of Company B, was just behind the men, giving the order to fire back. High Private Billy Priest aimed his musket at the thickets where the Yankees were hidden and pulled the trigger, but the cap on the nipple of his piece was defective or something, and the charge wouldn't explode. "Fire! Fire! Fire!" yelled Captain Tip Meldrum over and over again, and then he yanked out his own horse-pistol and emptied it into the hostile timber. But Private Priest's gun still balked. He flung it down—and found himself sitting up in bed, gasping.

The dream hadn't been altogether a dream at that. For there was indeed smoke in the judge's eyes and his nostrils—plenty of it. A revolver was cracking out its shots somewhere near at hand; somebody outside his window was shrieking "Fire!" at the top of a good strong voice. In the distance other voices were taking up the cry.

"Gen'l'mens, fur the Time Bein' I Jes' Natchelly Abandoned Breathin'!"

In an earlier day, when a fire started in town, the man who discovered it drew his pistol if he were on the highway, or snatched it up if he chanced to be at home, and pointing its barrel at the sky emptied it into the air as fast as the cylinder would turn. The man next door followed suit and so on until volleys were rattling all over the neighborhood. Thus were the townspeople aroused and, along with the townspeople, the members of the volunteer fire department. Now we had a paid department and a regular electric-alarm system, predicated on boxes and gongs and wires and things; but in outlying districts the pistol-shooting fashion of spreading the word still prevailed to a considerable extent, and more especially did it prevail at nighttime. So it didn't take the late dreamer longer than the shake of a sheep's tail to separate what was fancy from what was reality.

As Judge Priest, yet half asleep but waking up mighty fast, shoved his stout legs into his trousers and tucked the tails of his nightshirt down inside the waistband, he decided it must be his barn and not his house that was afire. The smoke which filled the room seemed to be eddying in through the side window, from across the end of the ell structure. He thought of his old white mare, Mittie May, fast in her stall under the hay loft, and of Jeff, who was one of the soundest sleepers in the world, in his room right alongside the mow. There was need for him to move, and move fast. He must awaken Jeff first, and then get Mittie May out of danger. Barefooted, he felt his way across the room and along the hall and down the stairs, mending his gait as he went. And then, as he jerked the front door open and stumbled out upon the porch, he came into violent collision with Ed Tilghman, Junior, who lived across the street, and who had just bounded up the porch steps with the idea of hammering on the front-door panels. Tilghman was a young man and the judge an old one; it was inevitable the judge should suffer the more painful consequences of the sudden impact of their two bodies together. He went down sideways with a great hard thump, his forehead striking against a sharp corner of the door jamb. He was senseless, and a little stream of blood was beginning to trickle down his face as Tilghman dragged him down off the porch into the yard and stretched him on his back in the grass, and then ran to fetch water from somewhere.

In that same minute the big bell in the tower of fire headquarters, half a mile away, began sounding in measured beats, and a small hungry-looking tongue of flame licked up across the sill and flickered for a moment through the smoke which was pouring forth out of the bathroom window and rolling across the flat top of the extension. The smoke gushed out still thicker, smothering down the red pennon, but in a second or two it showed again, and this time it brought with it two more like it. The bathroom window became a frame for a cloudy pink glare, and the purring note of the fire became a brisk and healthy crackle as it ate through the seasoned clapboards of the outer wall.

All of a sudden, so it seemed, the yard and the street were full of people. Promptly there began to happen most of the things that do happen at a fire. As for instance: Mr. Milus Miles, who arrived among the very first and who had a commandingly loud voice, mounted a rustic bench alongside the croquet grounds and called for volunteers to form a bucket brigade. That his recruits would have no buckets to pass after they had enrolled themselves for service was with Mr. Miles a minor consideration. It was the spirit of the thing, the forethought, the responsibility, the aptitude for leadership in a work of succor—all these inspired him.

Mr. Ulysses Rice, who lived in the next street, climbed the side fence—under the circumstances it somehow to him seemed a more resolute thing to scale the fence than to enter by the gate in the regular way—and ran across the yard, inspired with a neighborly and commendable desire to save something right away. He put his toe in a croquet wicket and fell headlong. This was to be expected of Mr. Rice. He had a perfect genius for getting into accidents. All Nature was ever in a conspiracy with all the inanimate objects in the world to do him bodily hurt. If he went skiff riding and fell overboard, as he customarily did, it was not because he had rocked the boat. The boat rocked itself.

He now disentangled his foot from the wicket and scrambled up and, still actuated by the best motives imaginable, he dashed toward the back of the Priest homestead, being minded to seek entrance by a rear door. But a wire clothesline, swinging at exactly the right height to catch him just under the nose, did catch him just under the nose and almost sawed the tip of that useful organ off Mr. Rice's agonized face. Coincidentally, citizens of various ages and assorted sizes ran into the house and dragged out the furnishings of the lower floor, bestowing their salvage right where other citizens might fall over it. Through all the joints between the shingles the roof of the ell leaked smoke, until it resembled a sloped bed of slaking lime. This fire was rapidly getting to be a regular fire.

With a great clattering the department came tearing up the street. Dropping down from their perches on the running boards of the wagons, certain of its members began unreeling the hose, then ran back with it to couple it to the nearest fire hydrant, nearly two blocks away down Clay Street. Others brought a ladder and reared it against the side of the house, with its uppermost rounds projecting above the low eaves. While many hands steadied the ladder in place, Captain Bud Gorman of Station No. 1—there was

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LITTLE SON OF A GUN

By William Dudley Pelley

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

A MAN in his early thirties, with quiet deportment and in sober dress, stepped from the last Pullman as the hands on the station's illuminated clock face pointed midnight. He adjusted tortoise-shell spectacles, secured a new hold on the overcoat over his left forearm, picked up his heavy suit case and accosted a station policeman. He asked if the Carstock Wild West was playing a three-day booking in the city, and upon receiving an affirmative answer said he wanted immediate transportation to the lot.

"At this time of night?" demanded the officer.

"Oh, I'm Coffman, their advance man," he replied. "My boss is expecting me tonight."

The young man had gone twenty feet in the direction of a taxi shed when I clutched his arm. He turned and recognized me. "Hello, Bill!" he said, in a quiet but pleased manner. "Didn't know you'd be waiting for me." Then he followed me to the shadows of the paved alley behind the station where I'd left the mules hitched to Charley's buckboard.

With man and bag loaded aboard, I turned the mules. They swung against the slack tugs, got ears and wispy legs in motion, and we rattled away over the cobbles of Springfield's deserted business section toward the circus tents.

"Nothin' specially new," I replied to his inquiry as to what was going on in the outfit. "Dad Badshaw's had another set-to with the niggers, and one o' them laid him out to-night with a postmarker. When I left the lot Charley and Square Deal Mac were havin' a talkfest. Mac said Badshaw was a rotten egg and started the fight; but Charley said that when you had two employees that couldn't live in the same outfit without one bein' perpetually crippled, his policy was to fire 'em both. It saved patience, time and misunderstandin', and perfected discipline. Outside o' that we're all about the same."

"Badshaw, eh?" said Walt. "Same old trouble over that steer bull-dogging record, I suppose. I'll bet the man who laid him out was old Tim Cuff."

I told Walter he was correct.

"It was in this territory that Badshaw joined this show three years ago," he said.

Again Walter was correct, but that fact hadn't occurred to me before.

"Big tall chap," said Walt; "heavy knots of forehead on either side his nose, over his eyes; one ear chewed off."

"That's the man! But how do you happen to know Dad so well?"

"Oh," said Walt, "I happened to originate round these parts myself!"

We reached the lot, white and silent beneath the moon. The only light on the grounds was in the office tent, where Charley waited for his advance man. The only noise we heard besides our buckboard's creaking over the soft, soundless sod was the distant music of a harmonica that told us Sunny Moriarty was waxing sentimental and melancholy beneath the moon.

Walt alighted and went in to Charley. I drove on and under the horse top. The rope stalls were filled with sleeping horses. On the baled hay, strewn along the opposite sides, were the contorted bodies of slumbering canvasmen—it was to all appearances a tent filled with corpses.

"If There's One Thing I Despise, It's a Lynching Mob. There's Not a Man in It! It's Made Up of Fools and Cowards"

After unhitching the mules and tying them up at the rack, I couldn't help hearing Charley's sharp, impatient tones and Walter's calm, decisive ultimatums. One hundred and fifty dollars a week Charley paid Walter. Anybody who knows about the show business realizes that a man drawing that salary is worth the money. Charley Carstock wasn't the showman to pay it if he didn't think he got his money back.

"Play in Terrytown if you choose," Walt was saying, "but recollect that I came from round Terrytown and speak from lifelong knowledge. During the past five years there hasn't been a season but the show that went there found trouble before they got out. The Sunset Ranch broke down a culvert, and the trustees took from their street-bond money three times what the rotten thing was worth. When the boys started to protest, their outfit was nearly mobbed. If it hadn't been for the iron will of the sheriff, there would have been a lynching. A cheap-skate gambler, drifting along with Flinger Brothers, skinned a rube of his roll; and a party of his friends cut the guy ropes of the big top, nearly killed a dozen people and made them miss Fairfield on a holiday. So it goes! There's a jinx loose in that town. It's watching particularly for the show business. The rest of the boys are commencing to cut the place out—flat!"

Charley replied sarcastically:

"And so you're advisin' me to jump a community o' eight thousand people, directly in the middle o' the two-hundred-mile run from Shattigoke to Hot Springs, merely because there's an old woman's hoodoo in the place. Call that science? Call that basin' your decisions on practicalities? We're booked for Shattigoke on the twenty-seventh and Hot Springs on the thirtieth. Got to lose three days because of a Sunday and a hoodoo! Fine dope!"

I was now eavesdropping. But an argument between Walt and Charley was too good to miss. Walt seemed to be considering. Then he said in his sober, unruffled tone:

"Terrytown, Charley, has got a general, all-round bad reputation, and I'll tell you why: Some years ago it was only a sleepy little community, entirely surrounded by mountains and bunch grass. Some capitalists saw an irrigation bonanza in its generous watershed and brought into the place a construction gang of several hundred laborers. For two years these roughnecks were housed there. I know all about them. My father was one of the engineers.

"One of my father's associates was John Gatlin. John Gatlin had a small son, Teddy, who was allowed the run of the job. He was a quiet, manly little chap. There didn't seem to be any such thing as fear in him. The men admired him, as much as it was in them to admire anything. Teddy Gatlin would hang to the derricks and be hoisted into the air without the bat of an eyelash; or he'd sit on the edge of Big-Bend embankment and dangle his little tanned legs over the dizzy depth. His nerve made him just the mascot for that crowd of low-brows. They called him Li'l Son of a Gun.

"As the job drew near the end there weren't enough laborers in the place to complete it in time, so the company brought in a trainload of negroes from the South. In reality it was a trainload of misunderstanding, hatred, gunfighting and sudden death. Right away the men gave the company notice they wouldn't work with the new hands. The company must run the black chaps out again, or the men would do it for themselves.

"There was a fighting engineer at the head of the job. He made it plain that he was boss of that construction gang and that he'd bring in Chinese if he desired. But he was fair-minded and discreet enough to put the negroes in a camp by themselves and work them away from the roughnecks. These toughs proved it was only fight they wanted after all, because they found excuses to pick scraps, and then wade into the black bunch in retaliation.

"One night Li'l Son of a Gun came through the camp crying. From his broken sentences we learned that a strange man had accosted his mother as she was standing near the edge of the embankment and had tried to kiss her, and when she had started to run away a part of the embankment had slid forward and carried her to the bottom. We found her there, all broken to pieces.

"Nothing would answer with the roughnecks but that the man responsible for the tragedy was one of the black gang. In ten minutes the town was in the whirlpool of a mob. Old John Gatlin heard what was up, and stunned as he was with his sudden loss, he realized what would happen. He got to the upper camp and fought his way to the front of his men. But he made the mistake of his life, trying to stop them with a gun and oaths and threats. Somebody gunned him, and poor Li'l Son of a Gun lost both mother and father within a few minutes.

"After the manner of such criminals, the mob blamed both crimes on the negroes. Their camp was cleaned of them in ten minutes. It amounted to a massacre. Some were shot, some were clubbed, several were strung up, others, with broken bones and bodies, dragged themselves into the sagebrush and died. A mere handful got away.

"There wasn't a negro left in camp or a man who would champion one. The newspapers made a great stir about it and called it the foulest crime ever perpetrated in the state. But the editors took good care not to come near Terrytown after their opinions had appeared. In a few weeks Terrytown was healthy only for men who forgot about that lynching—and good reason why.

"When that mob had crawled off to hiding and daylight had dawned on the wreckage, something was found. It was the body of Li'l Son of a Gun. He was alive, but he was staring up into the sky, unable to move a muscle.

"He was loaded into a pine-box wagon by the same scum responsible for the fracas, all the time professing sorrow and blaming it on the negroes. Li'l Son of a Gun was taken to the railroad and shipped to the nearest hospital. The boy's spine had been injured with a bludgeon or a brickbat. The doctors did their best, but he left the place, paralyzed for life in one of his legs.

"From that time forward, remorseful as some of the gang were, whenever a stranger that was disliked appeared in the camp, the cry was raised, 'Remember Li'l Son of a Gun.' If the invader was a wise man he took the road out of Terrytown immediately, with a conveyance or without. All that was required to mill that town into a stampede of lynching and destruction was to start the cry, 'Remember Li'l Son of a Gun,' going strong. Invariably it would do the business.

"In time the job was done. But many of the roughnecks had brought their women there. Others had grown to know it as home; so they settled down and formed the town's obnoxious element. In time they forgot their remorse over Li'l Son of a Gun, and what once might have stood for a tender sentiment at last evoluted into an excuse for whatever lawless acts were perpetrated in the place.

"It has grown so bad of late years that the population of the place has fallen from fourteen thousand down to eight. Men who only want a chance once or twice a year to give their worst passions full sway will find an excuse to get that Li'l-Son-of-a-Gun cry started, and four times out of six the mob will generate and run wild under cover of darkness.

"That's the community I'm advising you to avoid. We've a dozen negro canvasmen with this show. We can't dispense with them just because you want to play one day in Terrytown.

"We've several men in the outfit who possess the requisite hair-trigger temperaments to resent these roughnecks' riding over them. There'll be a clash as sure as the Lord made little apples. As a matter of policy I say skip this place. Play 'Safety First!'"

It was a long speech for Walter, the longest I'd ever heard him make in his life. But Charley Carstock was one of those men who must be headed north by facing south.

"What did you say a while ago about the iron will of a sheriff bustin' up a riot?"

"The decent citizens of the place," admitted Walter, "grew alarmed at the way the place was degenerating and acquired a new sheriff. Rumor has it that he's afraid of nothing. But I wouldn't bank the general health of my outfit on one lone man. There's too many chances of a slip."

"You say he stopped a lynchin'?"

"Yes, he did. But ——"

"But nothin'! Then if it comes he can stop a lynchin' in my outfit!" Charley banged his fist on the showman's dictionary under his hand. In it were recorded statistics about every town of importance in the country. It was a compilation from years of experience that appeared to reduce success in any particular territory to mathematical precision. The facts relating to Terrytown were somewhat incomplete, because the Carstock show had never played Terrytown before. But that didn't stop Charley, with a show on his hands to be fed for three idle days. He stormed:

"Terrytown's in the middle of these two booked dates. We've got the time, and the prosperity of this section of the state appears to be excellent. There's not a thing to prevent us unloadin' there on the twenty-eighth, exceptin' this lynchin' fantasy of yours. Now you have been in the show business long enough to learn that you can count just as much on the expected not happenin' as on the unexpected comin' to pass. Six shows may have got into difficulties there, and by the law of averages ours—the seventh—may be the one to end the hoodoo and make the financial killin'. I'm strong for this law-of-averages stuff. I'm goin' to take the chance. We play!"

"If anything happens, remember I advised against it!" Walter said quietly. "You're paying one hundred and fifty a week for my advice."

"Oh, you're a good boy. I admit it," snapped Charley. "But the show has had good pickin's the past two weeks. If we get into trouble I'm in a position to afford it. If we do not I'm that much ahead. Besides, it would be criminal to run past a town of eight thousand in the night, never lift a tent top and then loaf the day in Hot Springs. Get out to Terrytown in the mornin' and bill it to the limit!"

"You can replace loss of money, but not loss of life," replied Walter.

"There won't be any loss of life," declared the showman. "If they've got a sheriff there who's worth anything, see him and fix him. We'll heel our men besides. If the roughnecks are natcherly determined on scrap, we'll be ready for 'em!"

"That's the very stunt you don't want to pull off!" admonished Walter. "Give a man a loaded gun, and sure as death and taxes the time arrives when it's human nature to want to pull the trigger. If the opportunity doesn't arrive, the armed man—or the armed nation—makes one. Now it isn't any Sunday-school class that's handling the stock and canvas, Charley. To arm them would make of every man a walking invitation for Terrytown's tough element to rise in their thirst for excitement and to 'Remember Li'l Son of a Gun.'"

"If they do," declared Charley, "they sure will remember Li'l Son of a Gun. And the li'l son of a gun'll be me!"

It Surprised Me to See That He Was Shaking His Fist in the Face of a Woman

II

WE WERE not to reach Terrytown for three weeks. In that time our old arena boss, MacLeod, had plenty to occupy his attention. No need to borrow trouble worrying over precedents established years before by the remnants of the irrigation gang.

You see, Square Deal Mac didn't sport that moniker for nothing. Go into any wild-west show and ask the first veteran about Square Deal Mac. You'll be told all about him—provided you can get the veterans to talk, which the chances are you won't, because the old-timers of yesterday, those who are left from the old wild days of the unfenced range, won't talk!

But if you could get one to open up for a time you'd hear an earful about that gaunt and picturesque old cowman. Square as a die in his dealings with his fellowman was Mac. It made no difference whether a man's skin was white, black or red. If he tried to do the proper thing and played fair with him, Mac was his friend forever and no confounded palavering.

That's why, when this scrap came up over the bulldogging championship, Mac stood by Tim Cuff. Fifty-one years old, Tim was, and black as the ace of spades, but a perfect gentleman in so far as he had the education.

Twelve seconds was the record then for starting after a running steer, leaping off your running horse onto the critter's horns and throwing him. Among cow folks the record was some honor. But Tim did it, and the real boys from the cow country gave honor where it was due.

But Dad Badshaw didn't come from the West. He'd joined the show in somewhat of a hurry, and I secretly suspected he was wanted somewhere for something and buried himself with the outfit to make a getaway. He'd learned bulldogging with the outfit and held the second-best record. Badshaw knew that if Tim should meet with a permanent accident, or was suddenly removed from the trials and disappointments of a harsh universe, he would be champion bulldogger in the business. So he tried to egg Tim into a fight, but the old negro was wary and gave the soft answer whenever it was humanly possible.

In Springfield, however, Dad overstepped himself. He rode his bronc into Tim, accidentally on purpose. When Dad saw that it didn't do any more permanent harm than to cut Tim up so he wouldn't be able to work for a couple of weeks, he said something that not even calm old Tim could stand. As often happens, the meek man, prodded into a fight against his will, turned out a Juggernaut of sudden destruction. Mac knew how things stood, and told Dad that if there was any more picking on old Tim he, Mac, would gun him, Badshaw, without so much as an explanation. The show proceeded. But it had dynamite in its vitals.

We made Terrytown on the twenty-eighth. Walter had done his work with customary thoroughness. The afternoon crowd was even better than Charley had estimated. It was the first afternoon, too, that old Tim was able to get back onto his horse. I suspect that old Tim's being sent out

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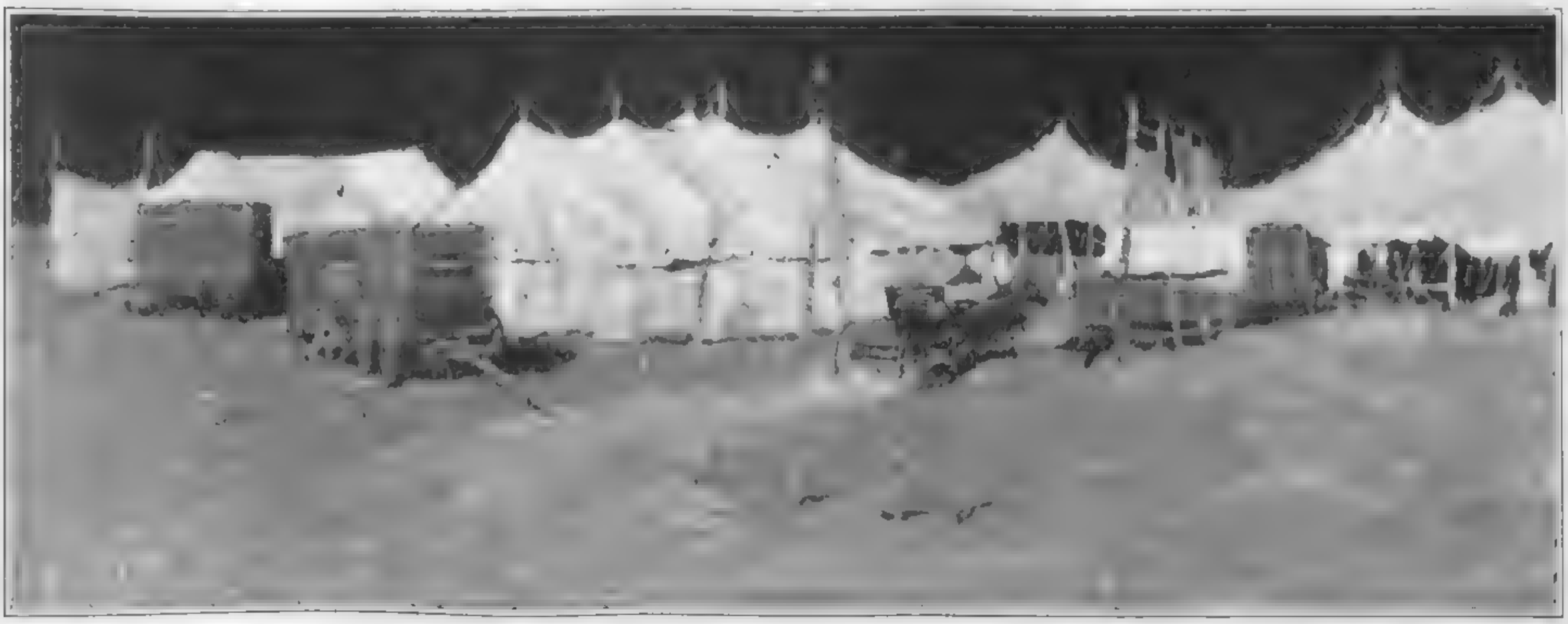

TO THE LAST PENNY

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

V

WHEN Tommy arrived in Dayton he found his secret waiting for him in the station, because his first thought on alighting from the Pullman was to place the blame for his uncertain adventure. It was the need engendered by the secret and nothing else that compelled him to face the unknown, so that in the glad sunshine of this June day he was about to walk gropingly in the dark.

And because of the secret he must walk alone. There was no one on whom he might call for aid or guidance.

Without anticipating concrete hostility, he feared vaguely. It forced him to an attitude of defense, which in turn roused his fighting blood.

He approached a uniformed porter and asked a trifle sharply: "Can you tell me where the Tecumseh Motor Company's works are?"

"Sure!" cordially answered the man, and very explicitly told him. Tommy listened intently. But the busy porter, not content with his own detailed directions, said at the end: "Come with me; I'll show you exactly!" and led Tommy to the street, pointed and counted the blocks and gave him the turns twice. Tommy thanked him, left his valise in the parcel room and started to walk.

The baggage-man's friendliness did not give to Tommy a sense of coöperation. But as he walked the feeling of solitude within him became exhilarating. He was still alone in a strange country, and he had burned his ships. But the fight was on!

He dramatized the battle—Thomas Francis Leigh against the entire world!

When a man confronts that crisis in his life which consists of the utter realization that he cannot call upon anybody for help, one of two things happens: He thinks of life and surrenders; or he thinks of death and fights. To die fighting takes on the aspect of the most precious of all privileges. To earn it he begins by fighting.

He walked on until he saw the sign "Tecumseh Motor Company" over the largest of a half-dozen brick buildings. He wondered if it would ever come to mean to him as a man what the college buildings had meant to him as a boy. He would love to love that weather-beaten sign. But just as he now saw that his life at college had been a four years' fight against many things, so, too, must there be fighting here—much fighting during an unknowable number of years. He was filled with a pugnacious expectancy. The desire to strike, to strike hard and strike first, became so intolerable that in the absence of something or somebody to strike at he forced himself to consider the vital necessity of strategy. He had forgotten the secret. It was just as well. The secret had done its work.

He saw the sign "Office," walked toward it and opened the door. There was a railing. Behind it were desks. At the desks were men and women. Nobody looked up; nobody paid any attention to him. People moved about, came in, went out, neither friends nor foes. A peopled solitude—the world!

He approached the nearest desk. A young man was checking up rows of figures on a stack of yellow sheets. Tommy waited a full minute. The young man, obviously aware of Tommy's presence and even annoyed by it, did not look up.

Tommy could not wait. He said aggressively:

"I want Thompson!"

The clerk looked up.

"Who d' y' want?"

"Thompson."

"What Thompson?"

Tommy wanted to fight, but he did not know which weapons to use in this particular skirmish. He resorted to the oldest. He smiled and spoke quizzically: "Whom does a man mean when he says Thompson in this office?"

"Do you mean Mr. Thompson?" asked the clerk rebukingly.

"I may." Tommy again smiled tantalizingly. He won. Having been made angry, the clerk became serious. He said freezingly:

"Mr. Thompson, the president?"

"Exactly!" interjected Tommy kindly.

"Well," said the clerk both rebukingly and self-defensively, "people usually ask for Mr. Thompson."

"He himself evidently doesn't. He told me to ask for Thompson."

The clerk rose.

"Appointment?" he asked.

"Yep," said Tommy.

"What name?"

Tommy pulled out the telegram, folded it and, giving it to the reluctant clerk, said paternally:

"He'll know!"

The Crushing Sense of Failure Made His Secret Rise Before Him

The clerk went into an inner office. Presently he returned. "This way," he said.

Tommy followed. His mind was asking itself a thousand questions and not answering a single one.

He walked into a large room. It was characteristic of him that he took in the room with a quick glance, feeling it was wise to size up the ground before tackling the enemy, who after all might not prove to be an enemy. There were big windows on three sides. One looked into a shop, another into the street and the third into the factory yard. A man sat at a square flat desk. There were no papers on it, only a pen tray with two fountain pens and a dozen neatly sharpened lead pencils. Also a row of push-buttons, at least ten of them, all numbered. The walls were bare save for a big calendar and an electric clock. The floor was of polished hardwood. The desk stood on a large and beautiful oriental rug. There were but two chairs; on one of them Mr. Thompson sat. The other stood beside the desk. Through an open door Tommy, with a quick glance, looked into an adjoining room and saw a long polished mahogany table with a dozen mahogany armchairs about it.

"Leigh?" asked the man at the desk. He was a young-looking man, stout, with smooth-shaven, plump pink cheeks, that by inducing a belief in potential dimples gave an impression of good nature. His eyes were brown, clear, steady and bright, with a suggestion of fearlessness rather than of aggressiveness. His head was well shaped and the hair was clean-looking and neatly brushed. His forehead was smooth. Tommy felt that there was a quick-moving and utterly reliable intelligence within that cranium. It brought to him a sense of relief. In some unexplained way he was sure that he need not bother to pick and choose his own words in talking to Thompson. Whatever a man said and even what he did not say would be caught, not spectacularly or over-alertly, but unerringly, without effort, by this plump but efficient president. It stimulated Tommy's mind and made it work quickly, and also inclined him to frankness without exactly inducing an overwhelming desire to confide. Understanding rather than sympathy was what he felt he would get from the stranger.

"Yes, sir. Thompson?" replied Tommy.

"Yes."

Thompson looked at Tommy not at all quizzically, not at all interestedly, not at all curiously, but steadily, without a smile or a frown.

Tommy returned the look neither nervously nor boldly. He was certain that Thompson knew men in overalls and men in evening clothes, old men and young men, equally well, equally understandingly.

"What makes you think," asked Thompson, "that you have the makings of a man in you?" It was plain that he was not only listening but observing.

Tommy had expected that question, but not in those words. The directness of it decided him to reply slowly, as the reasons came to him:

"I know I have to be one. I have nobody to help me. I have no grudge against anybody. I have no grouch against the world. I am not looking for enemies, but I have no right to expect favors. I never had a condition at college, but I am no learned scholar. I made the Scrub, but never played on the Varsity. I held class offices, but never pulled wires for myself. I did foolish things, but I'd as soon tell them to you. I don't know any more than any chap of my age knows who never thought of being where I am to-day, and never studied for a profession.

"I have troubles—family troubles not of my own making—and they came to me suddenly; in fact, the day before yesterday. It was up to me to whine or to fight. I am here."

Tommy looked at Thompson. He did not know it, but his jaw was thrust forward. He did not expect unbelief, but he rather doubted the adequacy of his own reasons.

Thompson saw Tommy's face, Tommy's squared shoulders and Tommy's clenched fists.

"I see!" he said. "And what do you want to do?"

"Anything!" said Tommy quickly. He saw Thompson's eyes. He corrected himself. "Something!"

"Experience?"

"I graduated last week," said Tommy, barely keeping his impatience out of his voice.

"Ever earn money?"

"Not for myself. I solicited 'ads' for the college paper."

"Do well?"

"Yes, I did well. I got 'ads' the paper never had before."

"Had others tried and failed?"

"No. It was this way: I thought that the only advertisers who rightly should be in the paper already were there. What we had to offer was limited. I decided that the paper was an institution worth supporting by others than the tradesmen who sold goods to the fellows. So I tackled the fathers of my friends, men who ought to take an interest in the college without thinking of dollars and cents. And I tackled bank presidents and railroad men and manufacturers, put it up to them to do good to the paper without expecting direct returns. I asked for 'ads' in their homes on the ground that it was not business anyhow, which it wasn't. It may be bad form to try to make money for yourself out of your hosts, but I didn't think it was bad form to ask a man anywhere to subscribe to a worthy object. I didn't pose as a live wire. Anyhow they came across.

"I couldn't do that to-day. I wouldn't ask Mr. Willetts at his home or on his yacht to buy one of your cars, but I would in his office."

Tommy saw Thompson's look. It made him add: "I wouldn't expect to be as successful in asking them to give me money for something as I was when I asked them to give me money for nothing. If I have talked like an ass ——"

The Room Epitomized the Life of a Workingman

"You graduated last week," interjected Thompson. Tommy flushed; then he smiled. Thompson went on unemotionally: "You don't talk like an ass. Do you want to make money for yourself?"

"Yes, I do," answered Tommy quickly.

"And for us?"

"That goes without saying. I can't make it for myself unless I first make it for you."

"To make money for yourself, eh?"

"Yes."

"That's why you are here?"

"No. I am here because your advertisement appealed to me more than any of the others I answered. I thought — Well, mine was an unusual case. And yours was an unusual 'ad.' I was sure I had what you wanted. I hoped you might see it."

"Didn't you think my 'ad' would appeal to thousands of young college graduates?"

"I didn't think of that. The message was addressed to me as surely as if you had known me all my life."

"What made you so sure of that?"

"I think," said Tommy thoughtfully, "it must have been my the nature of my trouble. You see, I was called upon very suddenly to take an inventory of myself." He paused. There were things he must not hint at.

"Yes?"

"I found," said Tommy honestly and, therefore, without any bitterness whatever, "that I had nothing. I would have to become something. I didn't know what and I don't know now. I was what older people call a young ass and younger people call a nice fellow. Don't think I'm conceit——"

"Go ahead!" interrupted Thompson with a slight frown. Tommy felt that the frown came from Thompson's annoyance at the implied accusation that he might not understand. This gave Tommy courage and that made him desire to tell his story to Thompson, withholding only certain details.

"Look here, sir," he said earnestly, "whether you take me on or not, I'll tell you. I have no mother. My father cannot help me. I—I shall have to send money to him."

"Who paid for your education?"

"He did, but he—can't now. I—I didn't expect it and—anyhow there is nobody that I can ask for help and I don't want to. I want to earn money. I may not be worth fifty cents a week to anybody at this moment, but you might make me worth something to you."

"How?"

"I don't know what you will ask me to do and so I can't tell whether I can make good here. But I'll make good somewhere as sure as shooting."

"How do you know?"

"I've got to. I don't expect to have a walkover, but even in my failures I'll be learning, won't I? I haven't got any conceit that's got to be knocked out of me. I've a lot to learn and very little to unlearn, and—well, if you'll ask me questions I'll answer them."

"You will?"

"Yes, I will," said Tommy flushing. He had to fight. He began to fight distrust. He added: "I'll answer them without thinking whether my answers will land the job or not."

"Why will you answer them that way?"

"What's the use of bluffing? It doesn't work in the long run—and anyhow I don't like it."

"You must learn to think quickly, so that you will always think before answering," said Thompson decidedly. Tommy felt that this man had sized him for a careless, impetuous little boy. Probably he had lost the job. If that was the case Thompson plainly wasn't the man for him. Tommy, without knowing it, spoke defiantly. He thought he was talking business to a business man. He said:

"Well, I am not selling what you want but what I've got, and ——"

"Where did you hear that?" interrupted Thompson. Then, after a keen look at Tommy's puzzled eyes, said: "Excuse me, Mr. Leigh. You were saying "

"I think you wish to know what I am, and so I want to answer your questions as truthfully and as quickly as I can."

"How much money have you got that you can call your own?" asked Thompson. He showed more curiosity now than at any other time in their interview.

Tommy looked at Thompson's chubby, good-natured face and the steady eyes.

"I borrowed fifty dollars from friends to come out here with. But I had this." He put his hand in his inside pocket where his mother's gift was. Then he brought out his hand—empty.

Grease Stood Between Him and Friendship

"Yes?" said Thompson. There was an insistence in his voice that perplexed Tommy, almost irritated him.

"It's—I think it is—a hundred dollars my mother ——" Tommy paused.

"I thought you had no mother?" Thompson raised his eyebrows and looked puzzled rather than suspicious.

Tommy impulsively took from his pocket the little package of gold coins—the only money he could take from his father. He hesitated. Finally he said: "I haven't opened it. Would you like to know what it is?"

"Please!" said Thompson gently.

Tommy decided to tell everything and go away, having learned a lesson—not to talk too much about himself.

"My mother died when I was born. An uncle gave her a hundred dollars in gold. She saved it for me. She wrote on it: 'For Tommy's first scrape.' I haven't opened it. I don't want to. I'm in no scrape yet. But that's all I have that's mine, and ——"

Thompson rose to his feet and held out his hand. His face was beaming with good will. Tommy took the hand mechanically and instantly felt the warm friendliness in Thompson's grasp.

"Leigh, I'll take you on. And more than that, I'm your friend. I don't know whether you'll make money or not, but I'll try you. I may have to shift you from one place to another. I tell you now that I'm going to give you every chance to find out where you fit best."

"Thank you, sir. I'll ——"

"Don't promise. You don't have to," cut in Thompson. "Do you want to know why I'm taking you on?"

"Yes"

"Because you've sense enough to be yourself. It's the highest form of wisdom. Sell what you've got, not what the other man wants. Never lie. That way you never have to explain your blunders. Nobody can explain any blunders. You told me what you had. I'll help you to acquire what there is to acquire. Now tell me something: Exactly how did you feel when you walked into the office?"

Tommy did not describe his own feelings, but what he saw. He answered:

"Well, I walked in and saw people at work and nobody to ask me what I wanted. I suppose everybody who comes on business knows exactly what he wants. But I had to ask for Thompson, and nobody seemed to be there for the purpose of answering the particular question I was told to ask. And it struck me that somebody might come in who might be a little timid about disturbing clerks who were busy at work, as I had to do."

"There should have been office boys there."

"There weren't, so you haven't enough. It seemed to me every office of a big concern should have a sort of information bureau.

"Of course I'm new to business methods, but there are lots of people who have important questions to ask and are afraid, and they ought to be encouraged."

Mr. Thompson smiled.

"Well," said Tommy defensively, "I've seen it with Freshmen at college. It may not pay, but it's mighty comfortable to strangers."

Tommy, when he had made an end of speaking, was conscious that he had talked like a kid. Mr. Thompson did not say anything in reply, but pressed one of the buttons on his desk. Then he said to Tommy:

"As a matter of fact, our main office, where most people usually go, is not here but in the Tecumseh Building downtown. I'm going to give you a desk in the outer office here. You will be the information bureau. When people come in you will ascertain what they want and direct them accordingly. After you know where to find anybody and anything in the plant come and see me again. You start with fifteen dollars a week. Are you disappointed or pleased?"

"Pleased."

He knew that Thompson later on would put him where he fitted best. In the meantime he would be the best office boy the company ever had.

A clerk entered. Thompson said to him:

"Miller, take Mr. Leigh to Mr. Nevin. Tell him I want Mr. Leigh to know who is in charge of every department and who is working there and at what, so that Mr. Leigh can know where to direct anybody who asks for anything or anybody in the place. If Mr. Leigh thinks there ought to be more office boys he can hire them. He'll be in charge of the information bureau. He'll need a desk. He'll tell you where he wants it."

He turned to Tommy:

"Ask for Thompson—when you've learned your geography. Good luck, Leigh!"

Tommy followed Miller out of the room.

VI

TOMMY, as he followed Mr. Nevin about, told himself that this was a new world and that wisdom lay in behaving accordingly; but to his dismay he found himself measuring his surroundings with the feet and inches of his old life. He was again a Freshman at college. At college the upper classmen—old employees—naturally loved the old place. But so did the Freshman—in advance. He ought, therefore, to love the Tecumseh Motor College.

Strangely enough, not one of the men to whom he was introduced by Mr. Nevin seemed concerned with what the newcomer might do for the greater glory of the shop. Boylike, he attached more importance to the human than to the mechanical or commercial side of life. This was wisdom that with age he would, alas, unlearn!

Tommy's life had been checked suddenly; the emergency brakes jammed down with an abruptness that had jolted him clean out of his normal point of view. What usually requires a dozen years and a hundred disillusionments had

been accomplished for him with one tremendous tragedy. His father's deed not only fixed Tommy's life-destination, but made him feel that his entire past could not now be an open book to his most trusted friends. This gave him a sense of discomfort for which he could find no alleviation except in resolving not to lie gratuitously about anything else.

But Tommy did not know that this was his reward for not sacrificing his manhood to the secret.

Mr. Thompson's orders were that he must familiarize himself with everybody in the shop and also their work. Because he realized this thoroughly he made up his mind, with a quickness that augured well for his future, that he must not tie up with the clerks in the office. The Tecumseh Company made and sold motor cars. Therefore, the men with whom Tommy must associate, in the intimacy of boarding-house life, should be men from whom he could learn all about Tecumseh motors.

The one compensation of tragedy is that it strengthens the strong; and only the strong can help the world by first helping their own souls. The secret was working for Tommy instead of against him.

"I say, Mr. Nevin." There was in Tommy's attitude toward his guide not only the appeal of frankly acknowledged helplessness, but also a suggestion of confidence in the other man's ability and willingness to answer understandingly.

Nevin smiled encouragingly.

"What's troubling you, young man?"

"I've got to find a boarding house. I'm less particular about the grub than about the boarders." Mr. Nevin's face grew less friendly. Tommy went on: "I'd like to live where the chaps in the shop eat."

"They mostly live at home," said Nevin, friendly again. He liked young Leigh's attitude of respectful familiarity. To Tommy Mr. Nevin was a likable instructor at college.

"I don't know whether I make myself plain to you, Mr. Nevin, but I'd like to be among men who know all about motors—theory and practice, you know. There must be some who board somewhere. If I could get in the same house I'd be tickled to death, sir."

Nevin liked the "sir"-ing of young Leigh, which was not at all servile.

"Let's take a look round and I'll see whom I can recommend."

Nevin led the way, Tommy followed—at a distance, tactfully, to give Mr. Nevin a chance to speak freely about T. F. Leigh. Nevin talked to three or four men, but evidently their replies were not satisfactory. A young man in overalls, his face smutted, his hands greasy, walked by in a hurry. He was frowning.

"There's your man!" said Nevin to Tommy, planting himself in the other's path.

"Bill!"

"Hello, Mr. Nevin. What's the trouble now that your great experts can't locate?"

"No trouble this time. Pleasure! Bill, do you live or do you board?"

"I believe I board."

"Any room at the house for a friend of mine?"

"I don't know. Mrs. Clayton's rather particular."

"She must be," said Nevin. "Bill, shake hands with Mr. Leigh."

Tommy extended his hand. Bill looked at him, at the "swell clothes" and the New York look and the clean hands, and held up his own grease-smeared hands and shook his head.

Tommy was confronted by his first crisis in Dayton in the shape of a reluctant hand. Grease stood between him and friendship. By rights his own hand ought to be oily and black. He was not conscious of the motives for his own decision, but he stepped to a machine near by, grasped an oily shaft with his right hand, and then held it, black grease and all, before Bill. Mr. Nevin laughed. Bill frowned. Tommy was serious. Bill looked at Tommy. Then Bill shook hands.

"If you don't mind I'd like to walk home with you tonight. I'll see Mrs. Clayton and ask if she won't take me," said Tommy.

Bill was a little taller than Tommy and slender, with clean-cut features, dark hair, very clear blue eyes, and that air of decision that men have when they know what they know. He hesitated as he took in Tommy's clothes and manner. He looked Tommy full in the face. Then he said positively:

"She'll take you."

Mr. Nevin looked relieved.

"Come on, Leigh," he said to Tommy, who thereupon nodded to Bill, said "So long!" and followed Mr. Nevin.

"I'm glad Bill took to you," he told Tommy. "He is one of our best mechanics, but he is as crotchety as a genius. He distrusts everybody on general principles."

"Socialist?" asked Tommy.

"Worse!" said Mr. Nevin.

"Anarchist?"

"Worse!"

"Lunatic?"

"Worse!"

"Philanthropist?"

"Worse!"

"I give up," said Tommy.

"Inventor!" said Mr. Nevin.

"Good!" Tommy spoke enthusiastically. This was life—to meet people about whom his only knowledge came from newspaper reading.

"Leigh," said Nevin, stopping abruptly, "are you a politician?" The voice was intended to express jocularity, but Tommy thought he read in Mr. Nevin's eyes a doubt closely bordering upon a suspicion. Tommy felt his characteristic impulse to be as frankly autobiographical as he dared. He did not know that he could not help being what the offspring of two people to whom love meant everything must be. He wasn't aware of heredity when he kept his eyes on Mr. Nevin's and replied very earnestly:

"Mr. Nevin, I'm going to tell you something that must not go any further."

"I was only joking. I have no desire to pry into your private affairs," said Nevin when he saw how serious Tommy had become.

"I'm not going to tell you the story of my life," Tommy explained very earnestly, "but something else. I really want to."

"Shoot ahead," said Mr. Nevin. Tommy's position in the shop was a mystery, for Mr. Thompson's instructions contained no explanation.

"It's just this: I am alone in the world. I have no money and I have no friends. I've got to make money and I want to have friends here. I'm not a handshaker, but ——" Tommy paused.

"Yes?" Mr. Nevin looked a trifle uncomfortable, as men do when they listen to another man telling the truth about himself.

"I know I'm going to be damned lonesome. Do you know what it means to have been called Tommy all your life by all the fellows you ever knew, and all of a sudden to be flung into a crowd of strangers to whom you cannot say: 'I'm one of you; please be friends'? I'm nobody but Leigh, a stranger among strangers. And what I want to be is Tom Leigh to people who will not be strangers. If I push myself they'll mistrust me. If I don't they'll think I am stuck on myself. Sooner or later I'll have to be Tom Leigh or get out. I'd rather be Tommy sooner because I don't want to get out. Do you understand?"

"Sure thing, Le—er—Tommy," said Nevin heartily. "And I'll be glad to help all I can. Come to me any time you want any pointer about anything. Those are Mr. Thompson's orders; I'd have to do it whether I wanted to or not. But—this is straight—I'll be glad to do it, my boy!"

Mr. Nevin was surprised at his own warmth. He was a sort of general utility man and understudy for several subheads of departments, a position created expressly for him by Mr. Thompson, who had a habit of inventing positions to fit people, on the curious theory that it was God who made men and men who made jobs. In admitting to himself that he liked young Leigh, Nevin classified the young man as another of "Thompson's Experiments."

At quitting time Tommy hastened to find Bill, whose full name, he had ascertained, was William S. Byrnes. Bill was waiting for him.

"I'll have to stop at the station and get my valise," apologized Tommy. "I have a trunk also, but I'd better find out if Mrs. Clayton will take me."

"Get an expressman to take it up; she'll take you," said Bill. He always spoke with decision when he knew.

They stopped at the station, where Tommy did exactly as Bill—the upper classman—said, and then they walked to the boarding house.

Bill was carrying his dinner pail and Tommy his dress-suit case. They walked in silence until Tommy shifted his valise.

"Heavy?" asked Bill, without volunteering to take his turn carrying it.

"No," said Tommy, "but I wish I was carrying a dinner pail like yours."

"I'll swap," said Bill, stopping.

"Oh, no; I mean I'd like to feel I 'belonged' in the shop."

"With the clothes you've got on?" said Bill.

"I can't afford to get any other clothes just yet."

"You might save those for Sunday."

"No money," said Tommy, and they walked on.

He was aware that he was talking and acting like a little boy with a new toy. But, on the other hand, he was very glad to find that the world was not the monster he had feared. There was no need to be perennially on your guard against all your fellowmen. They seemed willing enough to take you for what you frankly acknowledged you were. And the consciousness was not only a great relief but a great encouragement, by obviating the necessity of fighting with another man's weapons, as happens when a man is trying to be what he thinks you want him to be.

They arrived at the boarding place, a neat little frame house, commonplace as print, and as easy to read.

Bill took Tommy to the kitchen and introduced him to Mrs. Clayton.

"I've brought you another boarder."

Mrs. Clayton looked at Tommy dubiously.

"I don't know," she said. "The front room is ——"

"The room next to mine will do," said Bill. "The one Perkins had."

"Well ——" she began vaguely, looking at Tommy's clothes.

"How much?" asked Tommy. His tone seemed to reassure the landlady.

"Eight dollars a week," she answered. "But when the front room ——"

(Continued on Page 73)

"Eight Dollars a Week, and of Course That Includes the Dinner," Said Mrs. Clayton

PICCADILLY JIM

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"Say, Did You Come to Kidnap Me?"

XIX

"WELL, Skinner, my man," said Jimmy, "how goes it?" Mr. Crocker looked about him cautiously. Then his priestly manner fell from him like a robe, and he bounded forward.

"Jimmy!" he exclaimed, seizing his son's hand and shaking it violently. "Say, it's great seeing you again, Jim!"

Jimmy drew himself up haughtily.

"Skinner, my good menial, you forget yourself strangely! You will be getting fired if you mitt the handsome guest in this chummy fashion!"

Jimmy slapped his father on the back. "Dad, this is great! How on earth do you come to be here? What's the idea? Why the buttling? When did you come over? Tell me all!"

Mr. Crocker hoisted himself nimbly on to the writing desk and sat there, beaming, with dangling legs.

"It was your letter that did it, Jimmy. Say, Jim, there wasn't any need for you to do a thing like that just for me."

"Well, I thought you would have a better chance of being a peer without me round. By the way, dad, how did my stepmother take the Lord Percy episode?"

A shadow fell upon Mr. Crocker's happy face.

"I don't like to do much thinking about your stepmother," he said. "She was pretty sore about Percy. And she was pretty sore about your lighting out for America. But, gee, what she must be feeling like now that I've come over, I daren't let myself think!"

"You haven't explained that yet. Why did you come over?"

"Well, I'd been feeling homesick—I always do over there in the baseball season—and then talking with Pett made it worse——"

"Talking with Pett? Did you see him, then, when he was in London?"

"See him? I let him in!"

"How?"

"Into the house, I mean. I had just gone to the front door to see what sort of a day it was—I wanted to know if there had been enough rain in the night to stop my having to watch that cricket game—and just as I got there the bell rang. I opened the door."

"A revoltingly plebeian thing to do! I'm ashamed of you, dad! They won't stand for that sort of thing in the House of Lords!"

"Well, before I knew what was happening they had taken me for the butler. I didn't want your stepmother to know I'd been opening doors—you remember how touchy she always was about it—so I just let it go at that and jollied them along. But I just couldn't help asking the old man how the pennant race was making out, and that tickled him so much that he offered me a job here as butler if I ever wanted to make a change. And then your note came saying that you were going to New York, and—well, I couldn't help myself. You couldn't have kept me in London with ropes. I sneaked out next day and bought a passage on the Carmantic—she sailed the Wednesday after you left—and came straight here. They gave me this job right away." Mr. Crocker paused, and a holy light of enthusiasm made his homely features almost beautiful. "Say, Jim, I've seen a ball game every darned day since I landed! Say, two days running Larry Doyle made home runs! But, gosh, that guy Klem is one swell robber! See here!" Mr. Crocker sprang down from the desk and snatched up a handful of books, which he proceeded to distribute about the floor. "There were two men on bases in the sixth, and What's-his-Name came to bat. He lined one out to center field—where this book is—and ——"

"Pull yourself together, Skinner! You can't monkey about with the employer's library like that." Jimmy restored the books to their places. "Simmer down and tell me more. Postpone the gossip from the diamond. What plans have you made? Have you considered the future at all? You aren't going to hold down this buttling job forever, are you? When do you go back to London?"

The light died out of Mr. Crocker's face. "I guess I shall have to go back sometime. But how can I yet, with the Giants leading the league like this?"

"But did you just light out without saying anything?"

"I left a note for your stepmother telling her I had gone to America for a vacation. Jimmy, I hate to think what she's going to do to me when she gets me back!"

"Assert yourself, dad! Tell her that woman's place is the home and man's the ball park! Be firm!"

Mr. Crocker shook his head dubiously.

"It's all very well to talk that way when you're three thousand miles from home, but you know as well as I do, Jim, that your stepmother, though she's a delightful woman, isn't the sort you can assert yourself with. Look at this sister of hers here! I guess you haven't been in the house long enough to have noticed, but she's very like Eugenia in some ways. She's the boss all right, and old Pett does just what he's told to. I guess it's the same with me, Jim.

"There's a certain type of man that's just born to have it put over on him by a certain type of woman. I'm that sort of man and your stepmother's that sort of woman. No, I guess I'm going to get mine all right, and the only thing to do is to keep it from stopping me having a good time now."

There was truth in what he said, and Jimmy recognized it. He changed the subject.

"Well, never mind that. There's no sense in worrying oneself about the future. Tell me, dad, where did you get all the 'Dinner-is-served, madam' stuff? How did you ever learn to be a butler?"

"Bayliss taught me back in London. And, of course, I've played butlers when I was on the stage."

Jimmy did not speak for a moment.

"Did you ever play a kidnaper, dad?" he asked at length.

"Sure. I was Chicago Ed in a crook play called This Way Out. Why, surely you saw me in that? I got some good notices."

Jimmy nodded.

"Of course. I knew I'd seen you play that sort of part sometime. You came on during the dark scene and ——"

"Switched on the lights and ——"

"Covered the bunch with your gun while they were still blinking! You were great in that part, dad."

"It was a good part," said Mr. Crocker modestly. "It had fat. I'd like to have got a chance to play a kidnaper again. There's a lot of pep to kidnapers."

"You shall play one again," said Jimmy. "I am putting on a little sketch with a kidnaper as the star part."

"Eh? A sketch? You, Jim? Where?"

"Here—in this house! It is entitled Kidnaping Ogden, and it opens to-night."

Mr. Crocker looked at his only son in concern. Jimmy appeared to him to be rambling.

"Amateur theatricals?" he hazarded.

"In the sense that there is no pay for performing, yes. Dad, you know that kid Ogden upstairs? Well, it's quite simple. I want you to kidnap him for me."

Mr. Crocker sat down heavily. He shook his head.

"I don't follow all this."

"Of course not. I haven't begun to explain. Dad, in your rambles through this joint you've noticed a girl with glorious red-gold hair, I imagine?"

"Ann Chester?"

"Ann Chester. I'm going to marry her."

"Jimmy!"

"But she doesn't know it yet. Now follow me carefully, dad! Five years ago Ann Chester wrote a book of poems. It's on that desk there. You were using it a moment back as second base or something. Now I was working at that time on the Chronicle. I wrote a skit on those poems for the Sunday paper. Do you begin to follow the plot?"

"She's got it in for you? She's sore?"

"Exactly. Get that firmly fixed in your mind, because it's the source from which all the rest of the story springs."

Mr. Crocker interrupted.

"But I don't understand. You say she's sore at you. Well, how is it that you came in together looking as if you were good friends when I let you in this morning?"

"I was waiting for you to ask that. The explanation is that she doesn't know that I am Jimmy Crocker."

"But you came here saying that you were Jimmy Crocker."

"Quite right. And that is where the plot thickens. I made Ann's acquaintance first in London and then on the boat. I had found out that Jimmy Crocker was the man she hated most in the world, so I took another name. I called myself Bayliss."

"Bayliss!"

"I had to think of something quick, because the clerk at the shipping office was waiting to fill in my ticket. I had just been talking to Bayliss on the phone, and his was the only name that came into my mind. You know how it is when you try to think of a name suddenly. Now mark the sequel! Old Bayliss came to see me off at Paddington. Ann was there and saw me. She said 'Good evening, Mr. Bayliss' or something, and naturally old Bayliss replied 'What ho!' or words to that effect. The only way to handle the situation was to introduce him as my father. I did so. Ann, therefore, thinks that I am a young man named Bayliss, who has come over to America to make his fortune. We now come to the third reel. I met Ann by chance at the Knickerbocker and took her to lunch. While we were lunching, that confirmed congenital idiot, Reggie Bartling, who for some reason has come over to America, came up and called me by my name. I knew that if Ann discovered who I really was she would have nothing more to do with me, so I gave Reggie the haughty stare and told him that he had made a mistake. He ambled away—and possibly committed suicide in his anguish at having made such a bloomer—leaving Ann discussing with me the extraordinary coincidence of my being Jimmy Crocker's double. Do you follow the story of my life so far?"

Mr. Crocker, who had been listening with wrinkled brow and other signs of rapt attention, nodded.

"I understand all that. But how did you come to get into this house?"

"That is reel four. I am getting to that. It seems that Ann, who is the sweetest girl on earth and always on the lookout to do someone a kindness, had decided, in the interests of the boy's future, to remove young Ogden Ford from his present sphere, where he is being spoiled and ruined, and send him down to a man on Long Island who would keep him for a while and instill the first principles of decency into him. Her accomplice in this admirable scheme was Jerry Mitchell."

"Jerry Mitchell!"

"Who, as you know, got fired yesterday. Jerry was to have done the rough work of the job. But, being fired, he was no longer available. I, therefore, offered to take his place. So here I am."

"You're going to kidnap that boy?"

"No, you are."

"Me!"

"Precisely. You are going to play a benefit performance of your world-famed success, Chicago Ed. Let me explain further. Owing to circumstances which I need not go into, Ogden has found out that I am really Jimmy Crocker, so he refuses to have anything more to do with me. I had deceived him into believing that I was a professional kidnaper, and he came to me and offered to let me kidnap him if I would go fifty-fifty with him in the ransom!"

"Gosh!"

"Yes, he's an intelligent child, full of that sort of bright ideas. Well, now he has found that I am not all his fancy painted me, he wouldn't come away with me; and I want you to understudy me while the going is good. In the fifth reel, which will be released to-night, after the household has retired to rest, you will be featured. It's got to be to-night, because it has just occurred to me that Ogden, knowing that Lord Wisbeach is a crook, may go to him with the same proposal that he has made to me."

"Lord Wisbeach a crook!"

"Of the worst description. He is here to steal that explosive stuff of Willie Partridge's. But, as I have blocked that play, he may turn his attention to Ogden."

"But, Jimmy, if that fellow is a crook —— How do you know he is?"

"He told me so himself."

"Well, then, why don't you expose him?"

"Because, in order to do so, Skinner, my man, I should have to explain that I was really Jimmy Crocker, and the time is not yet ripe for that. To my thinking, the time will not be ripe till you have got safely away with Ogden Ford. I can then go to Ann and say: 'I may have played you a rotten trick in the past, but I have done you a good turn now, so let's forget the past!' So you see that everything now depends on you, dad. I'm not asking you to do anything difficult. I'll go round to the boarding house now and tell Jerry Mitchell about what we have arranged, and have him waiting outside here in a car. Then all you will have to do is to go to Ogden, play a short scene as Chicago Ed, escort him to the car, and then go back to bed and have a good sleep. Once Ogden thinks you are a professional kidnaper, you won't have any difficulty at all. Get it into your head that he wants to be kidnaped. Surely you can tackle this light and attractive job? Why, it will be a treat for you to do a bit of character acting once more!"

Jimmy had struck the right note. His father's eyes began to gleam with excitement. The scent of the footlights seemed to dilate his nostrils.

"I was always good at that roughneck stuff," he murmured meditatively. "I used to eat it!"

"Exactly," said Jimmy. "Look at it in the right way, and I am doing you a kindness in giving you this chance!"

Mr. Crocker rubbed his cheek with his forefinger.

"You'd want me to make up for the part?" he asked after a moment wistfully.

"Of course!"

"You'd want me to do it to-night?"

"At about two in the morning, I thought."

"I'll do it, Jim!"

Jimmy grasped his hand.

"I knew I could rely on you, dad."

Mr. Crocker was following a train of thought.

"Dark wig . . . blue chin . . . heavy eyebrows . . . I guess I can't do better than my old Chicago Ed make-up. Say, Jimmy, how am I to get to the kid?"

"That'll be all right. You can stay in my room till the time comes to go to him. Use it as a dressing room."

"How am I to get him out of the house?"

"Through this room. I'll tell Jerry to wait out on the side street with the car from two o'clock on."

Mr. Crocker considered these arrangements.

"That seems to be about all," he said.

"I don't think there's anything else."

"I'll slip down town and buy the props."

"I'll go and tell Jerry."

A thought struck Mr. Crocker.

"You'd better tell Jerry to make up too. He doesn't want the kid recognizing him and squealing on him later."

Jimmy was lost in admiration of his father's resource.

"You think of everything, dad! That wouldn't have occurred to me. You certainly do take to crime in the most wonderful way. It seems to come naturally to you!"

Mr. Crocker smirked modestly.

XX

A PLOT is only as strong as its weakest link. "The best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley," if one of the mice is a mental defective, or if one of the men is a Jerry Mitchell.

Celestine, Mrs. Pett's maid—she who was really Maggie O'Toole and whom Jerry loved with a strength that deprived him of even the small amount of intelligence bestowed upon him by Nature—came into the housekeeper's room at about ten o'clock that night. The domestic staff had gone in a body to the moving pictures, and the only occupant of the room was the new parlor maid, who was sitting in a hard chair, reading Schopenhauer.

Celestine's face was flushed, her dark hair was ruffled, and her eyes were shining. She breathed a little quickly, and her left hand was out of sight behind her back. She eyed the new parlor maid doubtfully for a moment. The latter was a woman of a somewhat unencouraging exterior, not the kind that invites confidences. But Celestine had confidences to bestow, and the exodus to the movies had left her in a position where she could not pick and choose. She was faced with the alternative of locking her secret in her palpitating bosom or of revealing it to this one auditor. The choice was one that no impulsive damsel in like circumstances would have hesitated to make.

"Say!" said Celestine.

A face rose reluctantly from behind Schopenhauer. A gleaming eye met Celestine's. A second eye—no less gleaming—glared at the ceiling.

"Say, I just been talking to my feller outside," said Celestine with a coy simper. "Say, he's a grand man all right!"

A snort of uncompromising disapproval proceeded from the thin-lipped mouth beneath the gleaming eyes. But Celestine was too full of her news to be discouraged.

"I'm strong for Jer!" she said.

"Huh?" said the student of Schopenhauer.

"Jerry Mitchell, you know. You ain't never met him, have you? Say, he's a grand man!"

For the first time she had the other's undivided attention. The new parlor maid placed her book upon the table.

"And the Next Thing I Know He's Got It on My Finger and —— Say, Ain't It a Beaut, Honest?"

"Uh?" she said.

Celestine could hold back her dramatic surprise no longer. Her concealed left hand flashed into view. On the third finger glittered a ring. She gazed at it with awed affection.

"Ain't it a beaut!"

She contemplated its sparkling perfection for a moment in rapturous silence.

"Say, you could have knocked me down with a feather!" she resumed. "He telephones me a while ago and says to be outside the back door at ten to-night, because he'd something he wanted to tell me. Of course he couldn't come in and tell me here, because he'd been fired and everything. So I goes out, and there he is. 'Hello, kid!' he says to me. 'Fresh!' I says to him. 'Say, I got something to be fresh about!' he says to me. And then he reaches into his jeans and hauls out the sparkler. 'What's that?' I says to him. 'It's an engagement ring,' he says to me. 'For you, if you'll wear it!' I came over so weak I could have fell! And the next thing I know he's got it on my finger and ——"

Celestine broke off modestly.

"Say, ain't it a beaut, honest!" She gave herself over to contemplation once more. "He says to me how he's on Easy Street now, or will be pretty soon. I says to him, 'Have you got a job, then?' He says to me, 'Naw, I ain't got a job, but I'm going to pull off a stunt to-night that's going to mean enough to me to start that health farm I've told you about.' Say, he's always had a line of talk about starting a health farm down on Long Island, he knowing all about training and health and everything through having been one of them fighters. I asks him what the stunt is, but he won't tell me yet. He says he'll tell me after we're married, but he says it's sure fire and he's going to buy the license to-morrow."

She paused for comment and congratulations, eying her companion expectantly.

"Huh!" said the new parlor maid briefly and renewed her Schopenhauer. Decidedly, hers was not a winning personality.

"Ain't it a beaut?" demanded Celestine, damped.

The new parlor maid uttered a curious sound at the back of her throat.

"He's a beaut!" she said cryptically. She added another remark in a lower tone, too low for Celestine's ears. It could hardly have been that, but it sounded to Celestine like: "I'll fix 'm!"

XXI

RIVERSIDE DRIVE slept. The moon shone on darkened windows and deserted sidewalks. It was past one o'clock in the morning. The wicked Forties were still ablaze with light and noisy with fox trots; but in the virtuous Hundreds, where Mr. Pett's house stood, respectable slumber reigned. Only the occasional drone of a passing automobile broke the silence or the lovesick cry of some feline Romeo, patrolling a wall top.

Jimmy was awake. He was sitting on the edge of his bed, watching his father put the finishing touches to his make-up, which was of a shaggy and intimidating nature. The elder Crocker had conceived the outward aspect of Chicago Ed, King of the Kidnapers, on broad and impressive lines, and one glance would have been enough to tell the sagacious observer that here was no white-souled comrade for a nocturnal saunter down lonely lanes and out-of-the-way alleys.

Mr. Crocker seemed to feel this himself.

"The only trouble is, Jim," he said, peering at himself in the glass, "shan't I scare the boy to death directly he sees me? Oughtn't I to give him some sort of warning?"

"How? Do you suggest sending him a formal note?"

Mr. Crocker surveyed his repellent features doubtfully.

"It's a good deal to spring on a kid at two in the morning," he said. "Suppose he has a fit!"

"He's far more likely to give you one. Don't you worry about Ogden, dad! I shouldn't think there was a child alive more equal to handling such a situation."

There was an empty glass standing on a tray on the dressing table. Mr. Crocker eyed this sadly.

"I wish you hadn't thrown that stuff away, Jim. I could have done with it. I'm feeling nervous."

"Nonsense, dad! You're all right! I had to throw it away. I'm on the wagon now, but how long I should have stayed on with that smiling up at me, I don't know. I've made up my mind never again to lower myself to the level of the beasts that perish with the demon rum, because my future wife has strong views on the subject; but there's no sense in taking chances. Temptation is all very well, but you don't need it on your dressing table. It was a kindly thought of yours to place it there, dad, but ——"

"Eh? I didn't put it there."

"I thought that sort of thing came in your department. Isn't it the butler's job to supply drinks to the nobility and gentry? Well, it doesn't matter. It is now distributed over the neighboring soil, thus removing a powerful temptation from your path. You're better without it." He looked at his watch. "Well, it ought to be all right now." He went to the window. "There's an automobile down there. I suppose it's Jerry. I told him to be outside at two sharp, and it's nearly that now. I think you might be starting, dad. Oh, by the way, you had better tell Ogden that you represent a gentleman by the name of Buck Maginnis. It was Buck who got away with him last time, and a firm friendship seems to have sprung up between them. There's nothing like coming with a good introduction."

Mr. Crocker took a final survey of himself in the mirror.

"Gee! I'd hate to meet myself on a lonely road!"

He opened the door and stood for a moment listening. From somewhere down the passage came the murmur of a muffled snore.

"Third door on the left," said Jimmy. "Three count 'em—three; and don't go getting mixed!"

Mr. Crocker slid into the outer darkness like a stout ghost, and Jimmy closed the door gently behind him.

Having launched his indulgent parent safely on a career of crime Jimmy switched off the light and returned to the window. Leaning out he gave himself up for a moment to sentimental musings. The night was very still. Through the trees that flanked the house the dimmed headlights of what was presumably Jerry Mitchell's hired car shone faintly like enlarged fireflies. A boat of some description was tooting reflectively far down the river. Such was the seductive influence of the time and the scene that Jimmy might have remained there indefinitely weaving dreams, had he not been under the necessity of making his way down to the library. It was his task to close the French windows after his father and Ogden had passed through, and he proposed to remain hid in the gallery there until the time came for him to do this. It was imperative that he avoid being seen.

Locking his door behind him he went downstairs. There were no signs of life in the house. He found the staircase leading to the gallery without having to switch on the lights.

It was dusty in the gallery, and a smell of old leather enveloped him. He hoped his father would not be long. He lowered himself cautiously to the floor and, resting his head against a convenient shelf, began to wonder how the interview between Chicago Ed and his prey was progressing.

Mr. Crocker, meanwhile, masked to the eyes, had crept in fearful silence to the door that Jimmy had indicated. A good deal of the gay enthusiasm with which he had embarked on this enterprise had ebbed away from him. Now that he had become accustomed to the novelty of finding himself once more playing a character part, his innate respectability began to assert itself. It was one thing to play Chicago Ed at a Broadway theater, but quite another to give a benefit performance like this. As he tiptoed along the passage the one thing that presented itself most clearly to him was the appalling outcome of this act of his should anything go wrong. He would have turned back but for the thought that Jimmy was depending on him, and that success would mean Jimmy's happiness. Stimulated by this reflection, he opened Ogden's door inch by inch and went in. He stole softly across the room.

He had almost reached the bed and had just begun to wonder how on earth, now that he was here, he could open the proceedings tactfully and without alarming the boy, when he was saved the trouble of pondering further on this problem. A light flashed out of the darkness with the suddenness of a bursting bomb, and a voice from the same general direction said "Hands up!"

When Mr. Crocker had finished blinking and had adjusted his eyes to the glare, he perceived Ogden sitting up in bed with a revolver in his hand. The revolver was pointed directly at Mr. Crocker's ample stomach.

Exhaustive as had been the thought that Jimmy's father had given to the possible developments of his enterprise, this was a contingency of which he had not dreamed.

"Don't do that!" he said huskily. "It might go off!"

"I should worry!" replied Ogden coldly. "I'm at the right end of it. What are you doing here?" He looked fondly at the lethal weapon. "I got this with cigarette coupons to shoot rabbits when we went to the country. Here's where I get a chance at something part human."

"Do you want to murder me?"

"Why not?"

Mr. Crocker's make-up was trickling down his face in sticky streams. The mask, however, prevented Ogden from seeing this peculiar phenomenon. He was gazing interestedly at his visitor. An idea struck him.

"Say, did you come to kidnap me?"

Jimmy Stood, Swallowing and Endeavoring to Get Rid of a Feeling That His Head Was About to Come Off

Mr. Crocker felt that sense of relief that he had sometimes experienced on the stage when memory had failed him during a scene and a fellow actor had thrown him the line. It would be exaggerating to say that he was himself again. He could never be completely at his ease with that pistol pointing at him; but he felt considerably better. He lowered his voice an octave or so, and spoke in a husky growl:

"Aw, cheese it, kid! Nix on the rough stuff!"

"Keep those hands up!" advised Ogden.

"Sure! Sure!" growled Mr. Crocker. "Can the gun play, bo! Say, you've soitanly grown some since de last time we got youse!"

Ogden's manner became magically friendly.

"Are you one of Buck Maginnis' lot?" he inquired almost politely.

"Dat's right!" Mr. Crocker blessed the inspiration that had prompted Jimmy's parting words. "I'm wit' Buck."

"Why didn't Buck come himself?"

"He's woiking on anudder job!"

To Mr. Crocker's profound relief, Ogden lowered the pistol.

"I'm strong for Buck," he said conversationally. "We're old pals. Did you see the piece in the paper about him kidnaping me last time? I've got it in my press-clipping album."

"Sure," said Mr. Crocker.

"Say, listen! If you take me now Buck's got to come across. I like Buck, but I'm not going to let myself be kidnaped for his benefit. It's fifty-fifty or nothing doing. See?"

"I get you, kid."

"Well, if that's understood, all right. Give me a minute to get some clothes on, and I'll be with you."

"Don't make a noise," said Mr. Crocker.

"Who's making a noise? Say, how did you get in here?"

"T'roo de libery windows."

"I always knew some yegg would stroll in that way. It beats me why they didn't have bars fixed on them."

"Dere's a buzz wagon outside, waitin'."

"You do it in style, don't you!" observed Ogden, pulling on his shirt. "Who's working this with you? Anyone I know?"

"Naw. A new guy."

"Oh! Say, I don't remember you, if it comes to that."

"You don't?" said Mr. Crocker, a little discomposed.

"Well, maybe I wouldn't, with that mask on you. Which of them are you?"

"Chicago Ed's my monaker."

"I don't remember any Chicago Ed."

"Well, you will after dis!" said Mr. Crocker, happily inspired.

Ogden was eying him with sudden suspicion. "Take that mask off and let's have a look at you."

"Nothing doin'."

"How am I to know you're on the level?"

Mr. Crocker played a daring card.

"All right," he said, making a move toward the door. "It's up to youse. If you t'ink I'm not on de level I'll beat it."

"Here, stop a minute," said Ogden hastily, unwilling that a promising business deal should be abandoned in this summary manner. "I'm not saying anything against you. There's no need to fly off the handle like that."

"I'll tell Buck I couldn't get you," said Mr. Crocker, moving another step.

"Here, stop! What's the matter with you?"

"Are youse comin' wit' me?"

"Sure, if you get the conditions. Buck's got to slip me half of whatever he gets out of this."

"Dat's right. Buck'll slip youse half of anyt'ing he gets."

"All right then. Wait till I've got this shoe on and let's start. Now I'm ready."

"Beat it quietly!"

"What did you think I was going to do? Sing?"

"Step dis way!" said Mr. Crocker jocosely.

They left the room cautiously. Mr. Crocker for a moment had a sense of something missing. He had reached the stairs before he realized what it was. Then it dawned upon him that what was lacking was the applause. The scene had deserved a round.

Jimmy, vigilant in the gallery, heard the library door open softly and, peering over the rail, perceived two dim forms in the darkness. One was large, the other small. They crossed the room together.

Whispered words reached him.

"I thought you said you came in this way."

"Sure."

"Then why's the shutter closed?"

"I fixed it after I was in."

There was a faint scraping sound, followed by a click. The darkness of the room was relieved by moonlight. The figures passed through. Jimmy ran down from the gallery and closed the windows softly. He had just fastened the shutter when, from the passage outside, there came the unmistakable sound of a footstep.

XXII

JIMMY'S first emotion on hearing the footstep was the crude instinct of self-preservation. All that he was able to think of at the moment was the fact that he was in a questionable position and one that would require a good deal of explaining away if he were found, and his only sensation was a strong desire to avoid discovery. He made a silent, scrambling leap for the gallery stairs and reached their shelter just as the door opened. He stood there, rigid, waiting to be challenged, but apparently he had moved in time, for no voice spoke. The door closed so gently as to be almost inaudible, and then there was silence again. The room remained in darkness, and it was this perhaps that first suggested to Jimmy the comforting thought that the intruder was equally desirous of avoiding the scrutiny of his fellows. Jimmy had taken it for granted,

(Continued on Page 65)

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Voting for President

OUR Anglicized friend is incensed against Wilson because he did not deal more rigorously with Germany, and he has the option of voting for Hughes on an agonizing presumption that the pro-Germans, whom he detests, would acclaim Hughes' election as a triumph for their cause. Our Teutonic friend used to regard Wilson as a pliant tool of England, and he has the option of voting for the candidate who is supported by Roosevelt, whose mere name makes him ill. We do not see how any friend with a hyphen can take it to the polls without getting it stepped on.

Our pacific friend would forgive Wilson for recommending the greatest military preparation ever undertaken in time of peace, and even for sending an army into Mexico; but he is profoundly distrustful of Southern control of Congress. Another friend thinks the President performed a great service in keeping the country out of war, and then betrayed it to predatory labor by the eight-hour law. He likes the tariff and banking acts, but abhors the shipping act. There is the voter who approves the President's domestic course and disapproves his foreign dealings, and the other voter who holds opposite opinions.

There is the voter to whom Hughes would be an ideal candidate if only he would kick Roosevelt downstairs, and the other voter to whom Hughes is tolerable only because Roosevelt stands beside him. There are old-line Democrats and old-line Republicans to whom Wilson's complaisance toward protective tariff and Hughes' declaration for woman suffrage savor of treason.

There has not been in latter times any other campaign that, three weeks before election, so persistently refused to define itself. What is the paramount issue? What mandate from the people will the election of either man imply?

Help Wanted

"I WANT four men the worst way," said the general manager gloomily; "and I can't find them. For two weeks now one of my assistants has done hardly anything else but comb the country for men."

"What would you pay them?" we asked.

"I don't want a man who isn't worth five thousand a year," he replied.

"But how about men at a thousand dollars or under?"

"Oh, there's never any lack of them—mostly young men just out of high school, who want to get a start in business. Probably we have on file right now over a hundred applications for jobs at ten to twenty dollars a week. Any day you'll see several applicants standing at the desk. It's been that way with us ever since I've known anything about it—at ten dollars a week, three applicants for every job; at a hundred dollars a week, two jobs for every applicant. I think it's that way with most rapidly growing businesses."

"Why don't you train your ten-dollar man to be a hundred-dollar man?"

"We try hard to, and sometimes succeed. This boom makes an unusual situation; yet it is never easy to get as many hundred-dollar men as we could really use. We try to develop our own hundred-dollar men. We're always telling beginners what I'm telling you now—that there's lots of elbowroom at the top. Many of them take it as though we were reciting a reading lesson out of a primer.

"Seems to me," he concluded reflectively, "it isn't so much through lack of mental capacity that many of the youngsters who come in here fail to advance beyond a certain point. They've got the stuff in their heads if they'd only apply it. Mostly they seem to lack just an ounce of jump and push—the unflagging eagerness to seize an opportunity. They're not up on their toes, you know. They just float with the current instead of swimming like thunder. We could afford to pay you a good lot of money if you'd invent some way to make every young man who comes in here feel that there is a bad bulldog sniffing at the calf of his leg every minute and he'd better step lively. The young men could afford to pay you still more."

Ballyhooing in the Temple

NO OTHER experience in that line is quite comparable to visiting the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Romantic imagination has conceived men suddenly transported to the moon or to Mars. Visiting the Cañon is like that. There may be other scenes that match the Cañon in grandeur and strangeness, but they are reached only by effort and through stages which prepare one for them.

To reach the Cañon you go to bed in the familiar Pullman. In early morning you step out of that commonplace vehicle, and the vast, fantastic gorge lies before you—an aspect of the earth so unlike all other aspects that it is unearthly. It is like being transported overnight to a different planet. The stupendous nature of the scene and the abruptness with which it is disclosed make a unique impression which no one can ever forget. It is like turning a street corner and suddenly finding yourself in the workshop where the planets were made.

But latterly they have contrived a little overture to this great and rare experience. Hawkers for rival bus lines stand outside your sleeper in the dawn at the rim of the Cañon and wake you up by bawling through megaphones the merits of their respective vehicles. This raucous chorus is your introduction to the greatest wonder Nature has wrought on this continent—or perhaps in the world.

The Government might well permit a decent competition between the railroad and the so-called "independents," but it should not permit this indecency. Beginning a church service with a free-for-all fight for the front seats would be no more indecent than disclosing the Grand Cañon to the noise of this leather-lunged yaup for trade.

The Government, as custodian of the Cañon and of the National Parks, ought to insist upon a decent semblance of respect for those sublime manifestations of Nature.

A Milk Strike

EARLY in October New York City presented a situation essentially as absurd as any to be found in comic opera. Its inhabitants for some time had been paying from nine to fifteen cents a quart for their daily milk. There is no suggestion that they were not quite ready to pay as much more as might be necessary to procure that needful article. Dairy farmers who supply the city had been receiving, the year round, a little less than four cents a quart. They said that with enhanced cost of feed they could no longer furnish milk at that price and make a living profit.

The several companies that pasteurize, bottle and distribute the milk said they could not pay more. One of the largest of them declared its net profit was only a quarter of a cent a quart. So for four days the supply of milk was cut down to less than half its normal proportions and an actual famine impended—while upstate considerable rivers of milk ran to waste and the distributing companies strove to discover fresh sources of supply afar. The mayor could do nothing but give good advice. The governor could do nothing but promise an investigation—which would be in the nature of a wholesale coroner's inquest if the supply of milk for infants and invalids actually failed. The attorney-general talked more or less indefinitely about invoking some of the state's anti-trust laws.

We are too good-natured about letting producer and middleman fight out their little differences as they see fit while the consumer shifts as best he may.

What this situation needed was not a futile law against combination, but pressure upon both producer and middleman to arrange a genuine and dependable coöperation that would permanently remove the danger of a milk famine through their squabbles over price and management.

The Unstable Dollar

LET a bushel of wheat stand for the cost of living—that is, for the price of staple commodities taken together—and put its value, a decade ago, at one dollar. Suppose, now, an Englishman at that time had a hundred dollars invested in government bonds, paying three per cent interest. The income from his investment would be equivalent to three bushels of wheat. Suppose he sold his bonds and bought wheat—a hundred bushels. As commodity prices have approximately doubled, his wheat would be worth two hundred dollars at present. He sells it and puts the proceeds in government bonds, getting two hundred dollars' worth of them which pay better than five per cent interest. Suppose the war is over and prices drop back to their former level. Obviously the income from the Englishman's investment would be equivalent to more than ten bushels of wheat instead of the original three bushels.

This supposing may be fantastic enough in the case of any actual individual; yet it indicates what has really happened and what would happen if, after the war, prices should drop back to their former level.

The enormous fluctuation in the value of money, as measured by what it will buy, that has taken place all over the world in the last two years undoubtedly involves a good deal of individual hardship. If our Englishman had just held on to his old three per cent investment his income now would be equivalent to only a bushel and a half of wheat. If prices should decline after the war as rapidly as they have risen, that would involve further hardship. The man or government that borrowed one bushel of wheat now would have to pay back a bushel and a half or two bushels.

Money has lost a considerable part of its usefulness for comparative purposes. For example, you read of our enormous exports. A great part of the increase is due not to the shipment of more goods, but to higher prices. In the first seven months of this year we shipped sixty per cent more wheat than in 1914; but the increase in value was nearly double sixty per cent. So, more or less, throughout the list.

If Professor Irving Fisher, three or four years ago, could have applied his scheme to stabilize the dollar, and it had worked as he imagined it would, one of the evils of war would have been mitigated.

Business and Politics

PERHAPS you have noticed during this campaign, and for some time before it, a significant change in the attitude of politics toward business. High politics is no longer so much occupied in abusing high finance. Consigning the trusts to a strictly rhetorical perdition seems to have passed out of fashion as a solution of the country's economic problems. Toward business politics holds a decidedly more conciliatory tone.

This is one of the educational effects of the war. For some time it has seemed increasingly probable that peace in Europe would subject this country to a keener commercial competition than it has ever known. How successfully we shall meet that competition obviously depends, in the first place, upon our business organization. So, belated doubts arise as to the expediency of dealing with the business organization, politically, by merely tossing a monkey wrench into its machinery now and then. It becomes at least questionable whether the theories as to how business should be conducted, evolved in Washington committee rooms by gentlemen professionally engaged in politics, are preferable to the experience of business men.

Looking at our foreign trade before the war, we see that wherever it had to fight to maintain itself, and fought with signal success, the fighting was pretty often done by an Oil Trust, a Steel Trust, or some other abandoned villain of the old play as staged at Washington. If we are to face a keener fight than ever before, it becomes doubtful whether politics will discharge its whole duty by merely seeking to spike the guns that have proved most efficacious in the past.

Politics seems decidedly inclined to reëxamine its attitude toward business in a more modest and open frame of mind. Its tone is much more conciliatory. Of course it has always pretended that it thought little business good and only Big Business bad; but it has never found a workable definition of the terms, for there is none.

Untidiness

THE Lumber Trade Journal says the fire loss in the United States amounts to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a day, and a great deal of it is due simply to untidiness. Analysis of statistics shows that sixty-five per cent of all fires occur in dwellings, and that much the greater number of fires in dwellings would not have happened if the householders had not been slovenly.

"Rubbish is the chief cause"—which does not necessarily mean accumulations of old rags or unswept living rooms and bedrooms. The house may look neat enough to a casual eye and still contain heaps of old clothes, old papers, broken-up furniture, and so on, in attic or cellar or back closets. A great many fires in business premises, also, are due to slovenliness, or would never have happened if the premises had been really tidy.

As a matter of fact, we Americans rather vaunt our frequent baths and well-scrubbed kitchen floors. Yet we are, on the whole, a scandalously slovenly race—decidedly untidier than the French, to many of whom a bath is an event. We are always littering up the premises. The average American country town is a nightmare of slovenliness. That cleanliness which is next to godliness does not stop at a bath and washing the front windows.

THE CASE OF DANIEL CASE

By WILBUR HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY SIDNEY H. RIESENBERG

DANIEL M. CASE might forget the date of his own birthday, or of Washington's, at times, but the fourteenth of May he is not likely ever to forget. Three events befell in his life on one particular day of that date which made the occasion memorable; and these, put down chronologically rather than in the order of their importance to Dan, were as follows:

At a few minutes before seven o'clock—for Dan was an early riser—he went out on the front lawn and picked up the morning paper, still damp from the press, and therein he gazed upon a picture, prominently displayed on the front page, of "Daniel Morrissey Case, one of Borden's leading citizens, and chairman of the Fourth of July committee, appointed yesterday." For Dan this was a proud moment, not so much because of the picture itself, or of the appointment by virtue of which that picture was used by the Beacon, or because the Fourth of July Committee was Borden's most important and honorable civic post, but because it was his first taste of recognition.

For thirty years he had been struggling doggedly up to this point.

His first three years in the little Texas town had been spent on a railroad section. Now he could—and perhaps did—look down Cherry Street to Main and on that corner catch sight of the top of the new six-story Case Building; or he could—and doubtless did—turn from the front porch to see in the distance, near the railroad tracks, the wide, dark roof of the Borden Cotton Warehouse, of which he was principal owner and the manager.

Behind him a window was thrown up and Mrs. Daniel Case, and Daniel Case, junior, aged six, looked out and called in unison:

"Is it there, old man?"

Daniel colored and smiled.

"It's there!" he said; and went indoors for two big hugs and several resounding kisses that were doubly sweet to him on this morning, because they, as much as the first page of the Beacon, spoke affectionate and unbegrudged honor.

Dan thought he would probably remember the fourteenth of May from this happening; but it was only the first.

At or about two o'clock in the afternoon Dan, who was red-headed and as Irish as his name, held an interview in his own office with another of Borden's leading citizens, a hand-rubbing, smirky, oily, two-per-cent-a-monthly gentleman named Carrington, who stood high in the church and low in public opinion, who had more money than anyone else in Borden and distinctly less popularity, and who had called on Dan Case to bullyrag and abuse him.

Dan listened to his visitor with a show of patience and then took the floor abruptly.

"No, Deacon Carrington," he said, towering over the other and scowling down on him; "ye don't need to explain any more—I'm catching cold from the wind of your explanations now. You hold a note I indorsed for John Summers, who was your partner—worse luck for him!—till he died, a month ago. Don't tell me that ye've been such a partner that there's nothing left out of the wreck for his lady wife and the two children, and that you're looking to me to pay that note. Don't tell me that, because I know it—none better.

"If I knew as well where the money has gone that should be somewhere for his widow and the kids, Deacon Carrington would be before the grand jury at its next sitting for embezzlement, absconding and breach of trust; and Daniel Case would put him there!"

Carrington shifted in his chair and raised a hand in protest; but Dan went on hurriedly.

"Hush up a minute!" he ordered. "I don't know your business, which is lucky for ye. But I know my own; and between you and me this is the last word: Ye've got it in your scheming head to hold that note over me to keep me from inquiring round about Mrs. Summers' affairs, haven't ye? I know it; and the worst luck I can wish ye is that ye will do that very thing! Keep that note till ye've spent five times three thousand dollars trying to do anything else with it, but don't come badgering and insinuating and intimating to me. That's my last word with ye; and by that I mean that if we were the only two men on earth I wouldn't give ye a surly good morning from this minute on! And I'm going to kick ye downstairs to impress it on your shifty mind!"

"The Dynamite's Too Late, Boys. Borden's Doomed!"

Deacon Carrington smiled faintly, unable to believe that the words of this ignorant Irishman, whose place on the city's financial ladder was but a shaky one, were to be taken literally.

"Now, now, my good Daniel ——" he began—but failed to finish.

For Dan's office was near the head of the stairs and the door was ajar. With one motion Dan threw the door wide, with another he jerked the dignified visitor into the corridor, and with a third he confirmed his speech.

When he saw Carrington sprawling in a litter of documents at the foot of the flight he returned to his office, closed the door, clenched his fists, took a deep breath—and then sat down and laughed until the tears furrowed his tanned cheeks and there was a stitch in his sturdy side. He laughed until a strong breeze from the southwest swept in suddenly through the open window, when he came back to the sober business of being a leading citizen, closed the window, gathered up the papers the wind had scattered, and returned to his interrupted work.

Again Dan thought he would probably remember this fourteenth of May; yet this was only the second thing that happened to him.

At four o'clock his young clerk, Walter Ruddy, came in from the warehouse with the daily sales sheets, and complained of the strong wind that was abroad. At a few minutes past four there was carried to the room the sound of a distant fire bell.

Shortly Ruddy went to the window and there cried out excitedly. Dan turned about to look; then jumped up and reached for his hat.

"It's beyond the warehouse!" he said sharply. "And ye say there's a wind? Which direction?"

He was gone before Ruddy could answer; but outside the wind itself replied. It was from the southwest; and before Dan could reach the railroad his warehouse and all the buildings between it and the cottage where the fire had started were ablaze, and that strong wind was carrying great clouds of burning sticks and smoldering cinders to nearer roofs. Before the third alarm had brought the Gulf Avenue Engine Company in from the edge of town, the marshal and a self-appointed committee of citizens were loading dynamite into a car from Pedley's Powder House and starting out to make a firebreak in the path of the flames.

Then it was that Dan Case, wiping the sweat from his eyes, looked out from the third floor of a tenement, whither he had gone to search for stray children and possible sick, groaned aloud, and cried down to those below:

"The dynamite's too late, boys. Borden's doomed!"

At midnight he was swallowing hard and trying to cheer his wife and the boy as they made their hasty way, with their neighbors, northward toward the river, the town behind them a ghastly, glaring pyre of hopes and possessions and achievements, their minds set on safety. Even as they plodded along with the rest, each loath to look in another's eyes, someone cried out to Dan and he glanced back to see the third wall of the Case Building weave and buckle and go down.

Dan thought then that he should never forget this fourteenth of May; and he was right, for this was the third event of that momentous day in his life.

II

MILT WADSWORTH, the field statistician of the Federated Oil Company, had a two-weeks vacation in August; and he spent it in Los Angeles by reason of aspirations he held regarding a tall, dark young lady who lived there. When he washed the grime of the Midway fields from his person, Wadsworth also washed from his mind as much as possible of the oil business; nevertheless, two pieces of information came to him unsought, which he retained and took back to the fields with him. One he kept to himself for the time being—it was a report that a stranger had leased the Pap Dodworth land, in the very heart of the district—but the other he made news of and passed out gratuitously.

So it happened that, a few hours after his return, one of the Federated's drillers, working morning tower on Hole Eleven, nudged his tool dresser and pointed at Jimmie Fountain, their roustabout, with a grin.

"That's him," he said. "He's a millionaire in disguise."

Stout grunted:

"Good disguise, I'd say, then."

"Oh, sure! But nothing like his dress suit—you wouldn't know him from one of these bangtailed society stiffs in that."

"How d'ye mean—dress suit?"

Duncan, the driller, fed more cable as it rose and fell monotonously in the casing.

"Sure! Wadsworth says Jimmie is a honest-to-God silk stocking."

Fountain was six feet two and built in proportion. He straightened up from the line he was splicing and laughed good-naturedly.

"Who's been giving me away, Duncan?" he asked. "You must have been talking to Standish, or the president of the Federated."

"That's all right who I been talking to, son," Duncan returned. "I get it straight that all them millionaire tourist girls in the Pasadena hotels are crazy about the way your dress suit fits round the neck."

Stout, the tool dresser, snickered:

"And he has to crowd round with jest plain bullies like us too. It must make him sick!"

"Wadsworth says he's doing it as a favor to us—uplifting the common laborer."

Fountain colored one red shade deeper—quite a phenomenon, considering that he was sun-tanned to a rich copper.

"Wadsworth? Who's he?"

"In the Federated office. He says you wear a dress suit like it belonged to you."

"Where did he ever see me in a dress suit?"

The driller and his assistant laughed.

"Where'd he see you? Climb offen it! You're trying to act now like you really was a member of the Four Hundred! Bum stuff!"

Fountain glanced down at his torn overalls, stiff with accumulated dust and oil.

"Oh, I am," he said pleasantly. "I only work to keep up my appetite."

He had taken the sting out of the joke by accepting it as sober fact; this put Duncan on the defensive.

"Come clean, sucker!" he remonstrated. "Wadsworth says you was at a million-dollar dancin' party down in Los—glad rags and limousine and society queen and all! I thought he must have been kiddin'."

The tool dresser interrupted.

"Aw, go on, Duncan! Everybody knows that Fountain is a Russian count." He turned on the youth with a sarcastic bow. "If you can tear your mind offen cashing bond coupons for a few brief moments, shag up that tower and drop me a hand line for this here cable, Duke de Sarsaparilla. And don't be all day about it too!"

Fountain leaped for the ladder in the middle of the sentence and was up like a monkey. On the roof of the derrick he perched himself and spun out the cord, swinging

his feet as carelessly as though he were on the ground instead of sixty feet above it. Stout caught the line and attached a rope from a light reel.

"Take it away!" he called; and the roustabout began to haul in.

To the driller Stout said curiously:

"Is that straight—what Wadsworth said?"

"Yep. Wadsworth's a kind of a highflyer himself, y' know—rich man's son and the rest of it. He thinks Fountain is one of these kids that their old man kicked into the oil fields to learn the business from the bottom." He laughed. "That lad up there knows enough already to run a tower. But can you make him wearin' one of these here open-faced vests and a train on his coattails? That's what hands me a laugh."

Above, the subject of their wonderment took a big iron washer from his pocket, slid it onto the rope and let it go. The heavy ring gathered speed on the line and dropped on the loose-held fingers of the tool dresser, nearly tearing them from the hand. Stout jumped, howled dismally, and stuck his fingers into his mouth.

"You hell-blistered son of sin!" he roared upward, shaking his unmaimed fist. "Come on down here an' I'll fit you to a dress suit made of wood, with silver handles and flowers on top! Come on down—dog-gone you!"

Fountain pulled a short wrench from his belt.

"Hitch that cable on or I'll drop this," he laughed back. "By the time I get down it'll be noon and you won't be my boss till midnight again." He turned to look off toward the road that ran east of Rig Four. "You better hustle, too," he added. "Here comes Melville and the new gang for the afternoon tower."

The tool dresser grunted and grinned appreciatively at the driller.

"He's a wise bird—that lad. He could wrap either one of us round a derrick post if he got going—guess I won't pick any row with him after we go off tower."

The superintendent's ancient automobile drew up before the new cable was in place, and with him were three new men for the noon-to-midnight shift, vice a crew that had forgotten the cares of the oil fields in a flowing bowl or two on the previous afternoon. He greeted the roustabout first.

"Hear you go out among 'em in evening clothes and one of these accordion silk hats when you get away to the big town, Jimmie," he chaffed. "It's a shame the girls can't see you now in those Belgian-refugee overalls!"

Fountain grinned and ducked.

"You've been talking to this guy Wadsworth, too, have you?"

The superintendent nodded. "That is, he's been talking to me. He's told everybody in the field."

"I don't happen to know him," Fountain said thoughtfully. "But I do know that he and I are going to have an earful of conversation and a ringful of difficulty when I meet him—that's all!"

The superintendent laughed.

"But how about it? Are you really a devil of a fellow when you get your hair cut and your nails shined?"

"Oh, awful!" Fountain admitted.

"That's what we hear. And we're so proud to have a real piece of goods in our gang that we're going to promote you. See how virtue is its own reward?"

"Promote me?"

"Going to give you this afternoon tower, beginning to-morrow. Think you can cut it?"

Fountain swallowed.

"Why, sure I can! Do you mean it?"

"I mean it. Come over and meet your crew."

The young boss grinned at Duncan and Stout, who grinned back, as pleased as he was; and he crossed to the engine house.

"This is your tower boss—Mr. Fountain," the superintendent said. "Give him your name and he'll go on the job with you to-morrow noon. And if he smells liquor on anybody in his tower he's to fire him first and report him afterward—get that? You can ride into town with me in a few minutes if you want to, Jimmie. Rogers will run the tower to-day."

He went back to the derrick and Fountain nodded embarrassedly to his assistants.

"Guess we'll get along pretty well," he said, lacking any more professional or formal address. "Just pass out your names to me, will you, so I can get time cards for you?"

The new men were Rogers, a driller; George Brown, tool dresser; and a strong, pleasant-faced, red-headed Irishman of forty, who reported himself as roustabout and who gave the name of Dan Case.

"You Can't Be Decent to That Man—He's Got No Sense of Decency"

III

TWO weeks after the fire that had left the town of Borden, Texas, nothing save a broad area of smoking ruins and a name, Daniel Morrissey Case closed his books with nine hundred and four dollars and twenty cents, and but one unpaid debt—the one he had informed Deacon Carrington was to remain unpaid. Insurance and liabilities had balanced and Dan was ready to begin over again. He expected to stay with Borden; but his wife intervened.

"You're a strong man, Dan," she said; "and you're Irish, thank God! Strong men take things hard and you'll never be able to forget here how far you got or how quick it went. Let's go West."

Dan looked through the window at the rough and stubborn acres of his friend, Paxton, who had taken them in.

"Where West?" he asked.

Wise woman that she was, Mrs. Case answered his question with another:

"Where do you think of, Dan?"

"West, ye say?" He was ruminating. "Well, there is that oil excitement Paxton's brother-in-law writes about, in Southern California." She nodded, waiting. "Paxton says his sister's husband tells big things about it. But, with nothing but my ignorance and nine hundred dollars ——"

His wife touched his hand and he gripped hers.

"Nine hundred dollars and the heart that's in you, Dan," she corrected gently.

Well, they went to Los Angeles. Dan left the wife and boy there in a miserable two-room apartment and ran on up to Bakersfield. The Dodworth Ranch, he was told, was thirty miles northwest, and thither he journeyed. To the rancher he finally located he said:

"My name is Case. Paxton, down in Texas, wrote you I was coming, maybe."

The other put out a lean and powerful hand.

"Come right in and meet my wife. Thought you was one of them infernal oil-land sharpers after me again. Come in; come in! Yes; Paxton sent us a letter."

Case wanted to talk oil. Dodworth was wary for a time.

"Don't know nothing about it," he said harshly. "When I get ready to lease ——"

"Lease?" Case queried.

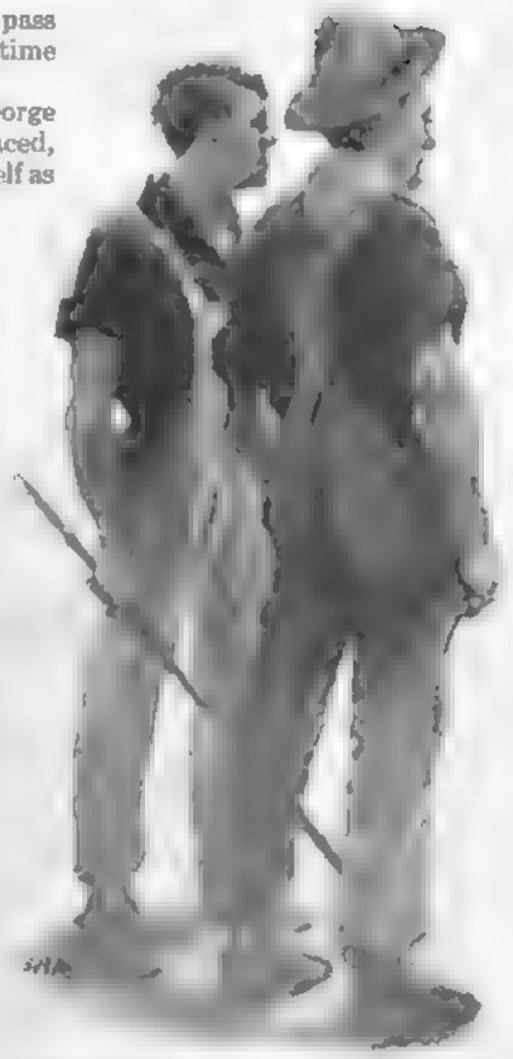
Dodworth looked him over. It was hard to refuse this friendly Irishman—he was built that way. The rancher melted.

"See here, Mr. Case; I'll show you how it is."

And so he did. The oil excitement had swept over the entire Kern Lake basin, and had drawn into its maelstrom most of the inhabitants, with inrushing thousands who sighted fortune. In the first rush hundreds of ranchers and landholders had been separated from their possessions—by persuasion, by coercion, by promises, by cash, by fraud, trickery and deceit, or by honest and honorable methods—but separated.

In a night they had seen their land jump in value; then, when it was gone, they had seen it double and quadruple in price. Afterward came weeks of drilling and its suspense, and oil had been found in two, three, a dozen, a hundred holes. The land values soared again. Former owners once more saw the property for which they had accepted a few dollars or a waste-paper basketful of specious promises mount to dizzy heights. Some of them, at this stage, turned speculators and sought to use their experience in getting options from the few who had refused to be stampeded before and who had held on and waited.

Dodworth himself was one of the canny latter class. Offers of two dollars an acre for a lease on his place had been raised, raised again, and multiplied



"We're Wasting a Lot of Valuable Time Here, Dan. Let's Clear Off the Place"

by ten. But, partly because he was of a suspicious and acquisitive nature and partly because the importunities at length exasperated him and made him stubborn, he had refused every proposal made him—had ended by declaring a blanket refusal covering every offer that had been or would be or might be made, for the present, next month, next year—all but forever. Some went blundering along, trying to induce old Pap Dodworth to lease or sell; but they were newcomers or tactless, or the agents of corporations big enough to use methods almost coercive. Those who knew the rancher better swore, shrugged their shoulders and gave him up.

Something of all this Daniel Case learned on the night of their first meeting. And his quick mind was also seizing on every word of information as to oil, oil land, leases, options, costs, values and interests; so that he had a sort of liberal education on the subject when Dodworth was through.

"It looks as though there's a good deal of oil under this country, then?" he asked.

"Can't tell. Some says yes; some says no. They're still puttin' down prospect holes all over the field. About half the wells are dry. I mean by that they ain't oil wells, understand—run into water. But they're pumping oil now plumb round my place—every direction. So I guess my land is as good as anybody's—maybe better." The old rancher chuckled. "It teases 'em awful to look in here and not see a derrick on the hull place. I'm goin' to tease 'em a while longer too."

Dan Case meditated; and when he spoke it was round the corner from the direction in which he hoped to go.

"I'm wondering why the ranchers let go," he said as though to himself. "I think I'd hang on and drill after oil myself if there's so much in it for the men that lease."

Pap Dodworth grunted:

"Costs a main o' money to prospect."

"That's so too. Yes; that's so. But I'd gamble."

The older man thought a minute. Then he scratched his thin thatch.

"Look here, Case," he said; "if you could raise the capital—back in Texas or any place—we might talk that over. It might suit me."

Daniel drew out a pencil and an old envelope. In a few words he framed a statement that the owner of such and such land would give the holder ninety days in which to finance an oil-developing company.

"Your initials are C. W.?" he asked.

Pap Dodworth got out his spectacles and put them astride his thin nose.

"C. E.," he said shortly. "What you doin'?"

"Just making a memorandum in pencil," Case said. "You don't mind looking at it?"

"Well, I—yes; I swan to goodness, I —— Well, let me see it."

He scrutinized it carefully.

"Ain't no consideration named in this," he said shrewdly. "Reckon it wouldn't be binding ——"

Dan Case caught the other's eye and asked casually:

"How much do you think is fair?"

Then he held his breath until it pained him. There was a small, tight roll of greenbacks inside his vest—a pitifully small roll. Pap Dodworth coughed.

"I wouldn't consider nothing less'n five hundred dollars."

Dan reached within.

"That sounds reasonable," he said, as calm as a summer day, and counted the money out.

When he had handed it over, the amount he returned to his pocket totaled exactly two hundred and fifty dollars. Dodworth clinched the money in his hand and perused Dan's memorandum again.

"Jest in pencil, eh?" he asked.

"Certainly. I guess it isn't much more than what they call a gentlemen's agreement; but I'd like to have something to work on."

"I reckon so. Give me the pencil."

There followed four or five weeks of tremendous activity for the Cases, because Daniel's wife wrote his letters, did his figuring and kept house in those two miserable little rooms in Los Angeles. In that time Case found he couldn't raise a penny in Borden. His old friends

and the bankers there wrote that they were concerned with financial difficulties prohibitive of outside investment. Others he reached by letter or wire were interested in other fields and skeptical about Southern California. When he turned to the people of the latter section he found his hands tied—the option he carried he showed to but few, as a last resort; but even that didn't convince. It did not have the look of a legal document and Dan was a stranger. Besides, real estate was at that moment more engrossing to Los Angeles bankers than oil lands two hundred miles away.

Finally Dan intuitively sensed that it would be foolhardy to take his proposition to Bakersfield, where the Pap Dodworth place, as he soon learned, was looked on as the capital prize for which every oil corporation and speculator was striving. Some way or another, if they found out what he had, they would cheat him of his share of the profits—of that he was certain.

At the end of five weeks he decided to abandon all efforts until he could learn something of the field itself. His roll was growing rapidly smaller. The Los Angeles tradesmen with whom Mrs. Case bargained shrewdly for living supplies were curt and positive in refusing credit. So Daniel kissed the family good-by and went again to Bakersfield.

It was remarked above that Milt Wadsworth, the statistician of the Federated Oil Company, learned in Los Angeles that summer that someone held an option of a sort on the Pap Dodworth piece. The banker who gave him the information, when pressed recalled that the holder's name was D. M. Case.

Rendered unusually perspicacious by reason of having, in company with a certain tall brunette, visited sundry furniture stores and jewelry shops, Wadsworth kept this information to himself, turning and turning it about in the hope that he might come to see it from an angle that would make it useful to himself and of service to his own fortunes. Therefore, he went back to the fields and told only that Jimmie Fountain, a roustabout in the Federated's force, owned a dress suit and knew how to wear it. Meantime he kept his eye open for a man named D. M. Case.

The rest was simple. When Daniel applied for work in the Federated offices the clerk to whom he spoke remembered Wadsworth's request for information on a former occasion concerning a man of this name, and in the end Dan went out with Superintendent Melville to Hole Eleven. And thus we see how devious are the ways of life and by what strange threads men are drawn together; for Dan Case and his young boss, Jimmie Fountain, served each other shortly afterward, and served each other well.

IV

IF YOU have ever handled coal or guano or pineapples in shipload lots, or built a railroad in South America, or had diamond ground surveyed in South Africa, or engaged in any of those similar little business activities—as undoubtedly you have—you will remember receiving a bid on the job from that old Scotch concern, the Haig Syndicate. They have representatives all over the world; they build ships and sail them, and when short of cargo buy a few hundred thousand dollars' worth of sheep or hardwood ties, or what not, and consign said commodities to themselves in another part of the world and make scads of money out of the enterprise. Among other things, they drill and pump oil wells.

Milton Wadsworth, statistician for the Federated, had a secret that he knew full well was worth money if he could negotiate it. Of all those aggressive and zealous oil-field employees and operators so anxious to get a finger in the prospecting of the Pap Dodworth Ranch, he alone knew that an option reposed in the keeping of one Daniel Case; and, since this Daniel Case was an unknown, and since he was employed on the Federated's pay roll as a tower roustabout, Wadsworth figured that there must be some way in which he—not to mention the tall, dark young lady in Los Angeles, who wrote him faithfully every day except on the days when she forgot it—might profit by his knowledge.

He tried the simplest method first—went to Dan Case and offered to buy the lease option, in whole or in part; but Dan politely refused to deal.

This cast a cloud over the horizon for Wadsworth and he was seriously considering telling his secret to Standish, the Federated's chief engineer, when, in the way of business, he met the Pacific Coast manager of the great Haig Syndicate.

It had been rumored for months that this organization was coming into the field to begin a competitive battle in America with the Standard, and Wadsworth saw his opening. He offered to make an effort to get for the Haigs a lease on the Dodworth piece, and he was cordially encouraged.

Inside of two or three days he had an interview with Pap Dodworth himself, and had learned that Dan Case's option was only a penciled memorandum; that Mr. Dodworth was becoming dubious as to Case's ability to swing the project; and that he was in an almost receptive mood for a business proposition from someone else.

"I'm sick an' tired o' this pesky oil talk," the elderly rancher, in disgust, said to Wadsworth. "I ain't had a minute's peace sence the Midway's well came in last year, an' now I've a mind to take my money an' git."

"I'm ready to make you an offer now," Wadsworth said, thinking the iron was hot for striking.

Dodworth contemplated the roof of his porch.

The Great Weight Stretched Out His Arm Muscles Until It Seemed to Him That They Would Give Way Altogether

"No," he said finally; "I ain't jest give this fellow Case all his rope yet. Come on back in a day or so—say about the fust o' the month."

"I'm talking cash," Wadsworth suggested, faintly hoping.

The angular old man swung on him, roaring:

"Plague-gone it! Can't you understand the English language? I said the fust o' the month!"

Wadsworth bowed.

"Excuse me, Mr. Dodworth," he said apologetically and humbly; "I misunderstood you. Good day, sir."

Dodworth said "Humph!" and went into the house, slamming the door; and Milton Wadsworth went back to the Federated offices once more half persuaded to tell the story to the officials of his own company. But he vetoed persuasion.

"Sure! Tell Standish and have him say 'Thank you,' and give me a raise of five a month year after next!" he grunted to himself. "Or pat me on the shoulder and then go to the president and claim the discovery himself and get half for his enterprise! *'Raus mit* that idea! I'll pull Dodworth's leg and then I'll knock Mr. Case's pencil memorandum higher than a sophomore's brow!"

Meantime Dan was all unconscious of the interest of Milton Wadsworth in his enterprise, being intent on learning, first-hand, as much as he could of oil operations. His young boss, Jimmie Fountain, was one of those big, generous, lovable young fellows people find it hard to dislike.

Dan himself was willing, intelligent, and of an almost imperturbable good humor. They "hitched up pretty well together," as Dan put it, and Dan rapidly acquired considerable practical insight into the workings of the game he intended permanently to make his own.

Then something happened to develop ordinary friendliness into a strong and binding friendship—the day the engine on Tower Eleven reversed itself, without reason or excuse, and threatened to take off eight valuable fingers for Jimmie Fountain under the sharp edge of an eight-hundred-pound load of casing.

The incident occurred about a week after Fountain's promotion and the introduction of Dan Case to a roustabout's position. A new length of casing had been elevated in the derrick, when the block twisted and Dan scampered up the ladder to investigate. The tangle necessitated his lying down on the roof of the derrick and reaching down for the mischievous tackle.

At the same time, sixty feet below him, Fountain bent over the lower end of the length of casing to take off the ring, put on by the factory to protect the threads. It was at this juncture that the throttle of the engine holding the cable taut suddenly reversed

Dan felt the cable slip and clutched it instinctively. He was about to let go when, from the floor, he heard a shrill yell; and he looked down to see Fountain's back strain as he fought to keep the casing, with its supporting elevators and the heavy cable, from forcing his hands to the floor.

"Hoist away, there; and be quick about it!" Fountain shrilled. "Brown! Case! Hoist away! My hands are caught!"

Dan knew instantly what had happened: The engine's caper had begun to lower the elevators—down below, Jimmie Fountain was holding up several hundred pounds of steel, block and cable; and doing all this because he couldn't let go without losing the fingers of both hands under the sharp lower end of the casing.

Dan grunted as his hands closed on the four cables running through the block under him. His forehead came down on a crossbar, and he "bridged" like a wrestler, the great weight steadily stretching out his arm muscles until it seemed to him that they would give way altogether and be pulled from his shoulders. His face purpled and the cords of his neck were like blue ropes. He held his breath—or rather, he forgot to breathe. When he could stand the agony of the weight downward no longer he closed his teeth and pulled.

It was over in a few seconds, for Fountain danced away from the casing with his fingers under his armpits, whistling with the pain; and while Dan was debating whether he could loose his hold quickly enough to avoid having his hands torn off, George Brown reached the engine and threw it forward. For a time Dan lay inertly on the roof of the derrick, unable to raise his arms. His breath came back stormily and his head ached.

Fountain saw his condition and tried to climb the ladder to him, but stopped. Dan grinned down at him.

"I'm all right, lad!" he said. "Pulled my breath out o' me a bit—that's all."

Fountain leaned against the derrick.

"You saved me two good hands, Dan Case; and don't forget that, because I won't!" he cried.

No further words were exchanged on the subject, either then or later. But Jimmie Fountain took to dropping in at Case's tent in the mornings, before they went on tower, and soon he was giving the Irishman inside truth regarding the oil fields that had come to him from many months' experience, and which was all amplified and explained by means of some line of communication that Fountain had, but concerning which he vouchsafed nothing. Once convinced that the young boss knew what he was talking about, Daniel began asking leading questions.

So the day came when he was ready to offer a confidence. Dan said casually:

"Fountain, I need some advice. You've got it for me, maybe."

The foreman grinned.

"That's the one thing I'm always free with, Dan. Shoot!"

"Suppose ye didn't have any capital, but ye did happen to have an option on a good lease. What would ye do?"

Fountain contemplated the toes of his boots.

"I think I'd borrow money and prospect. This field hasn't been scratched yet and you might be a millionaire as well as the next man."

"Who would ye borrow of?"

"No oil gang." Fountain said this instantly. "They're all as slick as a pump plunger—they'd take the eyeteeth out of you. You might try the banks."

"But suppose I didn't want it known I had this lease? As ye say, these fellows round here are slick."

"That's right too. The banks are all tied up with the —— Say, Dan, what are you driving at?"

"I've an option on the Dodworth land. Ye know where ——"

Fountain sat forward with a jerk.

"Dan, you're not a liar by propensity and you're not a practical joker; but I'm beginning to think you're crazy! An archangel couldn't get a lease from old Pap Dodworth!"

"An archangel didn't, Fountain. I did."

Then he told his story. Fountain sat still a long time, considering. He had a plan that would be simple, direct, easy and safe for Dan. But there was a reason ——

"I've got you!" he cried presently.

From a pocket in which reposed bits of wire, odd bolts, nails, greasy waste, a small wrench and a sack of tobacco, among other things, Fountain drew a business card that had been presented to him weeks before; and on the back of this he scrawled stubbily:

"Maynard McFie, Southern Oil Well Supply Company, Los Angeles: Introducing my friend Case. "JIM FOUNTAIN."

He handed the credential to Dan.

"Take this; and God bless you!" he said shortly. "I am now going to fire you on the spot for irrelevancy, immateriality and *non compos mentis*—if that's it—and I'm going to loan you fifty dollars. Wait here till I get it out of my mattress for you. Then you start for Los Angeles to-night!"

Eight days elapsed. Pap Dodworth had been in Bakersfield all day with Milton Wadsworth. The latter had convinced him that any penciled option which Case might hold, or claim to hold, was worth less than the paper it was written on, and had tied him up with an iron-bound, double-action, gutta-percha, waterproof contract, as long as the by-laws of a negro secret society, giving the said Wadsworth—and so on—a thirty-day option on the Dodworth land.

The old gentleman was fairly well pleased with himself. The fleabitten gray mare jogged round at least a dozen six-horse-team outfits, hauling casing and derrick lumber and engines and cable reels, and odds and ends, northwestward; and the owner of the gray mare was coated with dust like a Joshua tree before he woke from his reverie to wonder: "Where in the tarnation's all this clutter o' traps agoin'?" He came to his own gate and found the first or second of them turning in.

When Pap reached the head of the procession he beheld Daniel M. Case, in overalls, sitting with the driver.

"Whoa!" Pap cried, his chin whiskers vibrating with excitement. "What in blue blazes! Case!"

Dan grinned.

"Looks like business, don't it, Dodworth?" he said.

Pap gasped and took off his hat.

"Dod-fetch it, Case," he cried in a panic, "your option wa'n't only in pencil! I thought you'd give up 'fore this. But here you be! I—I sold another fellow a option to-day."

Dan stretched out a long leg and looked at it a moment. Then he smiled across at the perturbed rancher.

"Ye did, did ye?" he asked pleasantly. "Well, ye'd better drive in and buy it back, Dodworth. That pencil you're speaking of—the one I lent ye that day at the house—was indelible. See ye again!"

▼

DEACON CARRINGTON, formerly of Borden, Texas, but now of Abilene, had conscientious scruples against traveling on the Lord's Day; therefore, when he started West, to pursue Daniel Morrissey Case and to wreck his life, if possible, he waited until Monday morning, leaving immediately after family prayers. His Texas bankers had provided him with letters of introduction and one of these led him to the office of the Pacific Coast representative of the Haig Syndicate.

"Case, eh?" that gentleman said, looking with marked disfavor on the deacon's business. "Why, yes; I know where he is. He's drilling a couple of wells on a property up in the West Side fields. We've been trying to buy him out; but he won't sell."

"I have known Mr. Case for a long time," the visitor said suavely. "I had labored under the impression that he lost practically everything in the Borden fire. Do you happen to know ——"

The Scotchman snorted.

"I do not, sir-r; and I don't happen to care! Case's business is not mine."

"Oh, undoubtedly! You misunderstand me. You were saying that you would like to buy the property Case controls."

"We would if we could arrange it with him."

Deacon Carrington slid a smooth hand into an inner pocket to satisfy himself with the touch of a ragged envelope there, in which envelope there was contained a note, duly indorsed, and so on.

"I think I may say," he remarked smilingly, "that I have Mr. Case's confidence—or, better perhaps, I feel that he is under some small obligations to me. I will be very glad to interview him for you. The—the commissions, or honorarium——"

"Will be the usual ones, of course, Mr. Carrington. Is there anything further?"

Deacon Carrington had a suspicion that the interview was at an end; and he withdrew and went to Bakersfield.

He had no desire to meet Dan Case face to face—his memory of their last interview was too distinct; but he wanted information. He had heard through some Texans—perhaps the Paxtons—that Dan was beginning to get on his feet. The deacon hoped the news was true—he hoped with all his little, mean, shriveled soul that Dan would get himself into such a position that a three-thousand-dollar note would embarrass and harass him; then he himself would put on the screws.

The deacon, as you may have surmised, could be as vindictive as malaria and as patient as starvation. And at this particular moment he was in full possession of all his faculties. He made his headquarters in Bakersfield—asking questions, insinuating himself into conversations, nosing round.

His researches were aided by a young bank cashier named Wailes, who didn't like him and who accommodated him to get rid of him. Carrington deposited a few hundred dollars with this estimable young man and finally reached this point, after several conversations:

"What I can't understand, Mr. Wailes, is how Mr. Case contrived to get started so soon after being bankrupted in Texas. I am very much interested in him, as you know."

Wailes nodded.

"Why don't you run over to the Dodworth place and find out, then?"

"I prefer not. I have a little—ahem!—a little surprise for my old friend Case."

Wailes was too busy to go into details; he decided that it would be much simpler to ask a few questions in the Club at lunch time. That afternoon, therefore, he addressed Deacon Carrington again:

"Case got his supplies on credit from the Southern Oil Well Supply Company, in Los Angeles, Carrington. He's managed to scrape up enough cash to start two holes on Dodworth's place. Nobody knows much about him here."

"Exactly! But about his present finances, Mr. Wailes?"

"I have an idea that if you've got a surprise for Mr. Case this would be as good a time as any to spring it—especially if it sounds like gold, silver, bullion, currency or negotiable papers; because the truth is that he's about flat."

"And if he went flat his oil operations ——"

"Would probably consist of working as a roustabout again for the Federated at sixty a month. Is that all, Mr. Carrington?"

"That's all, sir; and thank you. I shall drop in again and ——"

"Fine! Any time. And close that door as you go out, will you?"

The deacon made it a point to look up Pap Dodworth on the occasion of that vexed gentleman's next visit to town; and when the ball was rolling properly Deacon Carrington eased in a question.

"Hul'" Dodworth grunted in reply. "I ain't got much faith in this here oil speculatin' myself. Plague-gone it, I wisht I was out of it—or else that I'd see the color of some oil on them cables and tools pretty soon."

"I understand that Mr. Case is—er—slightly embarrassed for ready cash, Mr. Dodworth," the deacon suggested.

"I dunno. Case is a queer fish—don't talk much. He's got a young fellow named Fountain workin' for him—Fountain's put up a little money himself, I reckon. Case has had forty offers to sell, but he won't hear to any on 'em. Says he's goin' to go it alone or bust. An' I guess he'll do one or tother pretty prompt now too."

"I suppose you have leased to him, or ——"

"He's got a kind of agreement from me to let him prospect round, and I'm tied up. The paper was writ out in pencil an' I thought once I could bust it; but ——"

"Pencil!" The deacon's eyes glittered. "Is it any good?"

Old Pap Dodworth wasn't a bad sort, perhaps, because at this question he laughed immoderately.

"Good as gold, I guess!" he tittered. "Ask young Wadsworth, of the Federated, though."

"Who's Wadsworth?"

This gave the deacon the story. It brought him in touch with the Federated's statistician, who took the visitor's measure in a minute and invited Carrington to go to blazes and back, closing the conversation. But Carrington had an idea, in addition to his note, and he spent a few days looking up Dan Case's indelible-pencil option. His plan was a beautiful one—to buy Wadsworth's option when he was ready to move, to sue Dan Case on the old Summers note, and then to come down like a thousand of brick, or—about as he himself had come down the front stairs of Dan Case's office. Through a lawyer he came into possession of the Wadsworth option, at a figure that made him pale, and which caused Wadsworth to telegraph the tall, dark lady in Los Angeles, advancing the date of the wedding two whole months. Then Carrington brought suit on the note; and when the due processes of law had been ground through the case was heard and judgment given by default.

Early on the following morning Deacon Carrington chartered an automobile, placed in the tonneau a deputy sheriff, with a writ of attachment, two burly saloon loafers who expressed a willingness to do "anything for five bucks," and his lawyer, who was somewhat similarly minded, and climbed into the front seat with the driver himself. He leaned back with a smile on his foxlike face and rubbed his hands gently together.

"The Dodworth Ranch, driver," he said. "And drive carefully. I should hate to meet with a delaying accident this morning. Yes, indeed!"

VI

FOR thirty-eight straight hours Jimmie Fountain and Dan Case had not left the derricks, half a mile apart in the middle of Dodworth's south half section, where two strings of tools jerked monotonously up and down in the casings of Wells Number One and Number Two. George Brown, a former tool dresser, was drilling at Number One, and Rogers, a driller, and Fountain alternated at Number Two. Dan Case was roustabout, tool dresser, superintendent, financier, manager and principal owner, and he had a heart that spent half its time in his boots and the other half in his throat. Money was running so low that it might easily have been said to have ceased running altogether.

Dodworth was continually fretting and stewing about, and he had a lawyer or two in conference on the ground. Mrs. Case wrote that she didn't need any money for herself and the boy, which immediately convinced Dan that she did.

Finally Deacon Carrington had appeared with his suit; and Dan, too busy to go in and face it, had defaulted and was now cogitating on its probable effect. In short, Dan felt that he was very close to the end of his string, which in all probability he was.

Jim Fountain had come into the enterprise as strongly as he could out of his own resources. More than once, when things looked black, he had been on the verge of offering Dan Case a way out; but there was in him a good deal of what there was in Dan—they both wanted to make it alone. A few days before they had talked it out.

"I've got some friends," Fountain said, "who would put up the cash, but I'm afraid they'd want an interest, probably."

"Who are they?" Dan asked abruptly.

"Oil people, for one thing."

Dan laughed.

"You're the man who advised me not to get tangled up with that tribe, aren't you?" he queried.

"Yes; but if I put it to them as a matter of friendship ——"

"Jimmie, in business friendship is three aces when you're owning fifty-one per cent of the stock," Dan Case said; "but otherwise, and in all other circumstances and cases, it's the deuce of the suit you discarded when you asked for two more. Taking this gamble of mine now: I'm in deep and you're in deep. We're getting indications every day; the cat's bound to jump or take a fit—one or the other—as they say, any minute. If you still want to go on working overtime for a chance of getting a share of the profits ——"

Fountain jumped up and smote Dan Case mightily with a heavy and oil-smeared fist.

"You take your profits and shove them down a dry hole casing, Dan; but don't offer 'em to me. I told you before that I was going to see you through and I haven't lost my eyesight yet."

Dan's face told on him, but he left other manifestations of gratitude to the imagination.

"I shouldn't say those were fighting words, Jimmie; so we'll let it slide."

When the two heard of the result of the Carrington suit Dan tried to laugh it off, but Fountain knew it was serious. News that it had been decided in the deacon's favor and that the smirking gentleman had secured a writ of attachment decided Fountain to wait no longer. He scrawled a telegram and sent it to Bakersfield by a neighbor boy on a motorcycle. Then he joined Dan at the well again.

"When your pious old friend comes out here to-morrow I want the honor of kicking him off the place, Dan," he said. "If you say you don't owe him three thousand dollars we'll see him in sulphur, with his ears singeing, before we'll let him collect three thousand dollars. Let's forget it."

This was the situation on the morning of the day when Deacon Carrington started out for this automobile tour. The answer to Fountain's telegram might come at any time. When a cloud of dust proclaimed arrivals he turned his driller's seat at the casing mouth of Well Number One over to George Brown and went down to the gate. He was looking for familiar faces; but, instead, he found strangers, and in one of these he thought he saw lineaments that might be those of Dan Case's creditor.

It was this charming gentleman who addressed a man in the back seat.

"Open the gate, please, Mister Officer," he directed.

A deputy sheriff jumped down and approached the big fellow in overalls who leaned against the barrier on the far side.

"This is the Dodworth place, isn't it?" he asked.

Fountain nodded.

"Where is Mr. Case?"

"Working for his living."

"Is he on the ranch?"

"He might be."

The deputy looked at Jimmie suspiciously and turned to the gate. Round its end and round the sturdy fence post against which it swung was a strong chain, securely padlocked.

"Have you got a key to this lock?" he asked sharply.

Fountain slid over the fence and looked down on the officer.

"I don't seem to know your face," he said pleasantly enough; "but there's something about it disagreeable to me. Would you like to search me for a key?"

From the machine came the oily tones of Deacon Carrington.

"Break the gate open, officer," he said. "I suspect that this young man is trying to delay you in the performance of your duty."

Jimmie Fountain laughed.

"I suspect I am," he said genially—"especially if this guy thinks it's his duty to break any locks on this lease."

The deputy took from his pocket a folded legal document and at the same time displayed a nickeled badge under his coat lapel.

"I'm from the sheriff's office, young man," he said. "I have an attachment here that I'm going to serve on Mr. Case. The sooner you open this gate, the better."

Jimmie reached for the paper and the officer handed it to him. He required some minutes to read it, during which period of time there was a whispered conversation in the car, directed to the general end that it would be safer to temporize with this rough customer at the gate than to frighten Case away and thus complicate service of the attachment. Jimmie finally returned the document.

"I get you now," he said. "Did you say you wanted this gate unlocked?"

"Exactly; and be quick about it!"

"We strive to please," Jimmie said, and took up the padlock.

The deputy stepped back into the car.

(Concluded on Page 30)

An overwhelming majority

And you help to make it.

If all our mothers and wives and sweethearts voted at the polls next Tuesday, the returns would doubtless show the same difference of opinion between woman-kind as there is between their more or less exalted lords and masters.

But when it comes to home economics—kitchen cabinets and the domestic policy of three meals a day, practical women are all of one party. They all vote for

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FOR heavy commercial use—jolted by rutty, poorly kept country roads, or jarred by the car tracks and cobble stones of the city.
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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

THE CASE OF DANIEL CASE

(Concluded from Page 28)

"That's sense," he said, obviously relieved. "Climb on the running board and you can ride up with us."

Fountain grinned over his shoulder.

"Thanks," he said, and very deliberately unlocked the padlock, wapped the chain twice round the gate and the post, instead of once, refastened the padlock with a snap, and vaulted the fence. "Thanks for your offer; but I guess I'll walk. And if you want to see Dan Case you'll have to do the same."

For a moment the automobile party was stunned by his cool indifference; then an angry and rebellious conference succeeded—the deacon and two of his crowd hot for breaking down the gate; the lawyer and the deputy inclined, on consideration, to advise circumspection, which meant walking. The argument delayed matters long enough so that Fountain reached Dan Case about the time when the less religious of the boarding party were clambering profanely through the close-strung barbed wires.

"It's your friend Carrington and a deputy sheriff, Dan!" he snapped. "How do things look at Number Two?"

Dan's face was drawn; but his eyes, though sunk in his head from anxiety and sleeplessness, glowed like coals of fire.

"The whole derrick floor is sprinkled with the stuff," he said excitedly. "The well may come in any minute. We've got to stave Carrington off until to-morrow if we have to persuade his gang with pick handles."

"All right, Dan," Jimmie said; "pick handles it is! And I'm going to tell you something too." He paused a minute, feeling for words. "My father is a kind of oil man—in a way. I came out into the fields to learn the business. He wanted to give me a job with one of his companies, but I didn't want to get ahead because the old gentleman had pull enough to manage it—I wanted to get ahead because I had push enough to keep the other fellow off my neck and ears. Do you see?"

"Yes; I thought maybe it was that way, Jimmie. What about it?"

"Nothing much—only I wired my respected ancestor last night and I shouldn't be surprised if he'd come up this morning. He knows more'n twenty-seven lawyers and a judge about oil leases, and —— Well, maybe you've heard of him. He's ——"

Carrington's voice broke in, and Dan and Jimmie jumped forward and rounded the derrick corner. The visiting party stopped. The deacon was pointing at Dan.

"That's him," he said, stepping back to a strategic position well in the rear. "That's Dan Case."

"Yes; this is me," Dan said agreeably. "Morning, gentlemen. Warm, isn't it?"

Carrington's lawyer answered.

"You're Mr. Case?" he queried politely. "Mr. Daniel M. Case?"

"Yes; I'm Case, and Mr. Case, and Mr. Daniel M Case"

"Very good, Mr Case. I am an attorney from Bakersfield. Newberry's the name. . . . Yes. Pleased to know you. There is a little matter of an attachment here, Mr. Case, which I have come out, with my client, Mr. Carrington, to attend to. We don't desire to cause you any personal inconvenience, and therefore we ——"

Dan interrupted abruptly:

"Therefore ye've come out with a nice husky brace of Bakersfield saloon bums to help ye avoid causing me any personal inconvenience, have ye? That's very thoughtful of ye—and very thoughtful of that hangdog religious gentleman I seem to see hiding over there beyond your bouncers. I'm obliged to ye, and I wish ye good day."

Carrington's restraint broke bounds.

"Didn't I tell you, Newberry?" the old man shrilled, shaking a fist in Dan's direction.

"You can't be decent to that man—he's got no sense of decency. Serve the attachment! Officer, I call on you to serve the attachment."

The officer stepped forward resolutely and took out his fateful paper.

"Mr. Case," he began courageously, swallowing a lump in his throat, "on the order of the Superior Court of the County of Kern, State ——"

He held the paper extended, and at this point Jimmie Fountain reached forward and snatched it. With a quick jerk he sent it back to George Brown, the driller, who sat composedly feeding the tool cable, which rose and fell in the casing.

Instantly the officer pulled his revolver and the two big bruisers behind him leaped to his side.

"Give that paper back!" the deputy shouted. "You're in contempt! Give it here ——"

He stopped there, for one of Carrington's henchmen had ventured too far and had collided with Dan Case's hard fist, being, therefore, catapulted back against the screaming officer, who doubled up and rolled under Deacon Carrington's feet, causing him to collapse.

The revolver went off in the air, whereupon Jimmie Fountain, engaged in a pleasant little bout of his own with the second roughneck, reached out and kicked the gun fifty feet away into a muddy sump. Carrington dragged himself up and crawled out of danger. His lawyer stood uncertainly in his place, bawling at the driller.

"You'd better give up that paper, young man!" he barked. "Give it to me, or you'll —— Well, I'm ——!"

The driller grinned pleasantly.

"You're not now, jedge," he drawled; "but you probably will be some day." And he leaned over to watch the writ of attachment disappear down the black throat of the well.

Dan Case laughed aloud.

"Where you going, Carrington?" he called, still warily watching the nonplused group before him. "Come on back, deacon, and get your army!"

Carrington paused at a safe distance and shook his fist once more, tears of rage and wrath filling his hard blue eyes.

"Dang you, Case! I'll have the law on you for this! Dang you! Anyhow, I'll ruin you! I've got an option on this place myself—that isn't written in pencil, either; and inside of twenty-four hours I'll have you in jail or ——"

His lawyer strode across and stopped the excited old man. Then he turned to the two bruisers and the deputy.

"We can't do anything here now," he said. "We'll have to go back and get a bench warrant."

"We can lick them two first!" one of the fighters growled with an oath; the other one spat blood and nodded.

"You bet yer sweet life we can!" he affirmed. Jimmie Fountain reached down and picked up a jack bar.

"I think we're wasting a lot of valuable time here, Dan," he said savagely. "Let's clear off the place."

A strong, quiet voice, with a noticeable Scotch burr in it, interrupted and prevented Dan's answering.

"Ye were always a fighter-r, Jimmie, me boy," said this voice, and its owner confronted the two who were preparing to clear off the place. He turned to Dan: "Ye're Mr. Case, I take it. I'm Fountain, on the Coast for-r the Haig Syndicate."

Dan looked from the newcomer to Jimmie Fountain, his driller and ally. Jimmie colored one shade deeper, again under his coat of copper.

"Hello, dad!" he said embarrassedly. "Yes; this is Mr. Case. We've just stood off a boarding party, as you'd say." Then, to break the awkwardness and the confusion into which the owner of the Dodworth lease had been thrown, and seeing the Carrington crew drawing off in a panic, he looked at his father's boots and pointed. "Where in the dickens did you get that muck?" he asked. "You've been crawling through a sump somewhere!"

The mighty man glanced down, and then laughed and extended a hand toward Daniel Morrissey Case.

"I came down by your-r other well, sir-r," he said cordially. "If ye're through with your-r Ver-rdun I've no doubt ye'd like to walk that way. It's just come in, and it's flowing strong, sir-r. Jimmie, ye young cannibal, will ye go along?"

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Price-concessions on this car are rarely asked, and never given with Dodge Brothers' consent or to their knowledge.

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At this moment, as at every other period, although producing a large volume every day, Dodge Brothers are "losing business" by their policy of keeping production within the bounds of continuous betterment.

In that sense they have doubtless suffered a great loss in the past and will endure a great loss in the future.

But over against this great loss is an infinitely greater gain.

The people of the United States have implicit faith in the integrity of Dodge Brothers' manufacturing methods.

One hundred thousand owners—or, rather, one hundred thousand families—are of one mind concerning the car and the men who make it.

This business and its product are blessed with a friendship probably without parallel in the history of American manufacturing.

Fresh from the factory, or sold at second-hand, from one end of the nation to the other, the car has special value and a special reputation, because of the name it bears.

Because of the name it bears, you may be sure that the principle behind the car will never be changed a hair's breadth.

Dodge Brothers have only one idea in the upbuilding of their business.

That idea is to build so soundly and so well that the goodwill which they have won will grow and endure forever.

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THE MAN IN THE GILDED CAGE

(Continued from Page 8)

bent heavily contracted brows upon Doyle, who continued passive.

"Mr. Doyle," again started Grovener, and for an instant locked his jaws, "you remember the night when Harold Lackland visited the Power House Saloon?"

"What night?"

"The night of the Hess murder. You recall that night perfectly, don't you?"

"What night did you say it was?"

"The night of the Hess murder."

"Ye-a, ye-a," returned Doyle impatiently; "but what date—what day of the week?"

It had been Frank's theory that, if the other was determined to protect his license at any cost, he would have carefully identified the night of the Hess murder in advance, and have been prepared to rush out with an immediate declaration that Lackland had not been in his place at the hour of the crime; in which event the lawyer would have asked how it happened that his prospective witness had so clearly and promptly recalled the occasion unless there had been some very special reason for remembering it. But Doyle had walked round that trap, such as it was; and now, it seemed to Frank, was the time for him to move hard and vigorously.

"Mr. Doyle"—he leveled an index finger and pressed tight his lips—"Mr. Doyle, you know the night and the hour of the Hess murder as well as I do!"

Trench was by the window, silent and observant. Frank saw the visitor look over at Trench, saw the man's mouth open in a grin that displayed a row of widely separated teeth, saw him jerk his thumb, and heard him, addressing Grovener's subordinate, ask huskily:

"What's he trying to do? Come it over me?"

At the words Grovener sprang up and, passing purposefully round the desk, stood, drawn to his full height, above the seated saloon keeper.

"Answer me, Doyle! Was Harold Lackland in your saloon at twelve-forty on the night of May sixteenth?"

Doyle leaned back in his chair and calmly took in Grovener from head to foot.

"Say," he finally said, "don't make so much noise round here. I ain't accustomed to this rough stuff, you know!"

Grovener brought a fist down upon an open palm.

"You answer me!" he commanded.

For reply the saloon keeper passed the back of his hand across his grin-twisted mouth, rose, put his hat on the side of his head and, under Grovener's dismayed, heart-sinking scrutiny, walked to the door.

"Say," he said, "you don't get me, mister. You don't get me at all!"

"I'll get your license!" threatened Grovener.

"Naw, naw; nothing like that!"

Doyle waggled a horny hand and, without more fuss, unconcernedly opened the door.

Frank settled himself squarely on the edge of the desk and drew a deep breath.

"Doyle," he thundered, "was Harold Lackland ——"

But Doyle had gone.

The lawyer was scarcely able to bring himself to turn and face his assistant until he heard Trench saying:

"That man's the toughest proposition I ever saw. It would take a charge of dynamite to jolt him!"

In the next moment Frank was conscious that Morrison was sauntering into the room and inquiring.

"What did you get out of him?"

"Nothing, Morrison; nothing!" acknowledged Grovener glumly.

"No one could have. It was perfectly impossible," added Trench.

"I can understand that," returned Morrison. "I saw him down in the hall. All rawhide and pig iron."

"Well," said Trench, "the chief did splendidly. Only physical force gets at men like that. They're brutes and insensible to moral suasion."

"Never mind," came from Grovener. "There's other pressure I can bring."

In pursuing this idea Frank called on Conway, the controlling political boss. It was his belief that, as a man of prominence and an influential man in Grantsburg, he could enlist Conway's help in making Doyle's license the price of amenability. The boss welcomed Grovener cordially enough. Frank stated his request; immediately Conway shook his head in negation.

"But, Mr. Conway," suggested the lawyer, "I'm sure that my position here is such that I can be of much greater service to you than this fellow Doyle."

The boss for a second looked pityingly at Frank

"Mr. Grovener," he said slowly, "not to put it rough, it would take about three of you to do that."

This was disturbing and somewhat inexplicable to Frank. It required Morrison—or was it Bixby?—to supply a key. Probably Doyle had some private, pernicious hold on Conway. There was, however, no escaping the admission that the Doyle situation was in unsatisfactory shape, and as the trial approached Grovener was in a quandary; he did not dare put Doyle on the stand without knowing what his testimony would be, and yet he was unable to bend Doyle in any way; the saloon keeper had remained defiant and recalcitrant and impregnable.

Day followed day until the very eve of the trial was reached. Then the problem was settled for Frank by the prisoner himself, who insisted that the proprietor of the Power House Saloon be subpœnaed and compelled to testify.

Meantime nothing had been found to cast discredit upon the evidence of the Fallons. Grovener himself had made half a dozen trips to the Hess homestead. He had been in the room occupied by the gardener and his wife; had gazed out of the window and seen the precise course the murderer was supposed to have taken in his flight. Every inch of the house and the grounds had been gone over for clews; but without avail.

Frank had pried into the records of the Fallons. All he had learned was that they had many years previously come from Australia. Personally he did not like the looks of the pair, but that did not make it easier for him to discover a rift in their condemning testimonies.

Finally the trial came. Upon the day when Harold Lackland was called to court Grovener saw clearly enough the alignment of his job. It was to attempt again, by sheer personal drive, to force the testimony he desired from Doyle; by employing mental quickness and alertness, to find holes in the all-damaging evidence of the Fallons; by a strong oratorical effort and high emotional appeal, to endeavor to reach the sympathies of the jury; and by overspreading the entire trial with the prestige of the Grovener name and reputation, cast a strengthening influence upon his client's cause.

It was late in the afternoon before the actual proceedings. The jury, even then locked up, had been chosen that day and the court had taken an early adjournment. On the morrow the prosecution would present its case and there would probably come Frank's tussle with the Fallons. The following day would bring the intractable Doyle to the witness stand, and the next would be marked by Grovener's plea to the jury.

The lawyer had called his assistants together for a last, final reckoning. Blagdon was now present, because the occasion was a significant one and Frank had no desire to slight the young man. Trench, Bixby and Morrison were seated; Blagdon, as before, was standing, and there was the everpresent hint of the bellicose in the set of his shoulders and in his outrageous chest and jaw. Perhaps, in some far-off, dark crevice of his being, Grovener dreaded Emery's presence; but, if he did, he made no such admission to himself and sedulously closed against inspection any cell where uneasiness lay.

"Well, gentlemen," began Grovener gravely, "is there another thing we can possibly do for my client? Have we made every conceivable effort in his behalf?"

"Seems to me, chief, that you've combed this case over as closely as it could be combed," said Trench; and Bixby and Morrison promptly agreed.

"What have you done?" asked Emery.

Grovener told him, first, of the fruitless investigations into the story of the Fallons.

"Couldn't find a thing, eh?" was Blagdon's comment.

"Not a thing!" replied Frank. "Not a single thing!"

"Funny!" observed the subordinate. "Even when it comes to the truest story

(Continued on Page 35)

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(Continued from Page 33)

in the world, it's generally possible to turn up some little discrepancy—especially with ignorant people like those Fallons."

"Well, there wasn't in this case," put in Morrison. "The boss went over the whole ground himself."

Emery offered nothing on that score and asked about Doyle. Quickly Trench spoke up:

"The chief's done all any mortal man could do. No human being could have done more. You might as well argue with a rhinoceros as with that beast. Heavens, what a brute that rummy is!"

"What did Boss Conway say he'd do?" inquired Blagdon.

"Oh, it's well known," Bixby contributed, "that Doyle's had Conway in his power for years."

"I never heard that," commented Emery quickly.

"Well, I'm practically certain it's true," said Trench.

Blagdon looked questioningly at Grovener, who nodded.

"It seems likely," Frank said: then, turning to Morrison, he asked: "What's your view to-night of the whole case, Morrison?"

"My view," replied Morrison slowly and reflectively, "is this: That, so far as you are concerned, it does not matter what the outcome is. I believe you'll get Lackland off; but whether you do or not you'll be able to assure the young man and his mother that every conceivable effort was made, and you'll be able to assure yourself that you did magnificently by them. Anyhow, in the preparation of the defense there wasn't a trick to be taken that you haven't taken. Up to date you've got everything out of the cards there was in them to get."

"I'm with Morrison," spoke up Trench. "The chief has been brilliant—splendid!"

"All of that!" said Bixby. "And you could see to-day, Mr. Grovener, even when they were only drawing a jury, what an impression your appearance for Lackland was making."

"I noticed that," added Morrison quietly in an aside.

"Yes," remarked Frank, his eyes dropping, "and I may say that I have had some very gratifying expressions from others of the excellent effect of my connection with the case."

This referred to pleasing words uttered to him from time to time by Ridgely Moulton and the Reverend Homer Clark, and to certain congratulations and high prophecies of success made to Mrs. Grovener by friends and repeated to Frank by his wife.

There was a brief silence over the conference. Grovener, thoughtful for a moment, presently glanced at the upright figure of Blagdon, squared against the wall. He discovered that young man's piercing eyes upon him. Emery's face was overshot with a fathomless contempt. As Grovener looked he spoke.

"I say, Mr. Grovener," he rasped, "all this is a bit too thick!"

Frank felt his heart involuntarily contract; he was sensible that Trench, Morrison and Bixby were turning loyal sneers upon Blagdon.

"What—what is too thick?" Grovener succeeded in asking.

"All this soft, sugary nonsense that you are being fed," declared Emery hotly. "It makes me sick!"

"Really?"

Frank had spoken with sarcasm. Differently from the occasion of his subordinate's first outbursting, some weeks back, Grovener had now no surprise to overcome; he had, in a vague, undefined way, thought that there might develop something of this sort. Differently, also, from that other occasion, Grovener was unable now to command a certain lofty and large magnanimity; he realized sharply that he was not pleased.

"I'm sorry, young man," Frank concluded, "if you do not feel yourself."

"I feel myself enough, all right!" stormed Blagdon, marching forward, his jaw out and all his war banners flying. "Don't be sorry for me. What you ought to do is to feel sorry for yourself. Don't you realize that there's not a bigger dupe in this town to-night than you are? And here you are, sitting up in this room preening and plumming yourself, and eating the pap which these paid sycophants here are dishing up for you, and that everyone else dishes up for you, while they're all but fitting the noose round that poor Lackland kid's neck!"

"Mr. Blagdon!"

And Grovener's fist crashed upon the desk in a manner that proved he was not putty. Morrison had sprung up and held his chair as if prepared upon the instant to clear it away for action. Emery stopped in his advance, straightened and laughed.

"I beg your pardon, sir. You're right. I got overexcited. But I've been boiling up for some time against the wall."

Morrison resumed his chair; and Grovener, composing himself, moistened his lips and said:

"It's all right, Blagdon. As I've frequently declared, I encourage honest opinion. A little more quietly, now, just explain. You've made a charge which, if I thought it had any basis—that is, any real basis, you understand—I should be compelled to consider most seriously."

"What charge?" asked Emery.

"The charge that members of my staff are not sincere in their expressed opinion; that the Lackland Case has not been ably handled up to the present."

"Exactly!" said Blagdon, vigorously seizing the challenge. "Before you took this job on personally I had my say, but you didn't pay any attention to me."

"Naturally," interrupted Grovener with a short laugh. "You stood—ah—conspicuously alone!"

"Of course I did!" shot back Emery. "As anyone else always will who ever tells a man like you—a boss with a good, fat bank account—the truth."

"Not quite so academic—please," requested Grovener.

"All right. Here's one point: We all knew that whoever defended Harold Lackland had to have certain qualities and abilities and position. We defined 'em. You thought you had 'em yourself; and people, telling you what they knew you wanted to hear, agreed with you quickly enough. Take prestige: Where is that wild newspaper applause you were looking for?"

"Wait until to-morrow!" cried Trench.

"I'm not talking about to-morrow. I'm talking about six or seven weeks ago; about the time that's gone by since the announcement went out. Where's it been?"

"But there's been no occasion," argued Bixby.

"There has been," affirmed Blagdon, still standing. "One object was to create a favorable prejudice in the public mind. But, Mr. Grovener, you didn't have the standing and reputation to get the thing over. That's the plain, cold fact."

Grovener winced, even though he was measurably sure that Blagdon was wrong. Was there not overwhelming testimony against the young man? He wished, however, there could have been at the moment a little more indifference in his smile.

"Now take that matter of force, personal drive—you know," went on the relentless Blagdon: "I watched that Doyle business in a quiet way. Mr. Grovener, the fact is, you've messed that horribly. You couldn't budge Doyle. He wasn't an easy proposition; but he wasn't impossible. Jim Constable would have beaten that man to a pulp before he'd let him walk out of his office without telling him what he wanted to know. Did you?" And Blagdon pointed a disagreeable finger.

"It couldn't have been done," protested Grovener; and a vision of Doyle's unyielding, unbendable face rose before him in a confirmation that was almost complete.

The other assistants chimed in with valorous assents.

"It could have been done!" repeated Emery with energy. "But that isn't all. Did you have the necessary pull with Conway? You did not! And worse yet, it's my guess that Doyle knows all about that attempt to get him from above, and that in a couple of days you'll have a witness on your hands who'd lie his head off to hurt you. You bungled, and you bungled terribly."

No, thought Frank; Conway has not gone to Doyle. The boss may have refused to come to the lawyer's aid, but surely he would not have been so unregardful of Grovener's good will as to have stiffened further Doyle's obstinacy. Nevertheless, Blagdon's suggestion was disturbing in a way.

"And," Emery was continuing, "I'm not through yet. When it comes to those Fallons, it is entirely possible that they've cooked up a grand lie."

"Possible—yes; but highly improbable," interjected Frank tartly. "Unquestionably they saw a man fleeing. Whether that man was Lackland or not is another matter.

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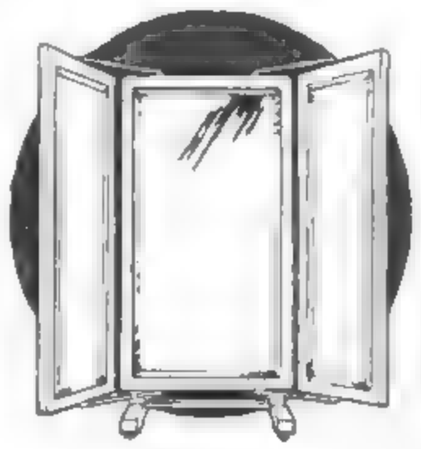

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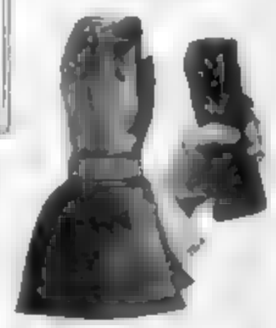

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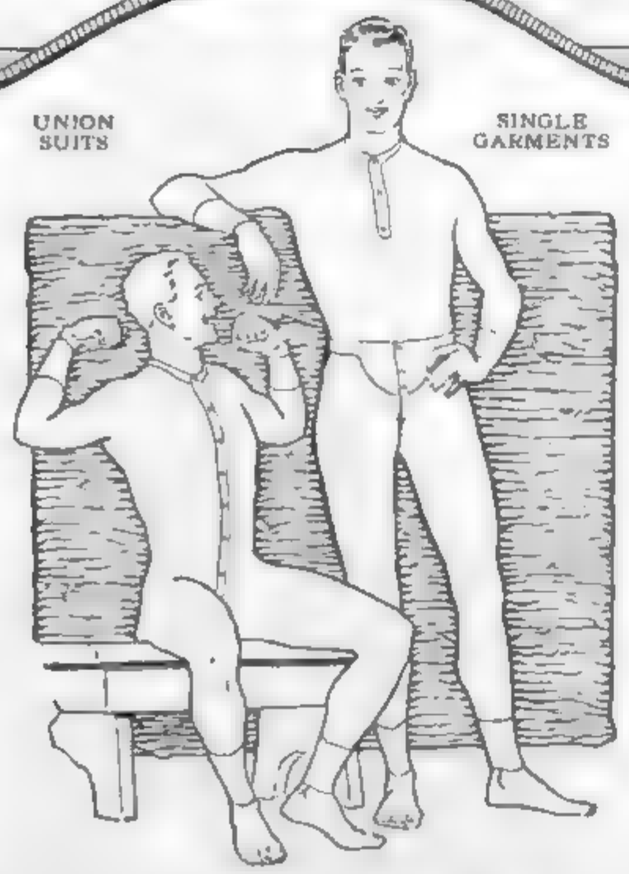

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(Continued from Page 35)

The identification will be the point of my attack."

"Why?" queried Blagdon. "Why, simply because you haven't been able to find stick or stone with which to attack their story anywhere else."

"There wasn't stick or stone to find," flung out Trench.

"Maybe there wasn't," went on Blagdon; "but if there had been I don't think the boss would have found it. His mind isn't trained that way. He hasn't that kind of mind. He's no good at quick, shrewd deductions from small, concrete facts."

"I've said this before," put in Trench, with heat; "I'll say it again: You don't know the chief."

Grovener turned about and was thoughtful. Did he have the type of intelligence which, sorting over seemingly inconsequential, material objects, perceived wherein they did not fit together in accordance with a described pattern? Certainly he had never consciously cultivated such a power; but, he reasoned, he must have it—everyone, except this ridiculous Blagdon, said he had it. Frank faced round.

"I'm afraid," he said, addressing Emery, "that this discussion is quite useless. The fact seems to be that this case has been as well prepared as it could be—yes; I'm sure of that—just as well as it could be, and tomorrow we shall go to trial with it."

"And lose it!" declared Blagdon with a jerk of his head.

"Well, it won't be the chief's fault if he does!" almost shouted Morrison.

Emery wheeled upon him.

"More of your disgusting groveling! More of the same nauseating toadying that goes on here. Flattery—telling Mr. Grovener that he's a great, all-round lawyer; that his prestige is enormous; that he's a regular eat-'em-alive fellow! Stuffing him full with what's pleasant, what he desires—that he was brutally overworked—oh, yes, I remember that—and that he was just the man for the spotlight of the Lackland Case! Garnishing all the unpalatable truths; rosy-tinting all and everything that pertains to the man who doles out to you your precious livelihoods—that no one could have handled Doyle; that there aren't any cracks in the Fallon story! Ugh!"

"Easy there! Easy!" cried Bixby, rising.

Grovener lifted a protesting hand.

"No more of this!" he said.

Bixby subsided, and Blagdon flung out: "Well, I've had my say."

"Yes, Mr. Blagdon," drawled Frank with a pretense of extreme weariness, "you've had your say!"

There was a pause. Obviously enough the meeting was on the point of breaking up, but the four assistants waited; there was that in Grovener's attitude which hinted he would have a final word.

Frank was not happy in his mind. Pin pricks of self-doubt annoyed him; but they were only pin pricks. There was one chance in a thousand, he reflected, that Blagdon, in some of his tactless rantings, had not been in error.

"Mr. Blagdon," he said with a coolness he could not help, "this utter candor of yours would be far more commendable—not to say in far better taste—if you were not so consistently, so persistently, so invariably mistaken. Let us in the future endeavor to have somewhat improved office manners and evidence of a somewhat sounder judgment."

"Well, just suppose I'm right," said Emery. "What would you think then?"

"Then," replied Grovener bitingly, while a procession of small question marks marched across his mind, "then I should regard you as invaluable—and doubtless raise your pay. I may add, however, that I am not concerned—actually concerned—over any such contingency. Good evening, gentlemen!" And there was a not very pleasant smile on Grovener's lips.

III

TO TELL the end of this story it is best to take events hindforemost and begin with a time some four or five days later, after the Lackland Case had started upon its course of sinking into history; and when Grovener's records pertaining thereto had already been bundled out of sight.

Frank then called upon his uncle. Judge Bailey was in bed; but, for all that, round the thin corners of his mouth there played a very dry grin, and he was talking.

"It's a good thing," observed the old man in a high, cackling voice, "that young fellow has a little money of his own."

"You bet it's a good thing!" agreed Grovener vehemently. In some agitation he was pacing up and down beside the footboard. "A good thing for him!"

"Yes, yes; boys like that don't get on," remarked the judge.

"And shouldn't!" snapped Frank.

His uncle did not reply directly.

"Yes," he said slowly. "It's fatal for boys like Emery Blagdon—the truth is; or rather, men like you discovering that unpalatable opinions are true. You men never stand unspeakable, unpleasant facts about yourselves. Why should you? You don't have to; and the moment you find that the disagreeable facts thrown at you are really facts you blow up. You're magnanimous only so long as you're sure the other fellow is wrong. Your good nature is in exact inverse ratio to what you reckon the truth. Let circumstances once confirm an Emery Blagdon's candor, and every time you have a perfect reaction and a Blagdon is done for. It's being right that kills 'em off. In an employee, to have stated an unpalatable truth is the unpardonable sin. It smashes your gilded cage. It damages your tinsel paradise."

"Gilded cage? Tinsel paradise? What are you talking about?" Grovener was raw and irritable.

"Yes; gilded cage and tinsel paradise—the beatific state of illusion the seekers of the world build for those who are sought. With you it began years ago—began when I gave up. They started in then ——"

"Who did?"

"Everyone! The banker who wanted your deposits; the minister who needed your benefactions; the employee who had his eye on promotion. They began gently swelling you up. They pumped their flattery directly into you, and they pumped it indirectly through your wife and friends They kept it up and they kept it up. After a while you got to believing all the glowing testimonials about yourself that you heard got to thinking that you were about twenty-five per cent more able than you were; stood twenty-five per cent higher in the community than you really did, were generally reverenced twenty-five per cent more than you were. Most men of importance live in those gilded cages. There's nothing exceptional in your case."

"Ridiculous!" snapped Grovener.

"No; not ridiculous," returned the judge; "just human nature. Once in a while one of those bludgeons of truth comes along and tells you that you're not the exalted, all-devouring, consummately capable being you thought you were. You smile and you smirk, and pride yourself that you can think frankness a positively commendable virtue; you're able to do that only because you're convinced that your outspoken friend is entirely wrong. Your cage has not been even scratched!

"Then something happens, and maybe you're not so altogether sure about yourself and what a fellow you are; the particular Emery Blagdon of the case becomes a little less tolerable; you aren't able to discount him and put him at naught so readily as you were.

"Finally, some day, perhaps the net, flat truth about yourself is shoved mercilessly at you; your cage for the time being is smashed to bits. Do you like it? Not much!

"You set about to repair your precious abode of illusion as speedily as you can; and when that time arrives the last person you want round is the brutal wrecker. About right—eh, Frank?"

Grovener, very peevish, caught the invalid's sly wink. He flared up and, ceasing his pacing, retorted abruptly:

"For the tenth time I tell you the disgusting little upstart was wrong—absolutely, completely, insultingly wrong!"

"No doubt; no doubt," agreed the judge, "but just suppose for the sake of the argument that he had been right; you'd have fired him just the same."

"He wasn't able," replied Frank inconsequentially; "not in the same class with Bixby, Morrison and Trench."

"No, no; of course not! Wise young men—those boys; no foolish aspirations to be straight-spoken with the boss."

"This is too much!" And Grovener made for the door.

The old man chuckled.

"Leaving, Frank?"

"Yes; I am leaving." He was sore outwardly and he was sore inwardly.

"Well, too bad! Good-by. Don't worry! You'll probably never hear the truth about yourself again."

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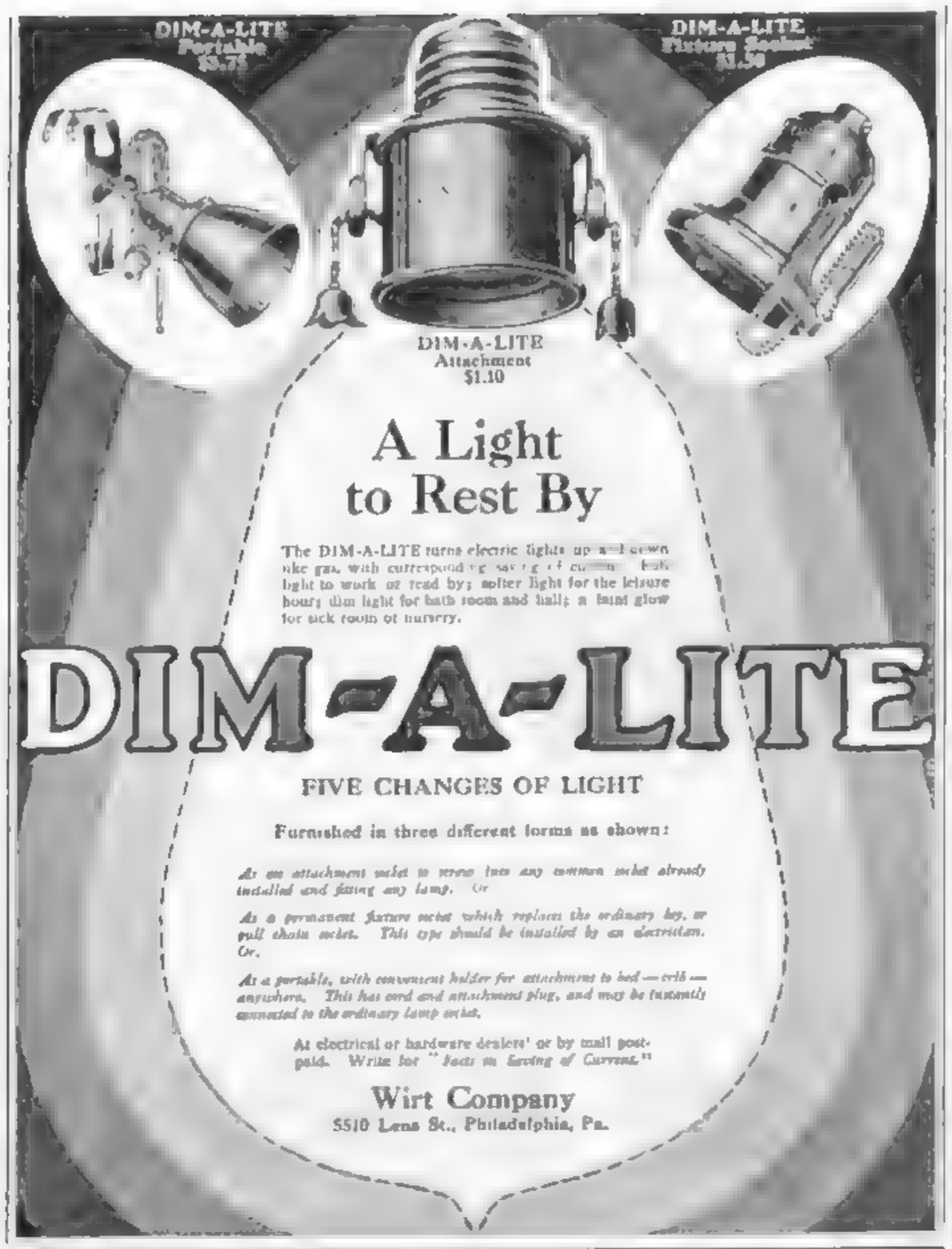

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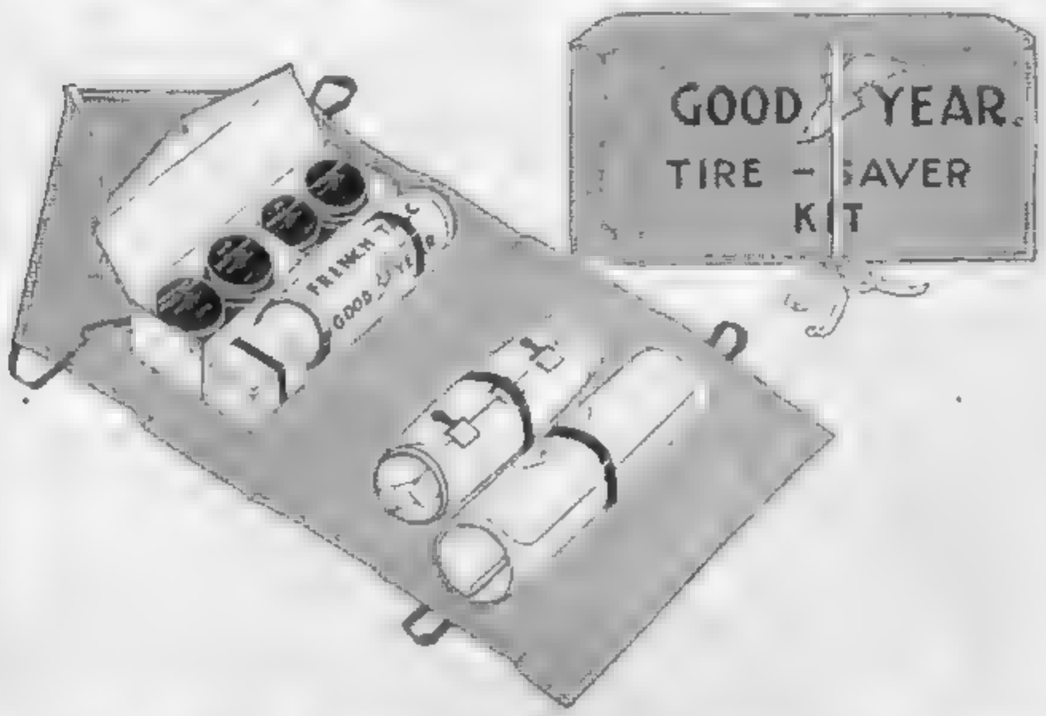

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Preceding this conversation, however, there had been the trial and other occurrences. Upon the morning following the second notable conference with his four assistants Grovener had appeared in court. District Attorney Carr had put in his case promptly and swiftly. By afternoon Frank was examining the gardener, Fallon, a precise, deliberate man, whose answers were invariably explicit and invariably guarded. Within a very few moments the questioning had resolved itself into a beating and rebeating over a perfectly marked trail.

"And what time did you say it was when you heard the scream?" Grovener would ask.

"Twelve-forty."

"And how do you fix that hour?"

"When my wife and I had jumped out of bed, and I had lighted the light, I noticed a clock on the bureau. It said twelve-forty."

"And then what did you do?"

"We ran to the window and looked out."

"What did you see?" the attorney would pursue.

"A man, running away."

"How could you see him at that hour?"

"By the road light."

"But what makes you think that the man you saw was this prisoner?"

"The light was distinct. I remember him perfectly."

And so on until, abandoning that fruitless repetition, Grovener had Mrs. Fallon recalled to the stand.

Not by so much as a dot or a dash did her testimony differ from her husband's. Presently the lawyer found himself in the same kind of groove with her. Frank harrowed his mind over and over to find some point at which he could insert a probe. There was none that he could discover. Against every jab of his intellect the couple stood firm, until finally the utter futility of the examination became apparent and he abandoned it.

"Perfectly tight story—perfectly tight," whispered Morrison in his ear as Frank sat down.

"Perfectly," acknowledged Grovener.

Upon the day following Doyle was called. It was a high moment for the lawyer when the proprietor of the Power House Saloon stepped to the stand, and he was prepared to throw against the man every ounce of force he possessed. To Frank it was apparent that everything hinged on Doyle's first replies, which would determine the line the witness would take. Grovener found himself nervous; and that, he realised, did not add to his powers of compulsion or propulsion. Pulling himself straight, and with his most menacing frown, he advanced toward the saloon keeper.

"Doyle," he began with an intensity that seemed to him was solemn and forbidding, "do you recall the night of the Hess murder?"

"Yes."

"At twelve-forty o'clock that night who was in your saloon?"

"No one."

"Are you sure?" And Grovener put into his glance all the heavy threat of which he was capable.

"Certainly I'm sure!" returned the witness, apparently quite unmoved.

"Why are you sure?"

"Because at twelve o'clock, closing hour, I locked up the place and went to bed."

At those words Grovener heard Lackland fairly slump in his chair. A panic seized Frank. With blood coursing through his head, his face flushed, he piled at Doyle almost violently. The witness continued to assert that no one had been in his place at the hour of the crime, and throughout he remained maddeningly calm.

To a high and higher pitch of excitement Grovener mounted. He thundered and then presently was almost roaring his queries—a short, red, sadly overwrought man bouncing impotently in front of a cool, insolent, almost smiling saloon keeper. There was a titter from somewhere back in the throng of spectators; among the jury an odd disturbing movement, the significance of which Grovener only partially grasped; a sharp rap of the judge's gavel; and Doyle was excused.

Upon the third day, in the late morning, came Grovener's supreme and final effort to save his client; it was the occasion of his speech in closing for the defense.

Meantime, however, there had been other aspects to the trial. The newspaper accounts had been unmistakably disquieting from Frank's point of view. There had been pen sketches of a kind depicting Judge Conover's impassive, intellectual countenance; District Attorney Carr had been seized upon for bits of pleasing picturesque description and accorded praise for the businesslike dispatch of his prosecution; an odd silence, or absence of comment, had been the only tribute to Grovener.

Following his examination of the Fallons giant headlines had announced that Attorney Grovener had "failed" to break the witnesses' story; within twenty-four hours giant headlines again had announced that Grovener had "failed" to wring from Doyle an alibi for his client. That word "failed" had had an unfortunate repetition! There was no dodging the fact that there had been a strange lack of excitement in the press over his appearance for Lackland.

But that was not all. Innumerable sidelong glances by Grovener himself had not revealed to him any deferential eyes riveted from the jury box; nor had he been able to capture a sense that the jurymen were hanging on his words. Judge Conover, noted for a certain old-school judicial courtesy, upon the occasion of Frank's cross-examination of Mrs. Fallon had descended upon him with a sharp reprimand not to harry the witness.

From the district attorney, too, had come a disrespectful fling. When Fallon had been on the stand, Grovener, to check the flow of damning testimony, had kept bobbing and popping up and down, like an energetic ball, with a succession of objections. Carr would put a question; Frank would immediately object; the judge would as promptly overrule Grovener.

A score of times this had been repeated, when Carr, approaching Frank, said in a swift, contemptuous aside:

"Cut that stuff! It doesn't get you anywhere."

At the moment when Frank rose, round and plump, to launch himself with all the power and personality and prestige he possessed, against the twelve dispassionate-looking jurors, there was a peculiar medley of emotions within him. He had failed with the Fallons, failed with Doyle; he could not put his finger upon any definite advantage secured from his general repute. He realized that his client's cause had drifted to a desperate pass.

True, he had for himself, and others had for him, explanations, extenuations and excuses. They did not, however, seem entirely to satisfy. But he tried not to think of the road behind; the case might yet, in that pregnant hour, as he confronted the jurors, be saved. By the dashing, high-keyed appeal he would make all might be redeemed. He wondered passingly, as he shuffled his notes, whether he had not, after all, always been one of those brilliant eleventh-hour men. And then he began to speak.

It was some two hours later. Frank, in a half-doubled-up run, almost audibly squealing, had scuttled by the telephone girl in his outer office and achieved his private room. The door was tightly closed and he was alone, rushing from point to point, picking up papers, books, documents, banging them down again, mopping his bald forehead and crown, kicking at objects of furniture, and alternately cursing and groaning.

Upon his desk lay a newspaper, which he had paused to buy, with a scare head proclaiming Harold Lackland's miraculous escape; and stating—the lawyer had agonizingly searched out the paragraph—that, after the great dramatic event of the day, Attorney Grovener had not again appeared in court.

The newspaper caught Frank's eye; he seized it, crumpled it up and, thrusting it into a wastebasket, out of sight, began stamping his feet, beating the air with clenched, pink fists, and jerking himself in a paroxysm of disappointment, mortification and anger, up and down, like a small, fat, bucking pig.

The occasion for this unbridled distress had been the curtain scenes of the trial. Grovener had plunged into what was to have been his stupendous effort. Planting himself before the jury, rising to his tiptoes, reaching for the lowest and richest registers of his voice, he had started bravely off upon his appeal.

For a moment, while he spoke of Mrs. Lackland, all had gone well enough. Then, touching upon the prisoner's extreme youth, he had achieved something of an effect. But from there on the ice had cracked and rumbled frightfully. The thinness of his actual case had seemed to be emphasized by his very vehemence. Sensing this, he had felt himself slipping. For a second time he had flown into a panic.

(Continued on Page 41)

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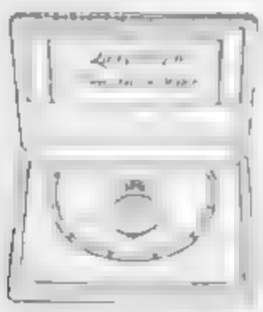

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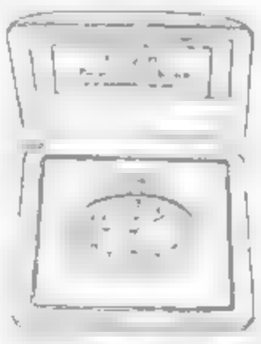

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Elgin Presentation Watches

(Continued from Page 38)

To conceal his alarm, and in his desperation, he had become more and more frantic. Excitement pitched his voice higher and higher; it rose to a squeaking sound that filled the room. Thoughts deserted him, and he had returned again and again to Mrs. Lackland. He pictured her, heartbroken and alone, in her home, deprived of her only child and support; he found himself confused, and suddenly was shouting:

"And where is Harold Lackland all this time?"

At best it had been an unfortunately chosen line. Frank's meaning was—at least it seemed to him it must have been—that his client, at the time in question, would be in the death house, the spell of all its terrors upon his youthful soul. But an obliging juryman had, at that point, leaned forward and, considerately catching Grovener's eye, raised a finger and pointed to the defendant, sitting disconsolately not far behind his counsel. Judge, prosecuting attorney, reporters and spectators had seen the gesture and the juryman's friendly intention and well-meant expression.

The room fought with its sense of the ludicrous; the judge pounded, and order at length was restored. Grovener mopped his brow, struggled to soar again, flopped miserably. He hummed and hawed, and grabbed for his notes on the table like a man upon the edge of a precipice grabbing for a blade of grass. One of those ghastly silences through which speakers and audiences sometimes manage to live settled upon the crowd; nervous coughs broke out here and there; court attendants shifted about on uneasy feet; hands had begun to hide grins—when the silence, more painful than the most ear-splitting noise, was disturbed by a sudden excited movement near the door.

The door was pushed open; there was a shuffling, a craning of necks. The jury, to a man, was peering. There were tense whispers and another crash of the judge's gavel. The door closed; and then before Grovener—overwhelmed with a tragic sense of utter defeat, standing a most unhappy, unimpressive figure in the full calcium flare of Grantsburg's most sensational murder trial—could haul himself together sufficiently even to sit down with dignity, a detective pushed through the doorway leading from the judge's chambers and was whispering to the clerk.

The clerk, obviously straining with high excitement, approached Judge Conover and in turn whispered. The judge's face lighted; he sat straighter, and motioned to District Attorney Carr, and also to Grovener, to step up close to the bench.

"With your permission, gentlemen, I will temporarily adjourn court. Join me in my chambers."

The judge's tone had been sufficient. Both lawyers had nodded. Amid a furious buzz of speculation, proceedings halted. The jurors were left in perplexity, gazing at one another. Frank, all at sea, heartsick, beckoned to Morrison to follow him and hurried out. As he made his way out he was able to feel the amused, pitying, not very respectful glances of the crowd follow him. He overheard:

"That little fat fellow must feel fine!"

In the judge's private room a young man in overalls was standing. He was out of breath and evidently bursting with talk.

"What's all this fuss?" Carr was demanding.

"We'll take this slowly and properly," Judge Conover was replying; and he ordered an attendant to place chairs.

While this was being done and a stenographer fetched, Carr turned to Frank.

"Great speech!" observed Grovener's opponent ironically, with a laugh. "Course you had no case."

Grovener choked apoplectically; he could not reply.

"But why, in heaven's name," the district attorney was inquiring, "didn't you ask those Fallons how they happened to rush to the window when there was a screaming, dying man below?" He regarded Frank with amusement.

"Because," snapped Frank, "it wouldn't have done any good."

"I'm not so sure; and, by the way, what in the world did you do to get that fellow Doyle so sore at you? He claims you tried to break him with Conway. You didn't do that, did you? Anyhow, it was sure you hadn't a chance with the bum. He'd have seen you and Lackland both swing before he'd have helped you out, even if that kid's yarn were true!"

Grovener, humbled beyond speech and with stinging needles of shame prickling him all over, turned to the judge; and there had then been revealed in the room—before Judge Conover, the district attorney, before Morrison, several attendants, a detective, and one or two others, making a monstrously sizable crowd—an amazing piece of evidence, life-saving for Lackland, soul-devastating for Grovener.

The young man in overalls was the night mechanician at the electric-light company's power house, a block from Mike Doyle's saloon. He explained that he worked by night and slept by day, and had little opportunity—or, for that matter, inclination—for the reading of news. Only in a cursory way had he known about the Lackland Case.

By a mere accident, however, on the immediately preceding night he had found a copy of the Courier, left behind in the power house by one of the day crew. By another accident he had read therein, during an idle hour, an account of the trial. Upon so doing he had been prompted to consult a record book, which it was his duty to keep; he had had, he said, a vague impression that there had been an accident to the power-house machinery on or about May sixteenth, the date of the Hess murder.

That impression had not only proved correct, but, further, he could swear and would swear, and had run hot haste to court in order to swear, that there was no electric light in the outlying district of the Hess homestead from twelve-thirty-three on the night of May sixteenth until twelve-fifty of that same night. Total darkness had reigned along the roadside. More—yes, he would take it even if it cost him his job—having got the machinery patched up at twelve-fifty, he went out to refresh himself at Mike Doyle's saloon with a glass of beer and had encountered Harold Lackland coming out in a condition so far from navigable that by no possibility could he have been very remote from the brass bar-rail for some time before.

But by now this story was unfolded. Twice during the recital Judge Conover looked at Grovener in no very laudatory manner. Once Carr snickered outright. Frank realized that Morrison's eyes were tactfully averted.

For the most part, Grovener merely stared in a dumb agony of mind and soul. Carr said he would move in court to dismiss the indictment against Lackland; the judge ordered the arrest of the Fallons for murder and also of Doyle for perjury. Grovener, instructing Morrison to represent him in the concluding proceedings, made—with his broken pride, his staggering self-vision, and all possible haste—for his office.

He felt that he should suffocate if he were not alone. With blighting force the thing had been driven home to him. That prestige of his had panned out to newspaper indifference, to a judge's reprimand, to an opponent's scoffs! That personality of his had not been sufficiently dominant to wrench a simple truth from a slum-ward saloonkeeper—a man whose good will he had alienated by an extravagant piece of bad judgment! That mind of his had failed completely in its piercingness and nimbleness to pry into the easy fabrication of a gardener and a domestic servant, and in its resourcefulness to have considered a more or less obvious, vitally important possibility! That bulking, inspiring presence of his had found no more noble reaction from others than a tittering courtroom! It was horrible; but it was true!

Shuddering under the stern light of uncompromising realities, Grovener flung himself about the room. The edifice of years was badly smashed; the portrait of himself, by which he had lived, had dimmed to sickeningly dull tones. All of his large, bland manner of importance and distinction seemed, in a sudden flash, a galling mockery. It was intolerable to think that after all he was nothing but that blundering mediocrity whom his uncle had rescued from a New York law clerk's job; and that the charming voyage of what he had reckoned self-discovery had been only a dream cruise. It was not only intolerable—it simply could not be! No; it could not be, Frank Grovener passionately told himself.

The office door opened; in the doorway stood Emery Blagdon. His shoulders were back; his hands were in his trousers pockets; his head was cocked pertly to one side; and he was grinning.

Frank had paused in the act of jabbing a paper cutter into an upholstered chairback. For an instant he looked at Emery perfectly blankly. The young man standing

(Concluded on Page 44)

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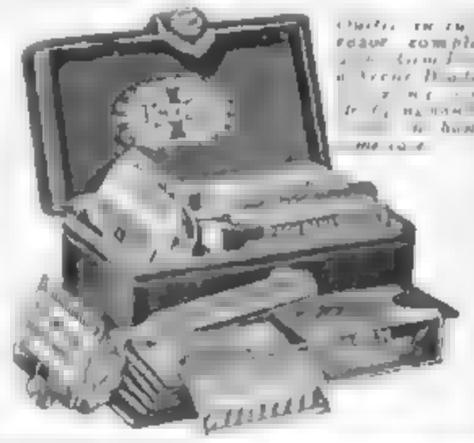
The GEM is mechanically perfect and built to last a life-time. The frame is simplicity itself—just a hinged top plate which grips the blade firmly against the guiding teeth at the exact angle for a clean, quick shave.

$1.00



Every GEM Damaskeene blade is made of the highest grade steel, specially tempered to hold a keen-cutting edge which can be stropped again and again, ensuring every time a perfect "Gem" shave. **7 for 35c.**

All Live Dealers

GEM CUTLERY CO., Inc., New York
Canadian Branch: 591 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal

ONCE IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE

The Jeweler's Story

"No, Captain, I wasn't afraid a jewelry store is always liable to 'holdups' and thefts of all kinds. I've had two 'Colts'—one in the safe and one behind the counter—for years. I knew my store would be 'picked out' some day. Now that the thief has 'gone up' for five years, I guess they won't mark my front door 'rich pickings—no gun' for some time to come."

Write for free booklet, "How to Shoot" and Catalog No. 65

"You can't forget to make a Colt safe"
COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO. HARTFORD, CONN.

Victrola

The chosen instrument of the world's greatest artists

The instrument which plays the greatest music is the instrument you want in your home! Consider the quality and character of the music which an instrument brings you, and you have applied to it the vital test.

The Victrola is supreme. Its supremacy is founded on a basis of great things actually accomplished. It is in millions of homes the world over because it takes into these homes all that is best in every branch of music and entertainment.

The artists who make records exclusively for the Victor are the greatest artists in the world. The Victrola tone is the true and faithful tone of the singer's voice and the master's instrument. It is for this reason that the Victrola is the chosen instrument of practically every artist famous in the world of opera, instrumental music, sacred music, band music, dance music, vaudeville and entertainment.

Go today to a Victor dealer's and listen to this instrument for yourself. Hear Caruso or Melba or Elman or Harry Lauder or Sousa's Band on the Victrola.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers' on the 28th of each month

Victrola X, $75
Mahogany or oak

Victrola XI, $100
Mahogany or oak

Victrola XIV, $150
Mahogany or oak

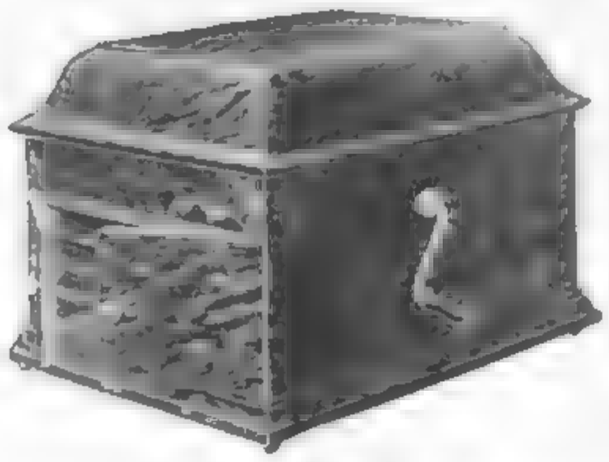
To insure Victor quality, always look for the famous trademark, "His Master's Voice." It is on every Victrola and every Victor Record. It is the identifying label on all genuine Victrolas and Victor Records.

Important warning. Victor Records can be safely and satisfactorily played only with *Victor Needles or Tungs-tone Stylus* on Victors or Victrolas. Victor Records cannot be safely played on machines with jeweled or other reproducing points.

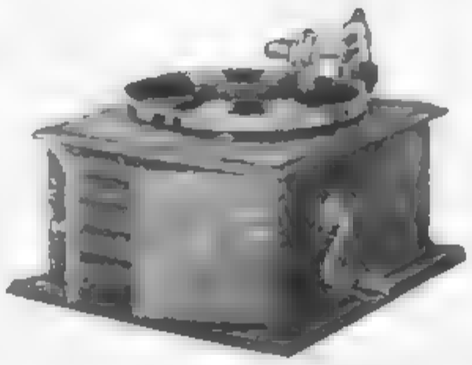
Victrola XVIII, $300
Victrola XVIII, electric, $350
Mahogany

Victrola XVI, $200
Victrola XVI, electric, $250
Mahogany or oak

Victrola VI, $25
Oak



Victrola VIII, $40
Oak



Victrola IV, $15
Oak

Victrola IX, $50
Mahogany or oak

Buy These Tools Before You Move

In a small cottage there are at least sixty curtain fixtures to put up, half a dozen rods and hooks for the bathroom, several dozen cup hooks, a shelf or two, three dozen coat hooks—in all, you will have to drive three or four hundred screws.

Now the reason that thought fills you with hopeless dread is because a 10c, bent screw-driver and an ice-pick are not up to the work.

You can get the whole job done in a morning with these wonderful Goodell-Pratt tools.

Goodell-Pratt Automatic Screw-Driver No. 111 $1.50

Mr. Punch is an automatic drill. By just pushing down on the handle you can sink a hole in solid oak as you would push a pin into putty. In the handle are 8 tool steel drills of different sizes, seen through numbered holes of same sizes as the drills. Drills are released through a hole in revolving cap.

GOODELL-PRATT
1500 GOOD TOOLS

Mr. Punch Automatic Drill
You Push—He Twists
$1.50

Stick the screw into hole made by Mr. Punch; apply Automatic Screw-driver to screw, pull back handle and push. The screw whirls into the hole. One more push and the screw is home.

This Automatic Screw-driver reverses for pulling screws by moving a knob, or it can be changed to a stationary screw-driver. Has three interchangeable blades. Is made of tool steel, hardened bronze and brass, and if kept oiled is good for a lifetime. Handsomely nickel-plated, with a polished hardwood handle. Sells for $1.50 at all good hardware stores.

Goodell-Pratt tools are esteemed by mechanics everywhere for their precision, temper, finish and dependability.

Partial List of Goodell-Pratt Tools
Hacksaws, Micrometers, Bit Braces, Lathes, Levels, Punches, Drills, Gauges, Grinders, Calipers, Squares, Vises, Saw Sets

Send for story, "The House that Jack Fixed," which solves the problem of home tinkering and describes 15 tools needed in every home.

Goodell-Pratt Company
Greenfield, Mass.
Toolsmiths

Nick and Pull—and make pencils last longer

Blaisdell

No waste of whittling, which shaves two-thirds the lead away; no waste of time; no waste of energy. Just the easiest way imaginable to sharpen a pencil—simply "nick and pull" the paper ribbon off a Blaisdell! Done in an instant—and you have a smooth, easy writing lead, quick to work for you and slow to wear away. The Blaisdell is used by the most progressive people everywhere and by the biggest business concerns in the country, such as United States Steel Corporation, Ford Motor Car Company, Standard Oil Company, Pennsylvania Railroad, General Electric Company. *They* buy them for their economy and efficiency. Why don't you, too?

Blaisdell 202 with eraser just "fills the bill" for bookkeeper, stenographer and all office workers. 60c a dozen. $6 a gross.

Blaisdell 151 blue pencil caps the climax of its class. Outsells all other blue pencils combined. $1 a dozen. $10.80 a gross.

Blaisdell spun glass ink eraser is a perfect boon to office workers. Takes blots out in a jiffy. Sharpens like a Blaisdell pencil. Lasts three times as long as the ordinary eraser, and costs only 10c

Blaisdell is a complete line of pencils—every kind for every purpose, including Regular, Colored, Copying, Indelible, Extra Thick, China Marking, Metal Marking, Lumberman's and Railroad Pencils. All grades and all degrees of hardness. Stationers everywhere sell Blaisdell Pencils. Ask yours for Blaisdells today

"Nick" "Pull"

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
PHILADELPHIA

(Concluded from Page 41)

there, framed, seemed to say, by every attitude, by every expression, more plainly than he could have done by a million uttered words:

"I told you so!"

What he actually said was:

"Well?"

The syllable was a spark to a fuse. A blindly unreasoning red fury crashed across Grovener's vision. It seeped into his blood. His fleshy face and his horseshoe curve of baldness took on an instantaneous mottled pink. All the human nature in him sprang to arms and was at combat. No matter how fatuous the self-appraisal manufactured for him by others—that self-appraisal which had made the foundation for his almost distinguished front—had been, Frank instinctively knew that, at any price, he must save himself to himself. All the torrents of his humiliation and defeat and wrath found sudden focus at the sight of that chunky form in the doorway and at that jaunty "Well?"

"You! You!"

The man who was almost short and almost fat for the moment became positively short and fat. His dignity fled and he sputtered. Lifting his elbows to the level of his shoulders and seeming to duck his head, he went jouncing rapidly across the floor toward Blagdon.

Emery's grin widened.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded.

"Matter? Matter?" roared Grovener. "You—you ask me that—you ——" He gagged.

"What've I done?"

Livid and somewhat disheveled, Frank came to a stop a few paces in front of his candid employee. Straining with the blackest anger, he managed to squeeze out rather than say:

"You did it all—you—you ——"

"Did what?" asked Emery bluntly and irascibly.

Something broke in Grovener.

"Go! You're fired! Never let me see you again! Go!" Upon the last injunction his voice split.

"Tell me why? I only told you the truth!"

"Truth! Truth—nothing! You made me fizzle. You're to blame—all to blame!"

Blagdon stared, incredulous.

"How?"

No Bixby or Trench or Morrison, no benefiting bank president or seeking clergyman, was needed now; Grovener's plight was desperate enough for him to find his own way out unaided. An instinct guided him to his panacea.

"How? How?" came in the shrill cry of one whose rage can boil no higher. "Why, I'm a damn big man, I tell you—a damn big one! And you—you miserable little upstart—came along and by your insults, by your rotten lies, broke—broke my nerve! That was the trouble. That's what you did!"

For a long moment Emery Blagdon regarded his superior with disgust, and then said:

"Oh, piffle!"—and went out.

VOX POP.

TO THE BAT

(Continued from Page 4)

sixty-six electoral votes without New York; but he won't. Mr. Wilson can be elected without New York—it is possible—but he won't be. Wherefore, what will New York do?

If you favor Mr. Wilson you will answer that New York will go for Mr. Wilson. If you favor Mr. Hughes you will answer that New York will go for Mr. Hughes. If you are wise you will wait until election night before making any predictions whatsoever. So, too, you will wait about Indiana, and Ohio, and various other crucial states. Vox Populi isn't saying anything much, but Vox Populi will do a heap of voting on election day.

Republicans are encouraged over the crowds that greeted Mr. Hughes, and Democrats are enthusiastic over the great receptions that were given to Mr. Wilson. Great, no doubt! However, I once traveled more than thirty thousand miles over this country with a man who was running for president, and saw him speak to greater crowds than Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes have had, combined—enthusiastic crowds. Also, I saw by the subsequent election returns that one important thing crowds do not mean is votes.

Look!

This is the Foster Friction Plug in Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels—recognized as the most efficient heel made—prevents slipping.

And Another Thing

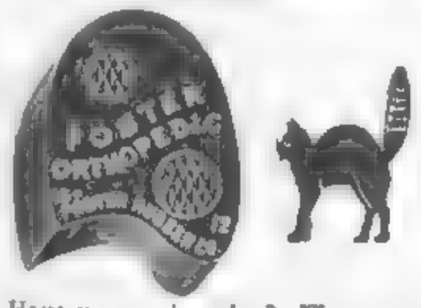
There are no holes in Cat's Paw Heels—
To fill up with dirt and mud—
To be tracked all over the house—
So are you not taking a chance—
When you neglect to say—
Very determinedly to your dealer—
"CAT'S PAWS for mine"—
When you buy rubber heels.

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

What's the Use

Of going about—
Your daily work—
Jarring yourself—
With each step—
When with a grain—
Of pity for yourself—
You could be "Well Heeled"

50c.—black, tan or white
For Men, Women and Children



Have you weak arches? Then you need the Foster Orthopedic Heel, which gives that extra support where needed. Especially valuable to policemen, motormen, conductors, floorwalkers and all who are on their feet a great deal. 75 cents attached at your dealer's, or sent postpaid upon receipt of 50 cents and outline of your heel

Foster Rubber Co.
105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping

THE PATHÉSCOPE

Will Bring Motion Pictures to YOU

as it has to 10,000 of the most exclusive Homes, Schools and Churches of Europe and America.

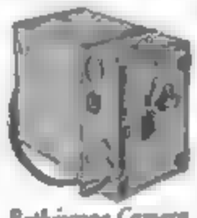
The Pathéscope is the crowning achievement of Pathé Frères—the result of 20 years of Cinema supremacy.

Family enjoying their own Motion Pictures

No limit to the variety of subjects at your command—Drama, Comedy, Travel, Science, etc., to meet every taste, any age and all occasions.

Pathéscope Film Exchanges containing nearly ten thousand films are already established in sixteen principal cities (others being added), where the owner may exchange films as often as desired for a small fee.

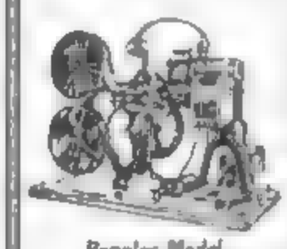
Take Your Own Motion Pictures with the Pathéscope Camera, as hundreds are doing (see illustration above), and preserve a priceless record of loved ones in living, fascinating action on the screen!



Pathéscope Camera Price $150.00

Pearl White and Crane Wilbur practicing dancing with the Pathéscope

The Dreamy Waltz, the Fox Trot, or a Première Danseuse in the Russian Ballet, all are at your command in the Pathéscope repertoire. With talking machine accompaniment they are delightful.



Popular Model Price $175.00

Uses special narrow-width non-inflammable film. Approved by Underwriters. No fire risk. No insurance restrictions. **Send for complete illustrated catalogues** describing Machines, Cameras, List and methods of exchanging reels, etc., or see them at the nearest Pathéscope Agency.

The Pathéscope Co. of America, Inc.
Suite 1251, Aeolian Hall, New York City
(Agencies in principal cities of the world)

A vital point to be considered is that in Maine, for example, the Republican vote all came out; in Illinois, at the primaries, the Republicans voted in great numbers—four hundred and ten thousand of them to about two hundred thousand Democrats; in New Jersey, with an acrimonious fight between Martine, a Democrat and a senator, running for renomination against Wescott, another Democrat, attorney-general of the state, and the man who placed Mr. Wilson in nomination at the conventions of 1912 and 1916—a fight that had Wilson in it as against a Republican senatorial fight where there was no acrimony—the Democrats in New Jersey cast only a few thousand more than fifty thousand votes, notwithstanding the bitter struggle and the Wilson phase of it; while the Republicans cast more than three times that many votes, with no particular incentive for choice between the two candidates.

Now then, there are from a million and a half to two million more Republicans in the United States, with the Progressives mostly back, than there are Democrats; and those Republicans, of course, live in the Northern States largely. There isn't any particular political reason why a Republican should vote for Mr. Wilson rather than for Mr. Hughes, and no political reason at all why a real Democrat should vote for Mr. Hughes rather than for Mr. Wilson. Is there any other sort of reason? If you can answer that question you will know how this election is going.

The Democrats advance many reasons, of course; and they are laying greatest stress on the friendliness of the labor vote for Wilson, because of the settlement of the railroad strike, and the widespread sentiment in this country for peace. "He kept us out of war!" Mr. Wilson himself has said that if Mr. Hughes is elected—or intimated it—it will mean war. That is the strong Democratic card—that assertion. Witness the obvious political maneuver of bringing Ambassador Gerard home, or allowing him to come home, as an incentive to the peace idea in the first place, and the subjective war possibilities if he should be coming to say that Germany intends to make things unpleasant for us again. The peace issue was dying on its feet, and the Gerard visit was its fillip.

The Advent of Mr. Gerard

But, obvious as that was, it was not so obvious as the attempt to forestall it and discount it just before Gerard arrived, by proclaiming that his visit is a peace visit. That put a crimp in the prosperity issue of the Democrats, also, for when peace is talked prices fall.

Then, on the Saturday before the Tuesday on which Mr. Gerard was expected to arrive—this is written on October ninth—there came a German submarine into the American harbor of Newport; and on the day following that submarine, and possibly others, began sinking ships belonging to the Allies just off our shores and in the vicinity of the Nantucket Lightship. In earlier articles on the political situation I have pointed out that an international complication might at any moment blow up right in our faces along toward the end of this campaign, either accidental, so far as we are concerned, or accelerated, and become the chief determining factor in this election.

This latest complication has just begun to complicate as I write; but what it will amount to cannot be conjectured even at this time. The first conclusion is, of course, that the Germans are well within their rights operating outside the three-mile limit, and that international law allows a warship to visit neutral ports to provision and coal, and to remain for twenty-four hours; but, of course, there will be a tremendous Allied protest over what they will call "allowing the Germans to use our ports as submarine bases."

This episode, which will have demonstrated long before this gets into print, illustrates perfectly the paralyzing uncertainty of this election. It may elect Mr. Wilson. It may defeat him. Fancy the fate of a political party hinging, as it very well may, on a German submarine captain, and whether he carries out a German naval policy intelligently, or does not, laying aside the question as to whether that policy is or is not intelligent!

But there it is; it adds its piquancy and may add its pitfall. Time will determine that; but, even on this ninth of October, the thing has as many angles as an octagon,

(Concluded on Page 48)

Jack-of-all-jobs

THERE couldn't be a better nickname for this Aladdin Double Roaster.

Prove its versatility on Thanksgiving Day—make it tend to the basting and browning of the bird all by itself. There'll be no difficulty, for the cover is a *self-baster that keeps the roast tender and juicy, and the air-vents start it browning evenly and crisply the minute you open them.*

It's no ordinary roaster, this. It's always in working position. There's an *extra handle in front* and an *extra air-vent*—you can regulate it without ever burning your hands.

And it does the work of a dozen ordinary utensils. Does it better. Lasts three times as long. You can use it for roasting, baking, steaming vegetables or escalloping. And when it's not sitting tight in a hot oven, it's always ready for use as a dish-pan, drip-pan or bread-box.

It's made of specially hardened pure aluminum, drawn into graceful free lines that can't catch dirt. And the metal is so hard that denting is almost impossible no matter how roughly you treat it.

All of the Aladdin utensils have extra conveniences like those of the roaster—exclusive improvements of construction and design that can be had anywhere else. There are nearly 500 in the Aladdin Catalog—one for every kitchen use—and each the best of its kind.

Seamless. Jointless. Smooth rounded corners and big beaded rims make them extra sturdy and extra easy-to-care-for. Broad-bottomed kettles, double-lipped saucepans, and comfortable handles that fit the hands, exact capacity—stamped on every utensil—are all improvements that go to make cooking easier.

At your hardware, house-furnishing or department store you can examine the Aladdin line. We shall be glad to send you our complete Aladdin book and price list.

Aladdin Aluminum

COOKING UTENSILS COST NO MORE

Look for Aladdin's Lamp on every utensil

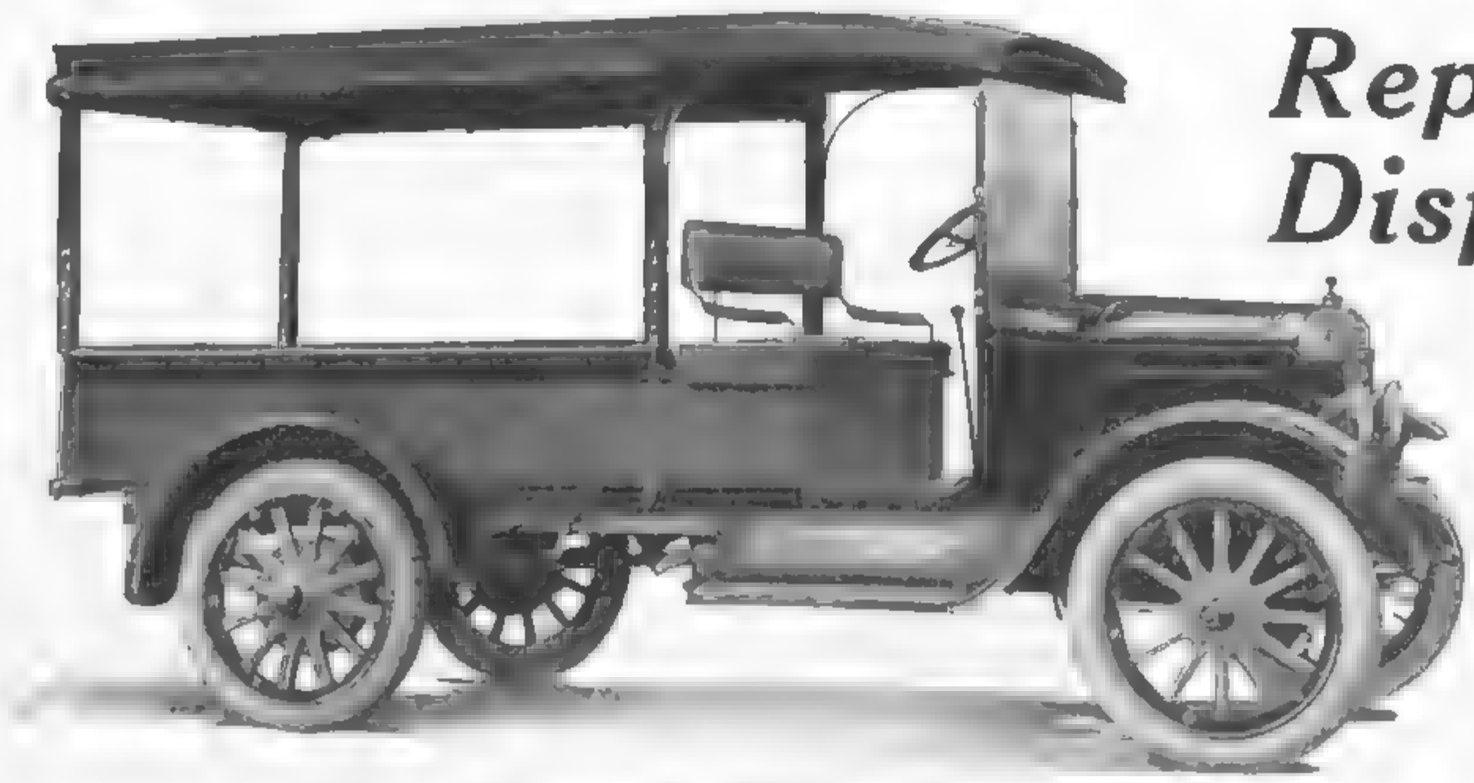
The Cleveland Metal Products Co.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

ALADDIN ALUMINUM

NOW A $750

Frank W. Ruggles of Republic Truck Fame, Opens a New Field with

Republic Dispatch



Complete as Illustrated. Maximum Capacity 1500 Pounds
Internal Gear Drive Makes Solid Tires Practicable. We Recommend Them

AND now comes a *new* Republic Motor Truck—Republic Dispatch—built for the hardest service of a thousand lines of light haulage—with Snap and Style and Finish befitting the most exclusive business.

It is a Republic Motor Truck in all that the name implies. What that means truck users know.

Ten thousand Nickel Steel, Internal Gear Drive Republics are now setting a pace for motor trucks the world over—in the forty-eight United States—in eleven foreign countries. Service up to thirty thousand miles on original tires, in many cases with no repair expense, are Republic records that so far as known are not matched.

Republic Dispatch has the same invincible Nickel Steel Construction as its four big brother Republic Trucks. It has the Internal Gear Drive. It has the *extra* strength and the *extra* capacity. It is a *truck* in every sense of the word. Has the exclusive truck feature of being equally serviceable on solid or pneumatic tires. Gets more power than will ever be needed from our Republic Truck Motor—our own special design—built by us—made possible only by fifteen years of concentration on a truck motor for this field.

On 500-pound loads as well as 1000-pound or 1500-pound loads this truck operates at the lowest cost. Tests covering a year prove this.

And Republic Dispatch has real beauty. Your pride of ownership will figure equally with your satisfaction in the long service, the low upkeep, the Republic freedom from trouble.

Every truck user and every prospective truck user ought to know all the facts about the new Republic. Illustrated descriptive folder mailed promptly on request.

ADDRESS DEPARTMENT Y.

REPUBLIC FOR SERVICE

REPUBLIC MOTOR TRUCK CO. INC.

ALMA MICHIGAN U.S.A.

REPUBLIC

Two More New Republic Models

Model 10, One-Ton, Express or Stake Body Included, $1095
Model 11, One-and-one-half-Ton, Chassis $1275

EQUALLY sensational is the announcement of two other new Republic Trucks—the Model 10 one-ton, and the Model 11 one-and-one-half ton.

These new Republics with the Model "A" two-ton at $1675, and the Model "T" three-ton Dreadnaught at $2550, make in all five Republic sizes. A Republic for every kind of service—a range of capacity which makes it possible to standardize your entire delivery and hauling service with Republic Trucks. A maximum service at a minimum investment.

Twenty thousand Republic Trucks will have to be built in the next twelve months. To meet this demand, steel and reinforced concrete buildings with the last word in specialized equipment for truck manufacture, have already spread over twenty acres. A big factory has just been added for the production of Model 9 Republic Dispatch alone. More buildings are constantly going up—making the Republic far and away the largest plant in the world exclusively devoted to truck manufacture.

You, who are investigating trucks—have you investigated the *cause* of Republic expansion? Here is a growth of business seldom paralleled in all manufacturing history.

How eleven years of truck building experience produced the sturdy Republics that began to attract nation-wide attention in 1913;

How 500 Distributors and Dealers—leaders in the truck field—have been enrolled in the Republic Sales Organization;

How every state in the Union has been dotted with completely equipped Republic Service Stations.

All this has an important meaning for every man who *buys* trucks and every man who *sells* trucks.

For this big business has been built on the demand alone—the demand of Republic users, who year after year come back for more. So that now Republic fleets are running everywhere.

We invite correspondence from those who can grasp the big opportunity.

Model 9 completely equipped, as illustrated on preceding page, with handsomely finished roomy express body, glass front, canopy top, side curtains, electric lights with generator and battery and electric horn, $750. The same truck with beautiful panel body as illustrated on this page, $25 extra. Republic long stroke truck motor; Republic-Torbensen internal gear drive.

Carburetor uses either distillate or gasoline; Bosch high tension magneto with generator and storage battery for lighting; pneumatic tires with non-skids rear or solid tires as preferred.

With Panel Body, $775

REPUBLIC MOTOR TRUCK CO., Inc. ALMA, MICH

The Only difference between Händel and You

POSSIBLY you never astonished your elders in quite the way Handel did, but after all there is not much difference between the greatest musicians and the average man. You, like they, have musical feeling which seeks expression. They simply have a natural ability for playing some musical instrument *by hand* and have developed this ability through long practice. To satisfy *your* musical desires, you need an instrument that responds *directly* to your musical feeling and does not require the manipulation of trained and talented fingers. The

Baldwin Manualo

The • Player-Piano • that • is • all • but • human

puts your individual musical feeling into whatever selection you play. It voices your musical desires as if you were a talented musician playing by hand. It translates into ravishing tone your subtlest and most instinctive wish.

Without talent, without training, you *play* the Manualo, because it is controlled from the pedals as the piano is controlled from the keys. Your musical impulses travel *instinctively* to the pedals. The pedals send them, *like lightning*, through the mechanism to the piano strings. Every accent, every variation in force, every change in the rhythm of the pedaling instantly produces the effect desired.

You enjoy the sensation of actually playing the piano because you *feel* and *hear* the instrument under your *complete* control. And the color, life, expression and beauty in the music prove that the Manualo is the instrument you were born to play.

Send for "The A B C of the Manualo" and let us tell you how you can try it without obligation.

The Baldwin Piano Company

CINCINNATI 142 W. Fourth St. | CHICAGO 323 S. Wabash Ave. | ST. LOUIS 1111 Olive Street
NEW YORK 665 Fifth Avenue | DENVER 1636 [illegible] Street | SAN FRANCISCO 310 Sutter St.
INDIANAPOLIS 18 N. Penn'a St. | LOUISVILLE 425 S. Fourth Avenue | DALLAS 1911 Elm Street

(Concluded from Page 45)

and every one of those angles may have an American political angularity of its own. Wherefore, leaving this on the knees of the gods, let it be said that, aside from this submarine complication, the peace business, up to the time the submarine began its operations, balanced itself, and labor support balanced itself. Laying aside the political fetish that labor votes as a unit—which labor does not, or has not, rather—take a look at the reflex to this coddling of labor by the eight-hour law. The Republicans are hammering it in that the eight-hour legislation is class wage legislation, not general labor legislation; and that the consumer and the producer must pay. That will have its great effect.

And consider, also, the apparent apathy that exists. I have had more or less to do with presidential campaigns for some twenty-five years. I never saw a political campaign where there was less apparent political interest than in this one.

This national and inconsequential disregard for the outcome of the election rests on the fact that, so far as issues are concerned, there are no issues. The Republicans have nothing save Mr. Hughes and his assault on the eight-hour law, which is more ethical and eristic than essential; and the Democrats have nothing save Mr. Wilson and his peace and his prosperity, which can just as well be held to be empirical, if one is inclined that way, as worthy of support and the sustenance of votes.

This election will not be decided on issues. It will be decided on personalities. The majority of the people in the United States will vote for Mr. Wilson because he is Mr. Wilson and they desire him to remain in the White House for another four years; or the majority of the people in the United States will vote for Mr. Hughes because he is Mr. Hughes and, as Mr. Hughes, they prefer him to Mr. Wilson for President. That's all there is to it. Republican and Democratic, as party designations, will operate—or they will not operate—as incited by these individualities. If all Republicans feel that they should support Mr. Hughes, he should be elected. If, in the case of Mr. Wilson, he can get a million or so of nominal Republicans, he should win.

No Landslide Expected

All of which leaves us exactly where we started. The only way to find out how this election is going is to find out how Proletarius Vox Populi, Esquire, intends to vote.

The signs, portents, auguries, presages and premonitions, in early October, are that the election will be close—not a landslide either way; but—great face-saver that word—BUT this is the first national election wherein international affairs were domesticated; wherein world conditions were local rather than remote; wherein conditions were not only new but epochal; wherein a foreign war was a liability and an asset, both, to a political party; wherein the whole blamed universe is mixed up in our politics; wherein the country could be perfectly happy with either candidate were the other candidate out of it; wherein the old party organizations, making a brave show of staunchness, are leaking at every seam; wherein the people have made up their minds long ahead of the enforcing of their opinions and dismissed the matter from consideration; wherein what a man has done, in the way of voting, doesn't predicate what he is going to do this year; wherein racial and religious lines have been so tautly drawn; wherein labor has been so sedulously sought.

However, as the professionals cannot tell, as the national committees have fallen down, as the claimants are merely exuding hot air, as hope is masquerading as knowledge, as Vox Populi won't cheep a note until Election Day, the situation demands action. Therefore, I unhesitatingly take my pen in hand and set down the conclusion of the whole matter, courageously, concisely, and to wit:

A—Mr. Woodrow Wilson and Mr. Charles Evans Hughes are of the opinion that General Sherman didn't half express it when he announced what war is—especially a foreign war as impinging on American politics.

B—A large amount of political beans will be spilled by the American people on Election Day.

C—After the conclusion of the bean-spilling, Somebody will be elected President of the United States.

D—I do not, at the moment, know who that Somebody will be.

E—Neither does anybody else.

If You "Know Where The Shoe Pinches"—

throw it away. And put on a shoe that *won't* pinch.

Yes—throw away your bone-bending, pointed shoes, which cause corns, bunions, flat-foot, callouses, ingrown nails.

Put on Educators, built to *make* and *keep* your feet happy, because they are built for natural feet.

Made for
MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

Every member of the family needs 'em. Get your family's Educators today. And when buying, don't forget to look for EDUCATOR branded on the sole. Because *every* broad-toed shoe isn't an Educator. And only the correct orthopædic Educator has this mark.

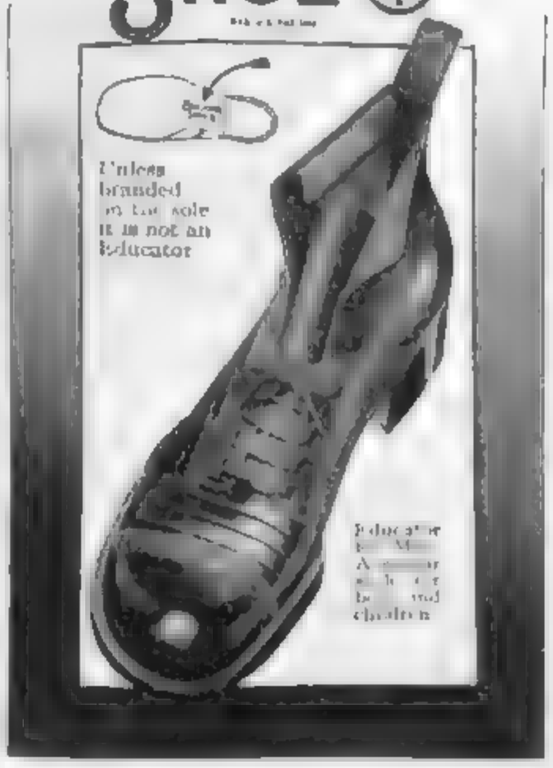
"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet"

is a booklet of startling facts by orthopædic experts. We will send you a copy free. Tells How to Care for the Feet; How to Walk, etc. Write for your copy today.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.
14 High St., Boston, Mass.

Makers also of All-America and Signet Shoes for Men and Mayfairs for Women

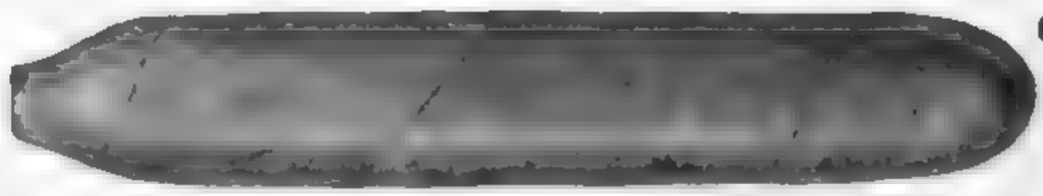
Rice & Hutchins
EDUCATOR SHOE



INVINCIBLE SIZE—7c each. Box of fifty, $3.50

RICORO

the "Self-Made" cigar



SARATOGA SIZE—6c each. Box of fifty, $3.00

this advertisement is for the doubters

We say that RICORO is the greatest cigar value ever offered at 6 and 7 cents.

That is a strong statement.

Either it is true or it is not. If it is true, it is of great importance to you as well as to us.

Fortunately, you do not have to take our mere word for it. *You can make us prove it.*

Will you do this—stop at the nearest UNITED CIGAR STORE and risk six or seven cents on one RICORO? It is really *our* risk, because we will return your money, or exchange any cigars which do not suit you, cheerfully and without question or quibble.

After all, it is not what *we* say about RICORO—but what *you* say after trying it—that is important. The greatest advertising that RICORO ever gets is what one smoker says to another.

But there will always be doubters—men who discount every statement they read. If you are one of them, please stop and consider these facts:

First—we could not afford to risk our business by overstating the facts. Our business—the largest of its kind in the world—is based solely upon public confidence.

Second—This advertisement would not pay us if RICORO did not make regular customers out of those who try it once. We could not make it pay by selling each customer one or two RICOROS—*or even one or two boxes.* Advertising is too expensive for that. RICORO *must make good* or we lose.

Third—we are now selling *a half million RICOROS a day*—a pretty big verdict in RICORO'S favor.

And RICORO will win *you*, if you ever give it a chance.

THANK YOU.

United Cigar Stores Company

1000 STORES OPERATED IN 300 CITIES — EXECUTIVE OFFICES NEW YORK

UNITED AGENCIES have been established in a large number of towns where stores directly under our management are not conducted. United Agencies handle Ricoro and other United brands in co-operation with us. We ask you to trade in the United Cigar Store or Agency which will best suit your convenience. Reliable dealers wishing to become our Agents where we are not already so represented, are invited to correspond with us. *Address:*

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY
Agency Department, 44 West 18th St., New York

CIGARS UNITED

MAIL ORDERS: We prefer that every customer visit one of our stores in person and in this way not only secure the exact shade suited to his taste, but also become familiar with our store service. If no store is convenient to you, we will ship one or more boxes by mail or express, all charges prepaid, on receipt of price. Address mail orders to

UNITED CIGAR STORES COMPANY, at nearest city named below:
New York, Flatiron Bldg. Chicago, First National Bank Bldg.
San Francisco, 555 Howard St.

Has your Rubber Footwear *a Pedigree?*

These are famous trade marks in the rubber footwear industry. Each one of these marks stands for the product of a great factory—great in reputation as well as size. If your rubber footwear bears one of these brands, it is the descendant of a long line of quality products; it has a worthy "pedigree."

It would require an expert to determine, from appearance alone, the difference in *quality* between good and poor rubber footwear. The principal guide would be the better shaping—snappier style. And style in rubber footwear—off the foot—might baffle even keen eyes.

Only well-made, high-grade rubber footwear will *look* well, *fit* well and *wear* well. Only by securing a standardized, trade-marked, pedigreed quality product such as these brands represent can you distinguish the best from the rest and be sure of wear, fit, style and quality.

Seventy-four years of successful manufacturing and the experience of forty-seven great factories are back of every pair of rubber shoes, overshoes, arctics, boots, etc., produced by the United States Rubber Company, the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

Rubbers that fit wear twice as long as rubbers that do not fit.

United States Rubber Company

LITTLE SON OF A GUN

(Continued from Page 17)

and introduced as champion bulldogger of the world had something to do with riling Dad up more than usual.

The evening show began at eight o'clock. I finished supper at six and went over into the village for tobacco. It was a hot night. The saloons were sure doing business. You could hear a steady ring of cash registers and dropping of coins being exchanged for liquids.

I turned into one place for luck. Through the fog of smoke I noticed across the low-hung room a man in arena dress. I had no difficulty in recognizing Badshaw. It surprised me to see that he was leaning across a table, shaking his fist in the face of a woman, and it was quite evident that both of them had been drinking. Dad's ugly mug turned in my direction and he spotted me watching him. For the instant the uplifted fist remained in midair, then anger flooded the knobs above each eyebrow and he stumbled across to me.

"What you doin' in here?" he demanded. "Shadowin' me?"

"That's none o' your business!" said I. "I'm not shadowin' you, but maybe I should. You're up to something. Your conscience hurts you, or you wouldn't get nervous when I watch you."

Dad hitched up his belt.

"Do you know," said he, "that next to Tim Cuff I don't know a person in life than you it'd give me more genuine pleasure to spill right out on the ground!"

"I've no doubt of it," said I. "Only you lack the nerve to strike a sick sailor."

He said something in return, and before I realized what I'd done I'd plugged him an uppercut. Then I walked back to the show and, as a measure of precaution, told Mac.

"Wait till we're out o' his home territory, Billie," said Mac, "then I'll let Badshaw go. His arena work isn't worth the trouble he causes. But it's a case o' lettin' him down easy. We're sure gettin' away with this bookin' and we mustn't spill the berries before we get loaded for Hot Springs. But I promise you same as I promised Cuff, I'll let him go!"

"What's he up to with that woman?" I demanded.

"Deviltry," announced Mac. "It's to be expected. I'll speak to Charley. Perhaps you better take a couple of the boys and shadow him. If you see anything suspicious, hog-tie him proper. Take him to the cars and keep him there till we've got the stock aboard!"

I got my boys and we reached the saloon. Dad had disappeared and so had the woman. The barkeep said that Dad and Kate had left together. One ferret-eyed cuss told me on receipt of a cartwheel that he'd seen Dad slip a fivespot into Kate's hand, with the information that if she failed or squealed afterward he'd find her and gun her before sun-up.

I knew then plain as day that something was afoot. I went back to the lot and strengthened my posse by five more and we went hunting for Dad.

Knowing the town's reputation and seeing some of the tough mugs that leered at us in the saloon, I had a feeling during the next hour much like a chap tied on the railroad track, waiting for the express that's due in ten minutes.

III

WE HEARD two shots bang on the other side of the grounds. A dull, sullen roar followed, and an energizing of the crowd. In the course of some agonizing minutes I made the horse tent. I arrived in time to see Mac, one wrist a mess, standing in front of Tim Cuff, with a face like a statue.

Outside the canvas quick, hurried calls were sounding. There were stealthy footsteps, consultations and sudden shots that would blanch the face of an Indian. The next instant a seven-inch blade slit the canvas with sickening rip. A gorilla of a man stepped through.

"We want that coon!" he announced.

"You won't get him!" retorted Mac.

Two dozen men were shoving one another through the wrecked canvas. They backed up the spokesman in a sullen, portentous wedge.

"It ain't the custom in this place," said the spokesman, "to let such as him go round insultin' white women and remain fit in their feelin's afterward."

"I didn't insult no white woman," blubbered old Tim. "Honest to Gawd I didn't! A white woman come up to me by th' hoss barrel and asked me the time. I got mah watch and I tole her. She step back and say I was a liar. I say I warn't and what in time was she makin' such a fuss over it for? At that she begins to yell!"

Charley Carstock came tumbling in, talking a streak of blue language. He arrived in time to hear the negro's statement. Old Mac was near to fainting with the pain of the wrecked wrist. But he was calm and cool when he turned to Charley and said:

"Get Tim to the cars. Badshaw's started somethin'. You paid Walter a hundred and fifty a week for advice and then refused to take it. You're a bloomin' fool!"

"Don't you move that man a step!" ordered the gorilla. "Turn him over or we'll rip your old show to ribbons."

"The first man that tries," said old Mac, "gets drilled with lead."

Three more ripping slashes came in the canvas. The place was filling with men. Some were fighting drunk; others were mad with the glee of coming destruction. Mac saw me. I was debating whether or not to do something that would put a notch on my gun—my first notch.

He said:

"Don't start anything, son! See if you can slip out back and get a horse loose! Ride like hell. Bring the sheriff! This thing is too well planned for us to handle alone."

The hoodlums in the rear shoved those in front forward. Mac took it for the putting of his threat to the test. Three belches of fire leaped forth. There was a sudden fog of black powder and a shriek. The horse top rocked from end to end, stampeding the stock. But I had no time to learn who was hit. The confusion permitted my escape.

As I flung my right leg over a horse I saw a figure catapult from the dim light of the horse tent and fall in the shadow. It gained its feet and cried in ghastly terror:

"He got a rope round ole Mac's neck! It's a lynchin'! It's a lynchin'! Mah Gawd, an' I never done nuthin'!"

So I rode for the sheriff! I stopped but once. It was before the saloon, to learn the location of the sheriff's office.

I got it—straight through Main Street, pass the tracks, first road to the right, up the hill, the white house on the left-hand side on the hilltop.

I rode through Main Street. I turned at the tracks. I saw the hill far ahead, the road white as a thread of silver in the moonlight. I sat astride a confused, plunging mass—a weird, fantastic shape moving under the stars. The tattoo of hoofs beneath said: "They're lynching Mac! They're lynching Mac! They're lynching Mac!"

I rode to save the life of the fairest, squarest man that ever stood in spurred leather. Above the pounding of hoofs and the rush of the night wind came the echo of shots from the village behind. What could a lone sheriff accomplish? Was not my place back with the boys, by the side of old MacLeod? Yet he had ordered me to leave!

I plunged into the yard. I reached the house. A mellow light streamed from its front windows. I stopped not for knocking. I shouted loud enough to awaken the dead. A woman's form was outlined in the sudden glare of yellow that blocked out the front doorway. In her hand was a heavy lamp.

"The sheriff!" I cried. "Where is he? They're wreckin' the show and stringin' up Mac! They're hangin' Mac with a rope!"

"He's here," said the woman.

"It's a mob!" I cried again, but a man's deep, calm tones from behind her cut into my words:

"Tell him to get Thor from the side stable. The door's unlocked and he'll find him saddled."

I slid from my horse. I found my way into the stable. I remember I was given light to aid my way. It came from the flaring chimney of the lamp held by the thin woman with the terror-blanched face.

There was a horse in the stable and he was saddled. And what a horse! A great thundercloud of an animal he was, black as the wing of a raven. But in his intelligence in following me from the stable, in the lift of his great, clean-cut hoofs, in the eagerness of the head as he sniffed the night air—a super-horse, fit mount for the work in hand.

As I reached the steps the woman arrived with the lamp, shading its smoky chimney with her hand to keep the light

(Continued on Page 53)

This is the Chalmers on which there is a $56,000,000 "Run"

Quality First

First, 18,000 of these cars were built. Then, 10,000 more. And now we have put through a factory work order for 20,000 more.

48,000 in all. A $56,000,000 "run" on this one Chalmers car. Always the demand is for more, more of the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers. Therefore the model must be continued into next season. There's no time limit set. So you're dead safe in getting a car which has yet to reach its peak of popularity.

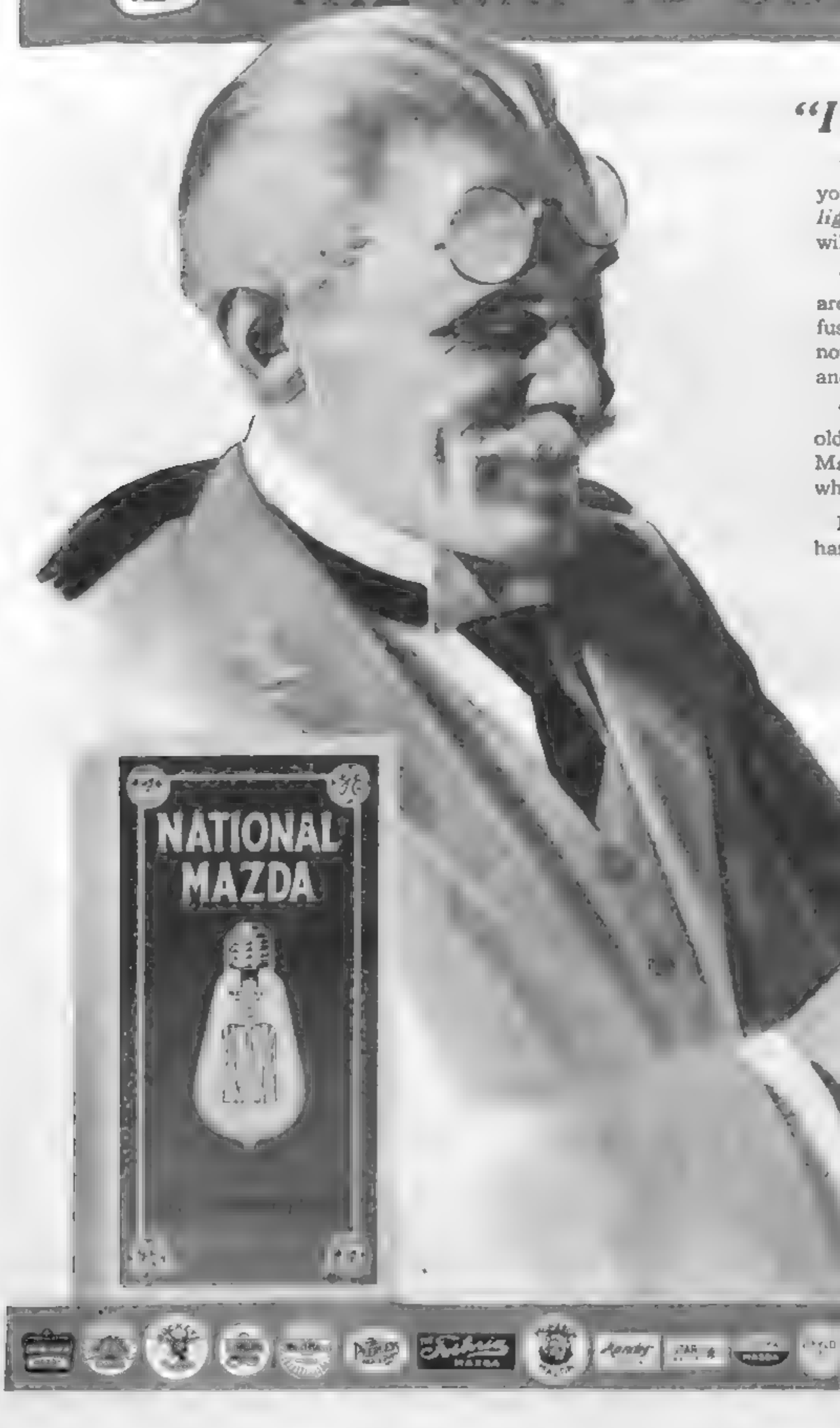
The reason for this huge demand is quality. Quality which expresses itself day after day in Performance. Performance made this 3400 r. p. m. Quality Chalmers famous in a week, and now is causing a $56,000,000 "run" on the factory.

If the thing you want is Performance, and if at the same time price interests you, get your name down on the dotted line. Buy Quality and get the benefit of the price which big production enables us to quote, $1090 Detroit, $1475 Walkerville, Ont.

Chalmers Motor Company - - - Detroit Chalmers Motor Company of Canada, Ltd. - Walkerville, Ont.

NATIONAL MAZDA

THE WAY TO BETTER LIGHT



"I always thought it was my eyes!"

When night reading tires you, do not be too quick to blame your eyes. To strengthen your sight, *first try better electric light.* This alone may restore the vigor to your vision, for it will remove a great source of eyestrain!

The chief ingredient of good lighting is *more light.* Our homes are underlighted. With NATIONAL MAZDA light, well diffused, you may have three times your present illumination—not only without harmful, unpleasant glare, but with *eye-ease* and *clear vision.*

The way to better light is by throwing out every wasteful, old-fashioned, carbon lamp and supplanting it with a National Mazda lamp. You'll have three times the light—and better, whiter light—and pay no more for current.

Buy National Mazdas where you see them displayed—in the handy blue carton.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS
OF GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.
56 Nela Park Cleveland, Ohio

From Head to Foot

Wherever the dirt gets rubbed in hard Goblin Soap rubs it out easily. It scrubs without any harshness to the skin.

Keep a cake of Goblin Soap within easy reach wherever you wash your hands. It takes out stains and all the soil of rough work or play.

Goblin Soap

For Toilet and Bath

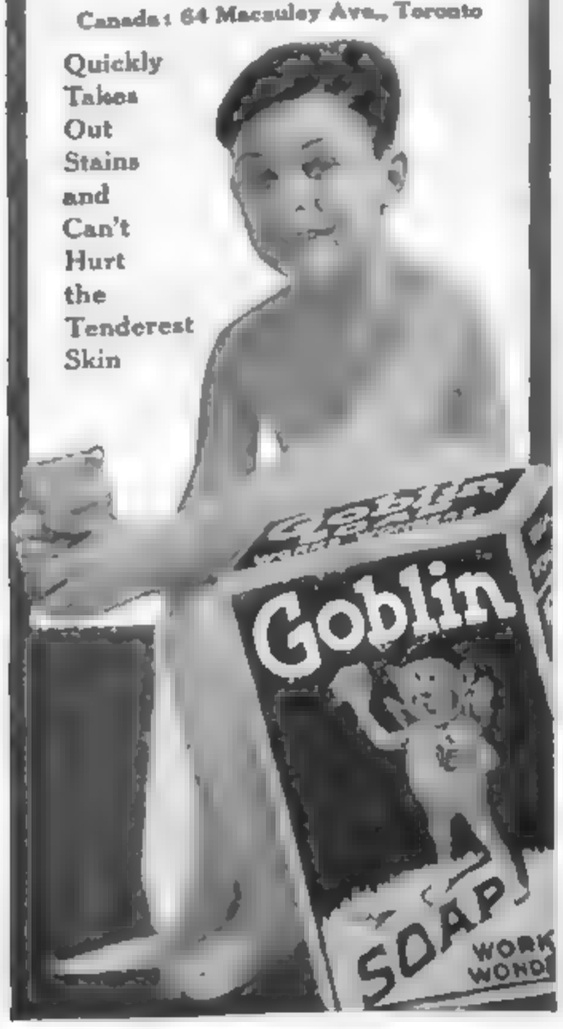
Use it in hard water, soft water, hot or cold, the creamy refreshing lather leaves your flesh entirely clean and smooth.

5c per cake

Sold by dealers everywhere. Sample cake mailed postpaid for your dealer's name and address and a two-cent stamp. Address

CUDAHY, Dept. 48
111 West Monroe Street
CHICAGO
Canada: 64 Macauley Ave., Toronto

Quickly Takes Out Stains and Can't Hurt the Tenderest Skin



(Continued from Page 50)

from being snuffed out. For an instant the sheriff stood in its illumination and I saw his face.

I have seen the same face on the leader of a great federation of labor. Once I saw it on the president of a mammoth industry, who in his youth had grubbed in a farmer's garden. Leaders on the great war's battle-line possess such faces. The chin was abrupt and stubborn. The mouth was grim. The eyes were cold, hard; missed nothing—gray glass that saw but did not shift position.

I secured my own horse and mounted. When I had wheeled, my man was in the saddle. A plunging mass beneath me again, and I was after him in the night.

Years ago—it seemed—I had beheld Mac standing with his face like imperishable bronze, facing those low-browed advancing men. Eleven minutes was the actual time it took me to bring the sheriff.

The lot was a mass of swaying lights and silhouetted humanity. But a mob does not spring to destruction at once. It warms to its work as it grows more daring. Up toward the horse tent the whirlpool of humanity seemed to have focused. The tent was down. Beneath it were frightful, fighting shapes that might be imprisoned horses or grappling men. I saw it only dimly, fantastically, in blotches of suddenly flaring light.

There seemed to be no shouting now, only action. Something deadly had settled on the swaying, surging mass. In that deadliness words were out of place. Flames leaped weirdly from shifted torches spilling gasoline. Occasionally a woman shrieked.

I found myself in an open space. Straight ahead I saw the wreckage of canvas and seats where the mob had come pouring through when the show had abruptly ceased.

From the cross arms of a telegraph pole on the street edge ropes were dangling down. Beneath one was the prostrate figure of Tim Cuff. As we rode up, Mac was being carried toward the second. His face in the ghastly light looked dead. Then I knew he had been knocked unconscious.

A horse as black as the steeds of night rose upward from the darkness. A massive plunging demon of destruction reached the open space and shut off those dangling ropes from the horror-fascinated crowd. Once—twice—three times—the snorting animal reared! Then as suddenly it became still.

Motionless on his war horse, his hands resting easily on his saddle horn, the sheriff of Terrytown County cut off the gaze of the mass from their fiendish occupation. The torches at his back flared his silhouette into gigantic and portentous outline.

There is a psychological moment in the wrongdoing of either a man or a mass when the figure of Law stands before them. They shrink away or they go forward according to the exigency of the circumstances, according to their daring or their blood. So the figure of Law stood before them now.

If the sheriff had drawn a gun; if he had wavered an eyelid; if he had shrunk for an instant from the sudden, hoarse taunts that arose just out of the shadow, a rain of lead would have riddled his heart.

But he sat there facing them with no weapon save his personality and the Law that he represented.

Suddenly he began to speak:

"If there's one thing I despise," he said, "it's a lynching mob. I despise it because there's not a man in it! It's made up of fools and cowards. So is the community that breeds it. The whole lot, part and parcel of you are the scum of the earth! There isn't a man within the whole length and breadth of this whole show lot to-night who would dare shoot at me with his gun. There isn't a man within the length and breadth of this show lot who would even lift his hat and face this torchlight, to show me who he is!"

I gasped. I couldn't help gasping! He sat his horse with martial ease. His syllables were measured and correct. His sentences were chosen and delivered with deliberation. He faced that mob and taunted it for lacking the bravery to shoot at him there, where he made a great black target against the lights. The words were spoken with finality. When he said they lacked the nerve to gun him, in his voice was no room for argument.

"Because you won't face me proves nothing—I know who you are. This is a good place to tell you who you are. This is a good place to tell you once more and for the last time what I think of you—all of you—big-mouthed sneaks who shoot at people from the rear and call yourselves desperadoes.

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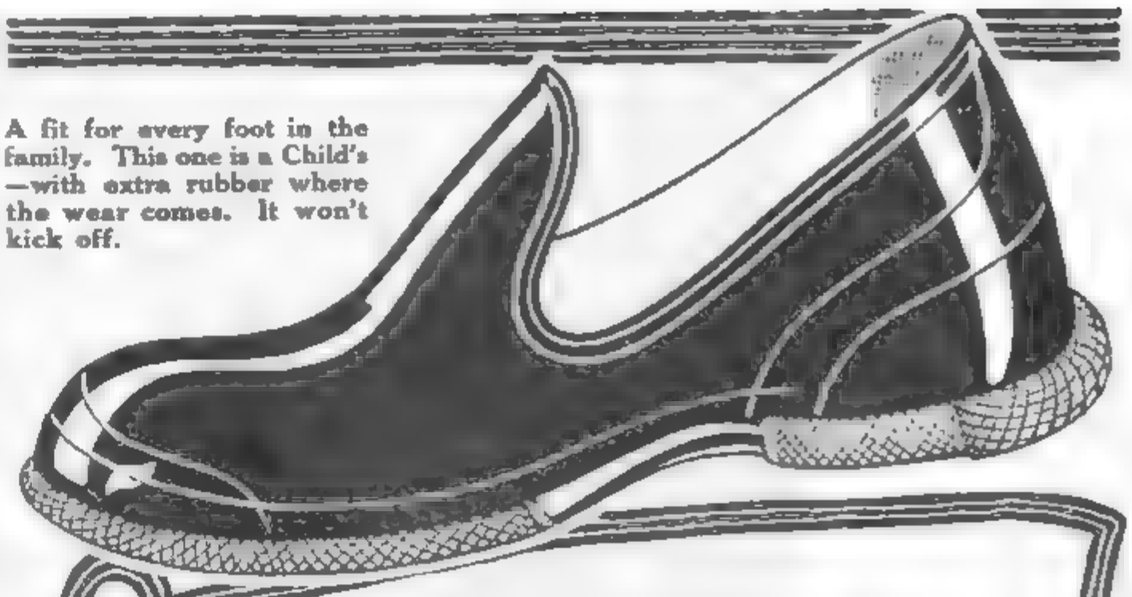

A fit for every foot in the family. This one is a Child's—with extra rubber where the wear comes. It won't kick off.

Rubbers for your "Kiddies" that will take twice as long to "kick through"—

The kiddies can romp, play, scuff their feet, stub their little toes, just as children always have and always will, and yet have dry, warm "tootsies" for *twice as long* a time if Mother or Daddy will buy them Goodrich "STRAIGHT-LINE" Rubbers.

For Goodrich puts into "STRAIGHT-LINES" a quality of rubber that is as *tough*, almost, *as rawhide*. Ten years of wear on over 20,000,000 pairs of feet have proved it to *outlast* 2 to 1 the rubber that is used in ordinary brands.

"STRAIGHT-LINES" are also *light in weight*, despite their toughness—and fit *very* snugly. They *stay on!*

Plenty of sizes and styles for "big folks," too—at 38,000 stores. "STRAIGHT-LINE" Rubbers *"wear like Goodrich Tires."* Why accept rubbers that do not?

Ask for "STRAIGHT-LINE" Rubbers
—not just "a pair of rubbers"

The B. F. Goodrich Company
Akron, Ohio

Makers of
"HIPRESS," the famous ONE-PIECE Boots and Heavy Shoes—with the RED LINE 'ROUND THE TOP.—and TEX-TAN, the Goodrich Sole that *outwears leather* on your leather shoes.

GOODRICH
"STRAIGHT-LINE"
RUBBERS

"Wear Like Goodrich Tires"

The Look That

MARY'S home was the grandest in town. Gray stone, almost like a castle; velvet lawns and clean gravel paths.

Within, the great corridors shone like glass; orderly, immaculate. The children never stepped on the polished floors—they were trained to walk only on the linoleum strip.

It might never have occurred to you that children lived there, all was so still. No laughter was heard, no romping of boisterous feet.

Yet Mary did not live there alone. There were four hundred other children. Mary was never alone, but always lonely.

She stood by the window this day and she should have been very happy. For would not tomorrow be Sunday, the day on which she was allowed to wear a colored ribbon in her hair!

Something she had heard this morning troubled her. She did not understand, but there was a dull ache in her heart.

It was while on the morning walk—four hundred unsmiling children, all dressed rigidly alike, down the center of the street; a forlorn little regiment, out for its daily exercise.

Mary had been watching with her great eyes two beribboned angels in a pony cart, when she heard one of them say in an awed whisper—every time she had overheard that remark it had been made in an awed whisper—"There go the orphans!"

Mary did not understand. She was only six and she could not remember the fragile mother who brought her, over four years before, to the great gray stone building. The dry-eyed woman, bravely smiling, who kissed her, breathed "Be good to my little girl," walked steadily out of the room and staggered, sobbing, down the steps—within a week of her grave.

So Mary did not understand. She was only just beginning to wonder, but each month grew deeper in her eyes the look that can only be loved away, in a home that is not spelled with a capital "H."

That look is no longer in Mary's eyes. Sometimes it comes there, and then she buries her head in her darling "mother's" lap and soon all the world smiles again.

It is all like a beautiful dream. There are whole hours in the day when she can be alone and not lonely, and do what she pleases. She can actually walk on the grass and visit neighbors, just like some other child. She is allowed to play with dolls—her own dolls.

Was Loved Away

All day long no gong rings for getting up, for meals, for prayers, for play, for bed, all in ordered silence. Mary has her own bed, her own room, her own home. She can wear a different colored ribbon in her hair every day. And at night the wonderful being called "Daddy" comes home with a pocket bulging with mystery.

Mamma and Daddy tell her that tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow no more gongs will ring, and her own heart tells her that no one ever again will say in that awed whisper: "There go the orphans!"

Twelve thousand two hundred and thirteen such homes have thrown open their doors and their hearts to such forlorn little waifs through the work of Butterick magazines.

Since Butterick started its Child Rescue Campaign in 1907, thousands of little children have been taken from great gray institutions and adopted into loving homes.

By ceaseless effort, through the influence of its magazine pages, by personal investigations, by interesting prominent people, by the collection and donation of money, Butterick has found the home without a child for the child without a home—12,213 of them.

To have done such a work is its own recompense and too sacred a privilege to be commercialized. It is related here because this series about the House of Butterick could not be complete without reference to it. While the Child Rescue Campaign is perhaps more dramatic, it is one in spirit with the work the Butterick magazines have been accomplishing for half a century.

Butterick has the intimate trust and influence to open 12,000 homes to forlorn children only because for years and years the Butterick magazines (The Delineator, The Designer, The Woman's Magazine) have both served and led millions of women in all the fundamental activities of their lives.

Butterick

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE | THE Delineator | THE DESIGNER

Moods,— a wife and a smoke.

A man upset by trifles is a man upset by moods. Moods I've had often—and my wife *wondered* at them.

Then I cut out heavy cigars. I took up ROBERT BURNS. My moods were far more *restful* ones. My wife looked pleased.

And I learned *for the first time* that a man needn't smoke an over-exciting type of heavy cigar to get a fully satisfying, *good* cigar.

* * * *

How can cigars be produced which you can smoke without a fear of befuddlement or disquiet, yet with a certainty of ripe, good *taste?*

The blend and the curing are the reasons. ROBERT BURNS' Havana filler gives it fine flavor. Our own special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. The neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness.

Today, indeed, the ROBERT BURNS is better than ever before.

Have you tried one lately?

Sold by thousands of dealers in the U. S. and particularly by those who display this sign.

Remember that Little Bobbie is a pocket edition of ROBERT BURNS himself. Price 5c.

Rob't Burns 10¢

Little Bobbie 5¢

SMOKER'S NOTE—If you must smoke heavy cigars, smoke them only after meals. At all other times smoke a mild cigar. Make it a ROBERT BURNS and your palate and nerves will both thank you.

STRAITON & STORM, *Manufacturers*, 119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

(Concluded from Page 53)

"This mob was planned by Dad Badshaw. He planned it to-night in Jed Woodrow's saloon with Crimson Kate. I've known he would plan it for three weeks—since the morning the first Carstock poster went up in Terrytown. But I doubted if he'd have the nerve or the following to carry it out. I'm watching you, Dad! You're over there by the fence with that pin gun in your fingers, trying to summon your stampeding courage to plug me full of lead. You haven't the nerve to do it, Dad! You haven't the stomach to shoot at a man until he's lifted on a rope. And if you ever looked into the dead face of a man you'd killed, you'd have the tremens every midnight from now till the time the noose tightened round your filthy neck! You had to leave town three years ago, Dad. You robbed the Weybridge store. Nobody knew you did it. But I know it now and so does the person who helped you. We've had enough of your miserable presence. If you hadn't started trouble, I was going to let you pass peaceably through this town and continue on your way. Putting your worthless hulk in jail wouldn't have been worth the expense it would have been to the county to try you. But you've started this fracas, Dad—and the Law has got you. Who else is here?

"Yes, there's another party I know. Only day before yesterday he swapped a quart of squirrel whisky with Butch Matters for the scarf that's flaring on his neck where there ought to be a rope. Needn't try to pull down your hat, Huggins. Your wife came to me day before last and begged me to lock you up—where you couldn't make her life a hell! You've been hiding down in Yellow-Dog Alley so I wouldn't find you, because you know she's at home now with a gash from her temple to her chin. A fine sort you are to be here protecting the honor of women!

"There's others here, too, that interest me! I see Budge Howalls, who spends his days in McLaughlin's pool room at poker and his nights in Hickey's cigar store playing the wheel that Hickey thinks I don't know he's got. I see Jim Batesfield with his one eye, its mate having been lost at the hands of Captain Thomaston the night he tried to run away with the Captain's silly wife. I see Fred Deskitt, who loaded up his store, went bankrupt, skun his creditors of every cent and is righteously active in the Sunday school. Doc Livingsman is with us to-night, also. He's got a jar of two thousand heroin tablets in the lower left-hand drawer of his office roll-top this minute. Even Saloon Joe's here, who threw Kate from his place last Christmas night and wouldn't even go to her assistance when she shrieked with a broken arm. All the scum of Terrytown is with us this evening! A fine crowd!"

The sheriff still sat the heroic horse, moving not a muscle. And that crowd commenced to melt. Men suddenly yanked their hats over their faces and dropped from sight. Groups at the edges began to fade. One looked and imagined a great milling of humanity, a titanic whirlpool of passion. But on looking more closely one wasn't so sure of the crowd.

The sheriff paused only to let his words burn in. Then he commenced the scathing denunciation of individual character again. He spoke names. On them he poured words that were like biting, blistering acid. Farmers, church-members, even here and there a town officer—he ripped them naked and cowering before the crowd and poured vitriol on their livid flesh.

"Now," said he, "scatter, you cowards! I'm through with you! I know the men who have been responsible for this lynching business in the past. When I took the oath of office I said I was going to blot it out. The town's been a disgrace to the state ever since a camp of roughnecks started this lawlessness over motherless and fatherless Little Son of a Gun. I calculate that I'll blot it out. Go! And so long as I'm sheriff, don't one of you ever come back and try it again!"

They went! Don't ask me how or why! I don't know. They simply obeyed him and backed off the lot.

IV

WE CARRIED Mac and old Tim Cuff down the street and into the rough-boarded room of Woodrow's saloon. We got stimulants into them. A doctor came and bound up their injuries. Back on the lot the men were getting the show loaded as fast as the wreckage and their excitement permitted. At midnight we were ready to pull out as usual.

Charley's face was still pasty. He was talking to the sheriff, who had waited to see how badly the men were injured:

"It's beyond me, boss! I've seen mobs and mobs! Why they didn't tear you from that horse will always be the one great mystery. It was preposterous. I'd have bet the whole Carstock Wild West you couldn't have done it and lived."

The sheriff smiled.

"I handle this town in a peculiar manner. Two years ago things were getting so bad that some one had to step in and bring them to a halt. Three sheriffs had been shot trying to stop the business. I analyzed their failure and I promptly began to handle this element differently.

"First I analyzed a mob. It is the worst part of humanity run amuck. Why? Because there's no such thing as individual responsibility. Why do lynch mobs invariably do their work at night and scatter at daybreak? There was the secret of my resistance!

"The secret of smashing a mob was to break it into its individual parts. The moment you dissemble the unit, you fasten individual responsibility. A lynch mob invariably scatters at daybreak, because the sunlight discloses the individual; and the moment the individual stands alone, the fear of Law, born in him when he entered the world, turns the civilization that is in him against him. By the same system that one would fight a forest fire successfully, bush by bush and tree by tree, so one must fight the mob fire successfully, unit by unit, person by person.

"Very good! How to do it? I analyzed the attack on each man individually. Deep in the heart of every man is one hidden sin he fears to have the world find out. It is something one may have done innocently, indiscreetly or deliberately. But it is something we keep religiously from the knowledge of men. So when a crime was committed in Terrytown, if not too flagrant, I dealt with it tolerantly or not at all. Men thought I didn't know. But I made it my business to know. I searched out the privacies of the men whom I had reason to suspect would head a mob. What I gleaned I kept to myself, until I knew the secret life of every man in the place. And I had them! A mob begins its work as it did to-night. I singled men from it, and for the first time in their lives I told them their own secrets. You thought the result would be my murder. But that was furthest from their thoughts. For their thoughts were in panic. They had never dreamed that I knew these things. What more might I know?

"I know what you're wondering," went on the sheriff with a grim smile. "It's why they didn't pot me before I had the chance. But I have a title here of which I am proud. Men call me The Sheriff Who Never Threatens. I never tell what I'll do if not obeyed. To threaten—to say what you will do with a club or a gun if disobeyed—confesses your weakness and human frailty to the roisterer. It is your admission that you must resort to an inanimate object to accomplish your design. It is proof that you are as bad as they, for you utilize their own instruments, only for another motive. And that means battle and may the mightiest win. Any coward can tighten his finger on a trigger, the same as the bravest, nerviest sheriff. It is the explosive power of powder then that settles the question. No! I learned never to threaten. It is excellent conduct, too, in other lines of business. The man who threatens wastes himself precisely in the ratio that his threat is deadly. Act as I did when I rode down those curs to-night! Men shrink from you, you command prestige and obedience because of the fear of what you may do next—without a warning."

The man with the iron nerve arose, and for the first time Charley saw his holster.

"Some one," gasped Charley—"some one has stolen your guns."

"I brought no guns," said the sheriff. "They would have displayed my own lack of self-confidence!"

"Stranger," said Mac, "I'm proud to know you. By what name shall I remember you?"

The sheriff moved across to the door, and for the first time I understood why he had sent me to the stable for that super-horse. Toward the door he half-dragged himself, half-hobbled on a useless leg.

"Theodore F. Gatlin," he said simply. "Gentlemen, I bid you good-night."

And Little Son of a Gun was gone into the great, quiet, starlit out-of-doors!

Shoes Very New, Very Rich, Very Distinctive

with comfort such as you have never known before

Model No. 46. The "Juliet." A delightful combination of taste this graceful vamp with a tapering of Ivory kid. Note the graceful curve of the throat of the shoe—a charming new feature.

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Model No. 463. The "Coralie." Oh, the charm of the white kid boot—beautiful with any costume. Here's another new one—tall and slim and graceful. Made of washable kid.

Model No. 469. The "Ermine." To tell you that this boot is made of light tan kid with a front and side inlay of Ivory kid does not do it justice. "Enchanting!" says every woman who sees it.

Model No. 45. The "Lafayette." There is no occasion to which this high boot of glazed kid would not adapt itself—a "thoroughbred" from tip to toe. Note the graceful arch.

Go to your dealer and ask for the Red Cross Shoe. See the models shown here and many other equally attractive ones with the words "Arch Preserver" on your foot's comfort. Try them. Red Cross Shoes are sold everywhere at $4.50, $5, $6, $7, $8 and up to $12, depending on materials and patterns.

Write for Footwear Style Guide

Sent without charge. It illustrates and describes the correct models for fall—all materials. With it we will send you the name of your nearest dealer, or tell you how to order direct.

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DEALERS! *Perhaps no one but as yet secured the Accredited Agency for the Red Cross Shoe in your town. A representative with spring line is now probably near you. Write or wire.*

Red Cross Shoe

As the Modern liner is to the Ancient ship

***MAJESTIC** she glides, the giant liner, LIVING in the rhythm of her great machinery, dwarfing in the splendors of colossal achievement the lowly craft at her side.*

No ship is she. She is a symbol. She is the spirit of forward-moving impulse. She changes the outworn shapes of yesterday to the vital accomplishments of today. Her name is progress. She lives in a thousand forms: shedding the hulks of a thousand outworn customs and solving triumphantly the problems they have left.

* * *

In the great Goodyear laboratories about a year ago—there saw the light one of the most humanly useful among the great scientific discoveries of our time.

For many centuries mankind has been shod with leather—and good it was in those older days when men were more simply satisfied. Yet, to mankind, leather was never a *natural tread*. Inflexible as fate, it weakened and tired the prisoned human foot by hampering natural foot action. It was not waterproof. It wore out easily—too easily.

Leather, in fact, was the product of another age. It had survived only because Science had passed its problems by.

Had passed them by, at least, —*had* passed them—till Neōlin came.

As the modern liner is to the ancient ship—so is Neōlin to the leather sole

So is Neōlin to the leather sole

In the great Goodyear laboratories Neōlin was conceived.

And when we say Neōlin what may we not say?

For, one by one, and magically almost as a wonder-tale, Neōlin has answered the foot problems of the centuries.

Thousands of men and women are asking for Neōlin for themselves today—and asking it for their children.

They are asking for Neōlin after they have worn Neōlin.

They know Neōlin is superseding leather because it is better than leather.

They know that Neōlin wears longer than good leather. And that the inferior leather the youngsters shoe-soles get is outranged in comparison entirely.

And they buy Neōlin for other reasons: —They buy Neōlin because it is waterproof, and because it is noiseless.

They buy Neōlin because it is as flexible as the human foot itself—building up the foot-muscles and feeling as comfortable as an old slipper as soon as you put it on.

Is it a wonder that these people are grateful to Science for this great synthetic discovery—Neōlin?

Or that more than a million people in America today are thinking how little less than wonderful is this modern synthetic shoe-sole?

Which often makes possible one pair of shoes where *two* were bought before.

And which looks as good as it *lasts* and *feels*.

Always will you be grateful for Neōlin—which is *not* rubber, which is not leather, but which is absolutely different from both and far superior in wear and foot comfort to either.

Retailers and repairers have Neōlin or can get it. It comes on new shoes or as new soles for old ones. Be sure, however, it *is* Neōlin—Neōlin with the Goodyear mark of quality upon it. *Mark* that mark—stamp it on your memory: Neōlin

—the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

Neōlin

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Better than Leather

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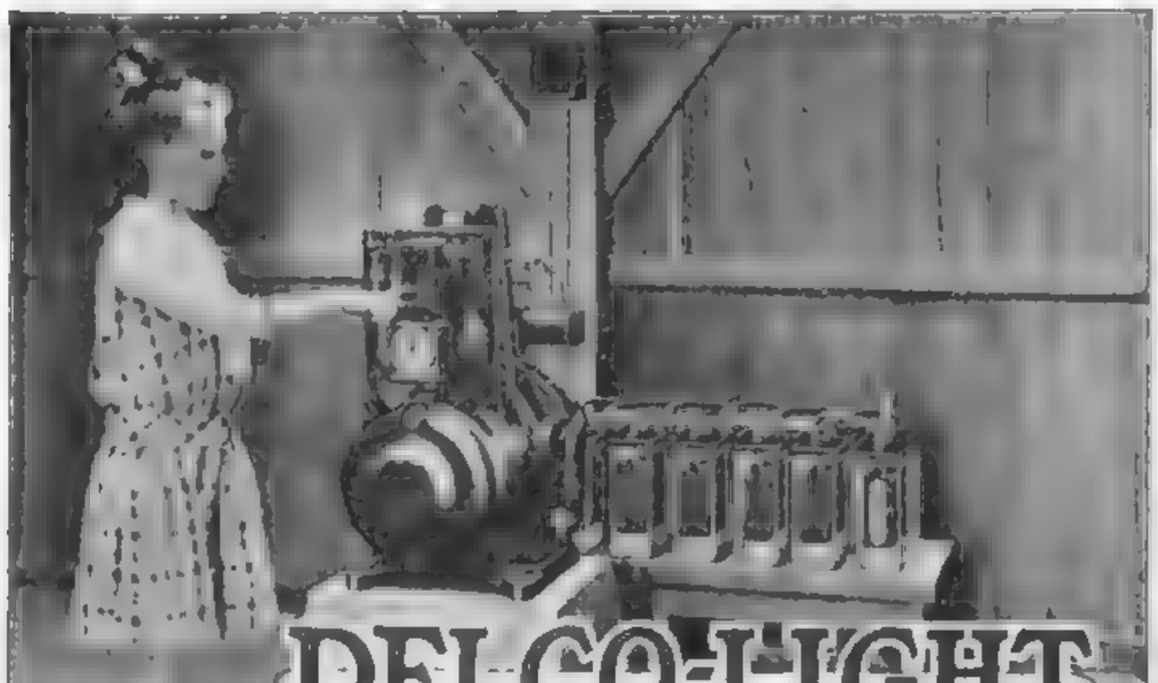

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BETTERS living conditions—and pays for itself in time and labor saved.

Time is money—

And Delco-Light saves time by doing the chores—by churning the butter and separating the cream—by pumping the water and washing the clothes—by adding hours to the working time of everybody about the farm.

At the same time Delco-Light furnishes an abundance of clean, brilliant and safe light for house and barn.

Delco-Light is a complete plant for generating electricity.

It runs in gasoline, gas or kerosene, and is so simple a child can care for it.

LIGHTS THE HOME

SEPARATES THE CREAM

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PUMPS THE WATER

WASHES THE CLOTHES

OPERATES THE VACUUM CLEANER

The price complete is **$275** f. o. b. Dayton
$375 in Canada

Let us tell you more about it—Write for the Delco-Light book

The Domestic Engineering Co., Dayton, O.
Distributors in all principal cities

THE HIDDEN MANAGERS

(Continued from Page 13)

and told me, with excessive hyperbole, that nine million salesmen go up there every day. Each salesman is required to fill out one of those slips, which is sent by a messenger to the designated buyer. If he wants to make an appointment he sends back the slip with a notation to that effect, but more often the message that comes is like this:

"Mr. Jones, of the colored dress goods, is not open to buy."

This young manager of the sample room assured me that his lot was not so rosy as it appeared. He is commonly accused by the visiting salesmen of inventing fairy tales as to the whereabouts of buyers, and of devising spurious turndowns. On the other hand, he must maintain diplomacy and must satisfy the merchandise man that the manufacturers' salesmen are fairly treated. He called my attention to the Kick Box, which bore this inscription:

"Salesmen who do not receive courteous attention, or are not offered an opportunity to show legitimate lines of goods, are asked to write their complaints on a sheet of paper and drop it in the slot. It is the policy of this house to treat all salesmen impartially, so far as time and the necessities of the store permit."

Every night all the want-appointment slips, bearing the notations of the salesmen, store buyers and the manager of the sample room, are sent to the merchandise office, where they are examined. Thus a buyer must have a good excuse for refusing to see salesmen. The merchandise man will not stand for favoritism, and he believes in the broadest sort of selection when it comes to buying goods. Nevertheless, there are often good reasons why some would-be seller of goods is *persona non grata* to the buyers, such as poor quality, habitual failure to deliver on time, favoritism to other stores, and so on.

The Trials of the Patient Deacon

I passed on to the next manager's office, and found myself in the presence of a large man with a pleasing face, which, nevertheless, bore evidence of distress. His voice was sad, but most amiable. I imagine he has long cultivated that soothing, explanatory accent, for he is the adjustment manager. I understand that he gets forty-five dollars a week, though it would seem that he should earn more than that. Truly this is one of the toughest jobs in the store, but one that every young man should have a chance at, because it teaches self-restraint and diplomacy as no other job can.

This store stands rather high in general efficiency; yet even here the mistakes are distressing and the broken promises many. Last month its record of broken promises, mostly failures to deliver on time, numbered twenty-three hundred and twenty-seven. This, too, despite a system requiring heads of stock to keep track of promised delivery dates in advance and inform the adjustment office of prospective failures. The adjustment manager is the one on whom the blow falls every time. As I sat at his desk I heard him call some man customer on the phone and tell him that the draperies promised for Tuesday would be two days late. "Awfully sorry; but ——"

I could hear the customer go into first, second and third with grinding gears, and the way he came at the adjustment man was heartrending. Wednesday was his wife's birthday and the draperies were to be a present! Birthday—did the store understand that? Then some more!

Once I saw a man who was sworn at over the telephone throw the instrument at the wall; but now the deacon, as they call the adjustment man in this store, kept a wonderful poise, though the blood came into his face and I imagined his eyes popped a little. His voice did not lose a note of its pianissimo, and he kept the dulciana stop on

"How can you stand this constant abuse?" I asked

"Ah, that is what I am here for," he observed, pressing his fingers to his eyes. "The unreasonableness of the people is pathetic, but instead of trying to change human nature in customers we must meet it as it is. Most disappointed customers take snap judgment and do not realize that we have the human factor to deal with here, among employees as well as outside. So far as our

(Concluded on Page 62)

The Panatela Habit Makes You a Light Smoker

For the benefit of those who do not know—Panatela is the name of a certain shape of cigar.

A Panatela is usually about five inches long, extremely slender and clipped off at the end with a minimum of taper.

The Shivers Panatela is a trifle thicker than the average Panatela but is not too tightly rolled—which makes it free-burning.

Shivers' Panatela

The Panatela is naturally a milder, lighter smoke than the plumper shapes such as Perfectos, Invincibles, etc.

When you learn to like Panatelas—when you get the Panatela habit—you reduce your smoking. You smoke with less intensity when you smoke Panatelas because you actually consume less tobacco. Yet none of the flavor or bouquet of the tobacco is sacrificed.

Many of our customers, men who could afford to pay almost any price for their cigars, have standardized their smoking by adopting the Panatela as their cigars. The "twenty-five cent-ers" that are sometimes forced upon them, they give away.

They have the Panatela habit.

Just experiment with our Panatela. You will not hear many fairer propositions than this one.

Our Offer is: Upon request we will send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at our expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not satisfied with them; if he is pleased and keeps them he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Our Panatela is a clear Havana cigar, with a wrapper of [illegible] shade grown Havana. It is made under [illegible] conditions in our factory in Philadelphia by skilled adult cigarmakers.

Any cigar answering the above description will sell 3 for a quarter in the usual retail store.

You buy it by the box from our factory at $3.00 per hundred or $1.50 per box of 50 as we could [illegible] if we sold at retail.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give reference and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

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Buy it of your dealer
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How Present-Day Parents Keep the Hat-Rack Filled

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You should send for our free color-book and learn the life-time charm of playing billiards; learn the delight of parents, boys and girls.

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As the nights grow longer, let your sons and daughters entertain at home. Let carom or pocket billiards brighten your own leisure hours, and bring you perfect health.

You can afford a small payment now as well as later. So why postpone these hours of merry conquest? Complete high-class Playing Outfit of balls, cues, etc., included without extra cost.

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Don't mistake toy imitations for scientific Brunswicks. If you are not sure which store in your town supplies the genuine Brunswick, see these tables in our beautiful color-book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet." **It's free.**

Full details, play-as-you-pay plan and free trial offer all fully told. Write or send this coupon at once.

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No Extra Room Needed

Brunswick Tables are scientifically built. Accurate angles, fast, ever-level billiard beds and famous quick-acting Monarch Cushions. Beautiful oak and mahogany richly inlaid—masterful cabinet work throughout.

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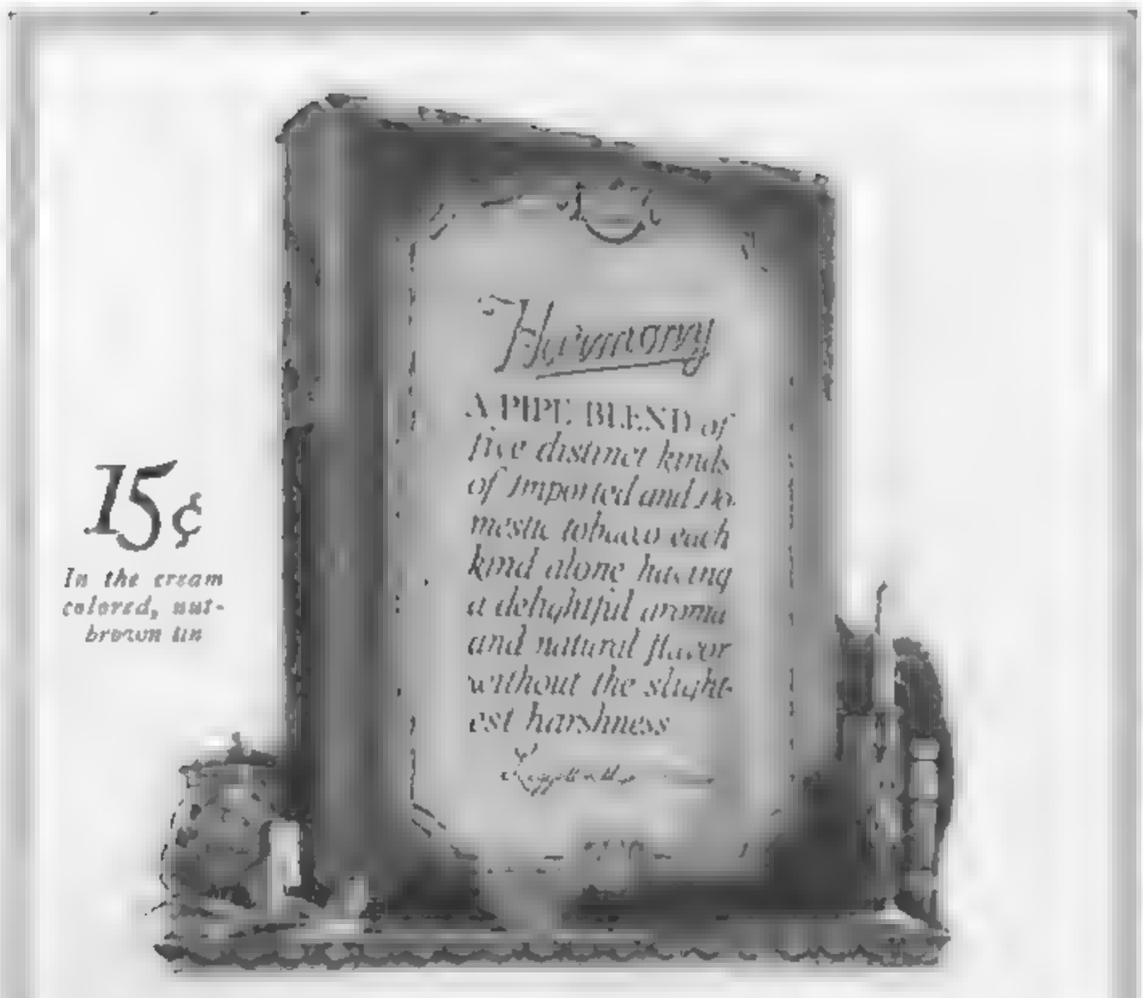
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A PIPE BLEND of five distinct kinds of imported and domestic tobacco each kind alone having a delightful aroma and natural flavor without the slightest harshness
15¢
In the cream colored, unit-brown tin

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Accomplished pipe-smokers, when they first taste Harmony Pipe Blend, are a little surprised. Not at its rich, full flavor. Several other high-grade tobaccos give that.

But what they never have found in smoking tobacco, yet have always hoped for, is full-bodied richness that is delicately mild. Harmony gives just that flavor—it might be called "rich-mildness"—without even a trace of harshness or discord.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

HARMONY
A PIPE BLEND

If your dealer cannot supply you, enclose 15 cents in stamps, for this full-sized one-eighth pound tin, postage prepaid. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., 212 Fifth Ave., New York.

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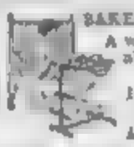

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(Concluded from Page 60)

own organization is concerned, we do try to change human nature—or at least to strengthen it, so that mistakes and failures will be at the minimum; but in spite of all our iron-bound safeguards ——"

He finished by shrugging his shoulders. Then he confided to me this:

"I live under the weight of an impending disaster; for some day I fear I shall erupt. I don't know how long I can go on bearing the burden of other people's sins. But if ever I do give way, and tell some customer to go jump in the ocean, my career will be over, my reputation gone."

Then I found the employment manager, who plays another difficult rôle. He was once assistant to the employment manager in a factory, where he learned to dissect character and motives among workingmen. Now his job is more intricate, for he deals with the subtle art of salesmanship. His creed is that every employee must be something of a salesperson.

"In hiring people," he said, "we aim to reduce the turnover of the selling force. Our figure last year was thirty-five per cent, while in another store it was eighty per cent. Just as the turnover of goods should be accelerated, so the turnover of salespeople should be retarded. If your sales organization is habitually made up of raw recruits, newcomers and floaters, what chance does your selling army stand against a competing force of hardened and trained salespersons?

"Here in this store we have cut down this kind of turnover about twelve per cent in a year through critical analyses of tabulated information concerning the kind of people to employ, and through fitting employees into their proper niches and surrounding them with conditions that bring out the qualities to which we apply that abused term, efficiency."

He showed me many reports on salespersons, like these:

"Number 7642: A girl of little education; rather attractive, but has bleached hair; a good worker, but lacking in intuition, tact, refinement and concentration; has improved greatly since entering Classes A and B."

"Number 9781: An ordinary-looking woman of thirty; was very unsatisfactory when she first came here, but is credited with having enthusiasm, energy, natural ability to talk, and good health. Since taking the courses in Classes A and C she has improved wonderfully in sales and knowledge of goods."

"Number 6279: A good-looking girl, but hopeless as a salesperson; lacks memory necessary to acquire knowledge of stock; is shiftless, bold in approach, fretful and disloyal."

Then the employment manager showed me numerous forms and charts on which were kept various kinds of information about employees. One was a floormanager's rating sheet for clerks, on which were given percentages for sales, attention to business, obedience, truthfulness, manners, class standing, and the like. Another form was a self-analysis sheet.

In the Window Dresser's Studio

So far as I know, there isn't any university degree that goes with a systems engineer; but some day this will be a distinct profession and perhaps will carry the degree of S. E.—for Store Engineer. It seems strange that in this day of merchandising we should have given so little attention to the education of persons for the management of wholesale and retail establishments.

This particular store, being put to it by declining profits and internal difficulties, has developed its own engineering system, adapted from the best it could get from other stores and from its own genius. The systems engineer originally came out of the Accounting Department and revealed an unusual aptitude in his new career. He gets fifty dollars a week.

He told me that before the methods bureau was established the store procedure was a succession of chaoses; so that, as likely as not, Mrs. Brown's new hat was delivered to Mrs. Smith, and Mr. Jones' "Will Call" couldn't be found. Since then the average time required for a sale has decreased from about twelve minutes to nine and a fraction. The delivery efficiency has gone up eighteen per cent, and the total number of mistakes in the store, so far as recorded, has decreased forty-two per cent.

"You see," he said, "the methods bureau has not only tended to improve the least efficient of our employees but it has capitalized the really good ones. Did you ever think what you lose by tying up an inherently efficient employee to a bad method?"

When I reached the display manager's office I found myself suddenly in a different atmosphere. It was like going from a workshop into a studio, and the display manager himself proved to be an artist, even to the harmony of colors in his necktie, shirt and fancy waistcoat.

This young man emanated from the silk counter of a Western store, took a course in a window-trimming school, and now draws seventy-five dollars a week. They let him pretty much alone, except to tell him what lines of goods they want shown in the windows, and when. The general plan of the window campaign is worked out months in advance, and even the detailed plans are prepared six or eight weeks ahead. Window plans originate with the merchandise and advertising managers, or are approved by them.

The window-trimming day begins at five-thirty o'clock in the morning and ends at two in the afternoon; but these hours are for the assistant trimmers. The manager gets down later, but frequently works at night on his plans, and sets up dummy displays in experimental windows upstairs.

I was told that this immaculate young man can take a piece of dress goods and drape it in two hundred and fifty-eight ways without cutting the material, thus creating in a window all sorts of elaborate gown effects. A display manager's job is something of a sunny dream beside the Stygian careers of the expense and adjustment managers. Yet he is a migratory bird, often, jumping from New York to Los Angeles or elsewhere at the call of a new job. He gets several offers a year, because his work is in the limelight. Then, it is easier to use over and over his big conceptions than to work out new ones. Like the preacher with his sermons, he moves on.

The Merchandise Man

Aside from window displays the manner of exhibiting goods in a store is an important study, and some stores have an interior display manager. I heard of one such executive who was given most of the credit for increasing the total sales forty per cent. For example, he studied the correct relation of department locations. Dress fabrics help dress findings; linen and chinaware boost each other; the sale of fancy groceries can be largely increased by bringing them into clever contact with staple edibles.

Finally I went to the merchandise manager, who in this case is general manager too, and is reputed to draw fifty thousand dollars a year. He is forty-five, has classical features, and looks at you mildly. Once he was a cash boy.

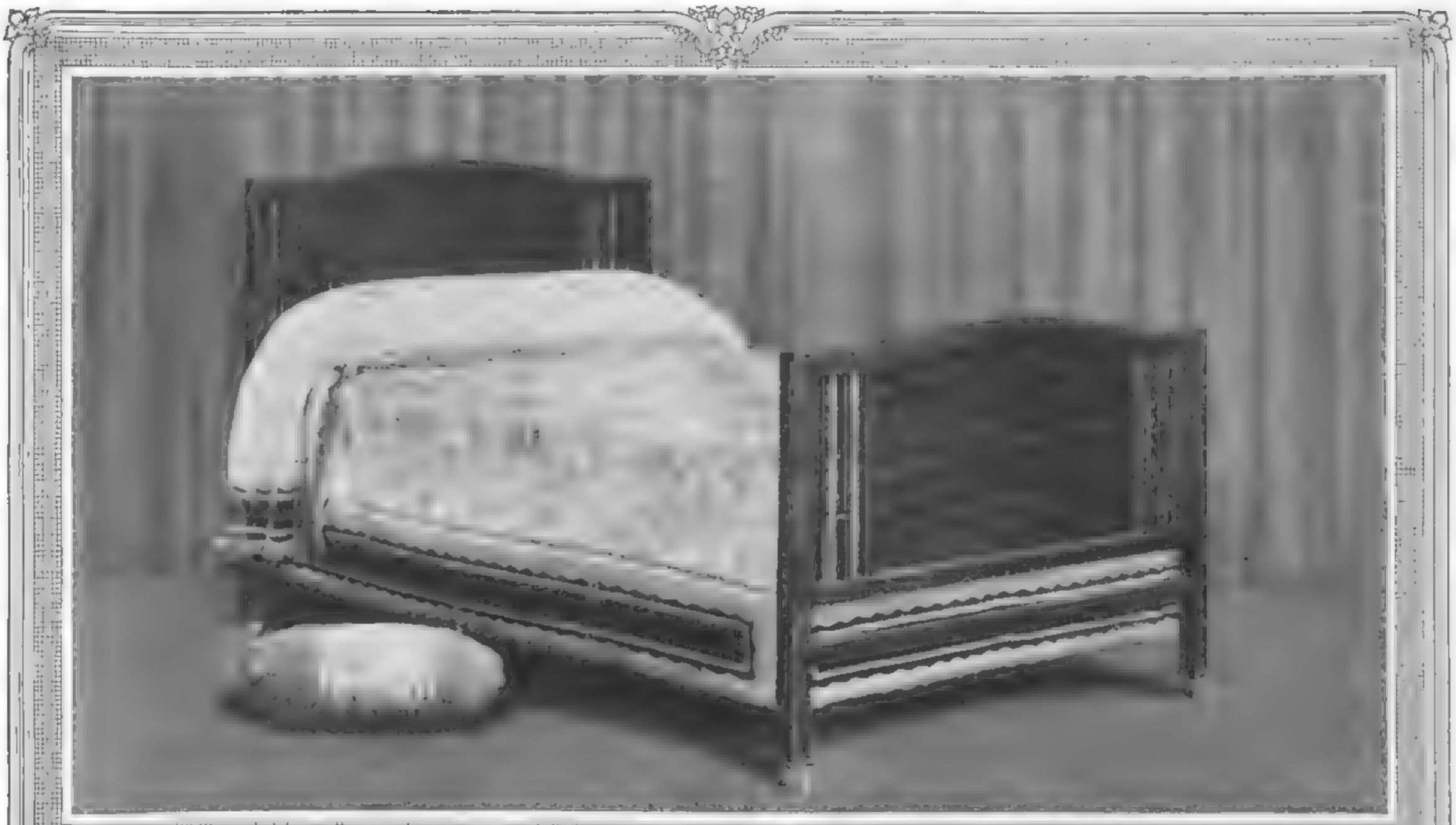
This store is the essence of the merchandise manager's thinking, and most of the things of which I have told you came out of his brain, either directly or through his group of inner managers. You need no further revelation concerning the secret of his rise. He picks his staff and sets each man thinking along some specific line. By a continuous series of periodic conferences he pulls each of those managers along into new thinking.

He manages the store, first of all, by watching comparative reports and holding each factor of the business up to its mark. But he watches the stocks of goods as well as the reports. A report might show that the Shoe Department had five thousand dollars' worth of seasonable stock when, in reality, half of it might be almost unsalable. He goes into departments at times after the store has closed and the buyers are gone, and goes through the stocks himself with amazing rapidity. Next morning the buyers get his reports.

Another thing in which he is ultramodern is this: Instead of basing his next year's prospective sales on those of last year, he will lay them out on the basis of what next year's expenses should be, adding a percentage for the net profit. He will say to his buyers:

"We shall be forced to pay advanced costs on most items; so it is up to you men to sell enough goods to cover those costs and our dividends."

I have shown you that he is a philosopher of the written word as well as the spoken one; and his typewritten philosophy of buying is almost transcendental in style and embodies the wisdom of a master merchandiser. It is for his buyers alone. He is the manager of managers, and the hidden show master who places at your disposal more than threescore stores in one.



This is a "Simmons" Steel Bed, No. 1840, typical of the hundred or more new Simmons styles, which are unlike any metal bed designs and finishes ever before seen by Saturday Evening Post readers. These beds are revolutionizing American bedrooms.

Simmons Steel Beds
Match Wood Furniture

THE radical improvements wrought by Simmons patent-protected method of processing steel, offer such grace of design and charm of finish as to have forced discriminating Americans of culture and good taste to completely revise their conceptions of the steel bed. In their refinement of finish as well as in distinction of design do these charming beds associate art with utility.

There are plain colors in a broad selection of delicate shades, lacquer effects in deep, full tones, hand-decorated models, wood-grain facsimiles of red and brown Mahogany, Circassian and American Walnut, and Oak—all lasting and sanitary, in Simmons-enamel. By going to your dealer and seeing Simmons Steel Beds you will get many ideas in chamber furnishing. You will find these beds in the windows and on the floors of better dealers everywhere, and at prices exceedingly moderate for every style.

See Your Dealer's Exhibit of
SIMMONS STEEL BEDS

Always Buy a Simmons Spring for a Simmons Bed

SIMMONS COMPANY

The World's Largest Makers of Metal Beds and Springs

FACTORIES: KENOSHA, WISCONSIN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Branch Warehouses at { Boston Philadelphia Richmond Va. Cleveland Buffalo Atlanta Indianapolis St Paul Minneapolis Seattle San Francisco
New York Baltimore Pittsburgh Cincinnati Toledo Detroit Chicago St Louis Denver Portland, Ore. Los Angeles

DEALERS: Write the Simmons Branch Warehouse nearest you today for Booklet illustrating all advertised Simmons Beds.

BRASCOLITE

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Over 250,000 Brascolites are Distributing Daylight

The Brascolite is an established factor in correct lighting. In less than three years' time it has made itself the largest selling lighting fixture in the world — it takes downright efficiency to accomplish a record like that.

Day and night the Brascolite is proving in thousands of offices, factories, stores, churches, and homes throughout the length and breadth of America that the proper light for eye comfort and working efficiency is the soft, white light and broadly diffused illumination given by the Brascolite—just like daylight. So perfectly and broadly diffused is this illumination that office furniture does not have to be moved to get "under the light"—light is everywhere.

Eyes that used to tire out, give out, in offices, straining to see in the dark or squinting against over-bright lights—goods that formerly were dingily displayed or whose proper colors were disguised in badly lighted stores—factory owners whose products suffered from slipshod methods due to poor illumination; all these and thousands of others are daily and nightly proving that there *is* such a thing as an artificial light that can hardly be told from daylight from all standpoints of quality and eye ease — the Brascolite.

Ask your local dealer to demonstrate Brascolite efficiency to you—get him to show you the many different designs and to explain why it decreases current consumption and lowers cost of maintenance.

Make sure of getting the genuine. Do not be deceived by fixtures designed to look, at a glance, like Brascolites. Being unable to duplicate the Brascolite construction principle they've tried to imitate its appearance—but *none* can duplicate its efficiency. Look for the name stamped on edge of bowl and inner surface of the fixture.

Write us for portfolio containing photographic reproductions of many big installations, explaining the principle of the fixture and illustrating the infinite variety of designs for office, store, bank, theatre, club, restaurant, church, home, etc.

LUMINOUS UNIT CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

NEW YORK, 30 Church St. BOSTON, Old South Bldg. LOS ANGELES, 1621 S. Grand Ave.
CHICAGO, 19 South Fifth Ave. PHILADELPHIA, 1020 Land Title Bldg.

Largest Selling Lighting Fixture in the World

Best light for offices

Perfect home light

Just the light for churches

Superior illumination for restaurants

PICCADILLY JIM

(Continued from Page 23)

in his first panic, that he himself was the only person in that room whose motive for being there would not have borne inspection. But now safely hidden in the gallery, out of sight from the floor below, he had the leisure to consider the newcomer's movements and to draw conclusions from them.

An honest man's first act would surely have been to switch on the lights. And an honest man would hardly have crept so stealthily. It became apparent to Jimmy, as he leaned over the rail and tried to pierce the darkness, that there was sinister work afoot; and he had hardly reached this conclusion when his mind took a further leap and he guessed the identity of the soft-footed person below. It could be none but his old friend, Lord Wisbeach, known to the boys as Gentleman Jack. It surprised him that he had not thought of this before. Then it surprised him that, after the talk they had had only a few hours earlier in that very room, Gentleman Jack should have dared to risk this raid.

At this moment the blackness was relieved as if by the striking of a match. The man below had brought an electric torch into play, and now Jimmy could see clearly. He had been right in his surmise. It was Lord Wisbeach. He was kneeling in front of the safe. What he was doing to the safe Jimmy could not see, for the man's body was in the way; but the electric torch shone on his face, lighting up grim, serious features quite unlike the amiable and slightly vacant mask that his lordship was wont to present to the world. As Jimmy looked, something happened in the pool of light beyond his vision. Gentleman Jack gave a muttered exclamation of satisfaction and then Jimmy saw that the door of the safe had swung open. The air was full of a penetrating smell of scorched metal. Jimmy was not an expert in these matters, but he had read from time to time of modern burglars and their methods, and he gathered that an oxyacetylene blowpipe, with its flame that cuts steel as a knife cuts cheese, had been at work.

Lord Wisbeach flashed the torch into the open safe, plunged his hand in, and drew it out again, holding something. Handling this in a cautious and gingerly manner, he placed it carefully in his breast pocket. Then he straightened himself. He switched off the torch, and moved to the window, leaving the rest of his implements by the open safe. He unfastened the shutter, then raised the catch of the window. At this point it seemed to Jimmy that the time had come to interfere.

"Tut, tut!" he said in a tone of mild reproof.

The effect of the rebuke on Lord Wisbeach was remarkable. He jumped convulsively away from the window, then, revolving on his own axis, flashed the torch into every corner of the room.

"Who's that?" he gasped.

"Conscience!" said Jimmy.

Lord Wisbeach had overlooked the gallery in his researches. He now turned his torch upward. The light flooded the gallery on the opposite side of the room from where Jimmy stood. There was a pistol in Gentleman Jack's hand now. It followed the torch uncertainly.

Jimmy, lying flat on the gallery floor, spoke again.

"Throw that gun away and the torch too," he said. "I've got you covered!"

The torch flashed above his head, but the raised edge of the gallery rail protected him.

"I'll give you five seconds. If you haven't dropped that gun by then I shall shoot!"

As he began to count, Jimmy heartily regretted that he had allowed his appreciation of the dramatic to lead him into this situation. It would have been so simple to have roused the house in a prosaic way and avoided this delicate position. Suppose his bluff did not succeed! Suppose the other still clung to his pistol at the end of the five seconds! He wished that he had made it ten instead. Gentleman Jack was an enterprising person, as his previous acts had showed. He might very well decide to take a chance. He might even refuse to believe that Jimmy was armed. He had only Jimmy's word for it. Perhaps he might be as deficient in simple faith as he had been proved to be in Norman blood! Jimmy lingered lovingly over his count.

"Four!" he said reluctantly.

There was a breathless moment. Then, to Jimmy's unspeakable relief, gun and torch dropped simultaneously to the floor. In an instant Jimmy was himself again.

"Go and stand with your face to that wall!" he said crisply. "Hold your hands up!"

"Why?"

"I'm going to see how many more guns you've got."

"I haven't another."

"I'd like to make sure of that for myself Get moving!"

Gentleman Jack reluctantly obeyed. When he had reached the wall Jimmy came down. He switched on the lights. He felt in the other's pockets and almost at once encountered something hard and metallic.

He shook his head reproachfully.

"You are very loose and inaccurate in your statements," he said. "Why all these weapons? I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier! Now you can turn round and put your hands down."

Gentleman Jack's appeared to be a philosophical nature. The chagrin consequent upon his failure seemed to have left him. He sat on the arm of a chair and regarded Jimmy without apparent hostility. He even smiled a faint smile.

"I thought I had fixed you," he said. "You must have been smarter than I took you for. I never supposed you would get on to that drink and pass it up."

Understanding of an incident that had perplexed him came to Jimmy.

"Was it you who put that highball in my room? Was it doped?"

"Didn't you know?"

"Well," said Jimmy, "I never knew before that virtue got its reward so darned quick in this world. I rejected that highball, not because I suspected it but out of pure goodness, because I had made up my mind that I was through with all that sort of thing."

His companion laughed. If Jimmy had had a more intimate acquaintance with the resourceful individual whom the boys called Gentleman Jack he would have been disquieted by that laugh. It was an axiom, among those who knew him well, that when Gentleman Jack chuckled in that reflective way he generally had something unpleasant up his sleeve.

"It's your lucky night," said Gentleman Jack.

"It looks like it."

"Well, it isn't over yet."

"Very nearly. You had better go and put that test tube back in what is left of the safe now. Did you think I had forgotten it?"

"What test tube?"

"Come, come, old friend! The one filled with Partridge's explosive, that you have in your breast pocket!"

Gentleman Jack laughed again, then he moved toward the safe.

"Place it gently on the top shelf," said Jimmy.

The next moment every nerve in his body was leaping and quivering. A great shout split the air. Gentleman Jack, apparently insane, was giving tongue at the top of his voice.

"Help! Help! Help!"

The conversation having been conducted up to this point in undertones, the effect of this unexpected uproar was like an explosion. The cries seemed to echo round the room and shake the very walls. For a moment Jimmy stood paralyzed, staring feebly; then there was a sudden deafening increase in the din. Something living seemed to writhe and jump in his hand. He dropped it incontinently and found himself gazing in a stupefied way at a round, smoking hole in the carpet. Such had been the effect of Gentleman Jack's unforeseen outburst that he had quite forgotten that he held the revolver, and he had been unfortunate enough at this juncture to pull the trigger.

There was a sudden rush and swirl of action. Something hit Jimmy under the chin. He staggered back and, when he had recovered his balance, found himself looking into the muzzle of the revolver that had nearly blown a hole in his foot a moment back. The sardonic face of Gentleman Jack smiled grimly over the barrel.

"I told you the night wasn't over yet!" he said.

The blow under the chin had temporarily dulled Jimmy's mentality. He stood, swallowing and endeavoring to pull himself together and to get rid of a feeling that his

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A thrilling romance of the big timber country, with a pot of gold at the end.

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BLUEBIRD Photo Plays - Inc.

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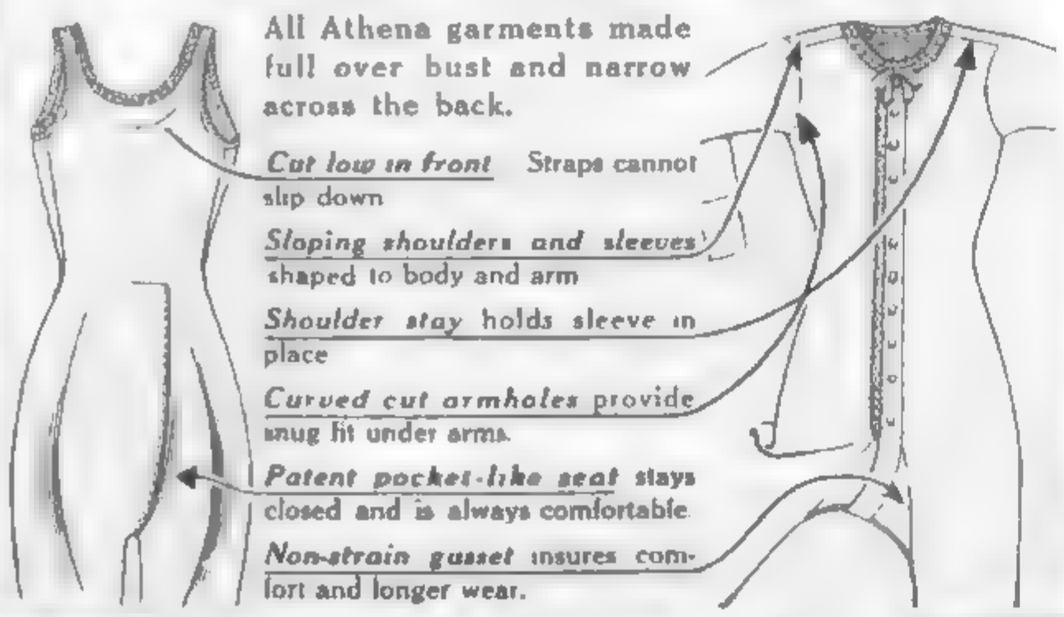
Special features which give ATHENA Underwear its daintiness, comfort qualities and perfect tailored fit:



All Athena garments made full over bust and narrow across the back.

Cut low in front Straps cannot slip down

Sloping shoulders and sleeves shaped to body and arm

Shoulder stay holds sleeve in place

Curved cut armholes provide snug fit under arms.

Patent pocket-like seat stays closed and is always comfortable

Non-strain gusset insures comfort and longer wear.

ATHENA
UNDERWEAR
FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We are so sure you will be delighted with the daintiness of ATHENA Underwear and the comfort you will have in it that we ask you to try a suit just for your own satisfaction.

The moment you put it on you will *feel* its superiority. You will find that it affords perfect freedom of your arms and body; you will be able to bend or stoop without hindrance.

ATHENA Underwear is tailored to match the lines of your figure. It does not have to be stretched into shape. There is no binding over the bust or at the hips, no bagginess or wrinkling at the waist.

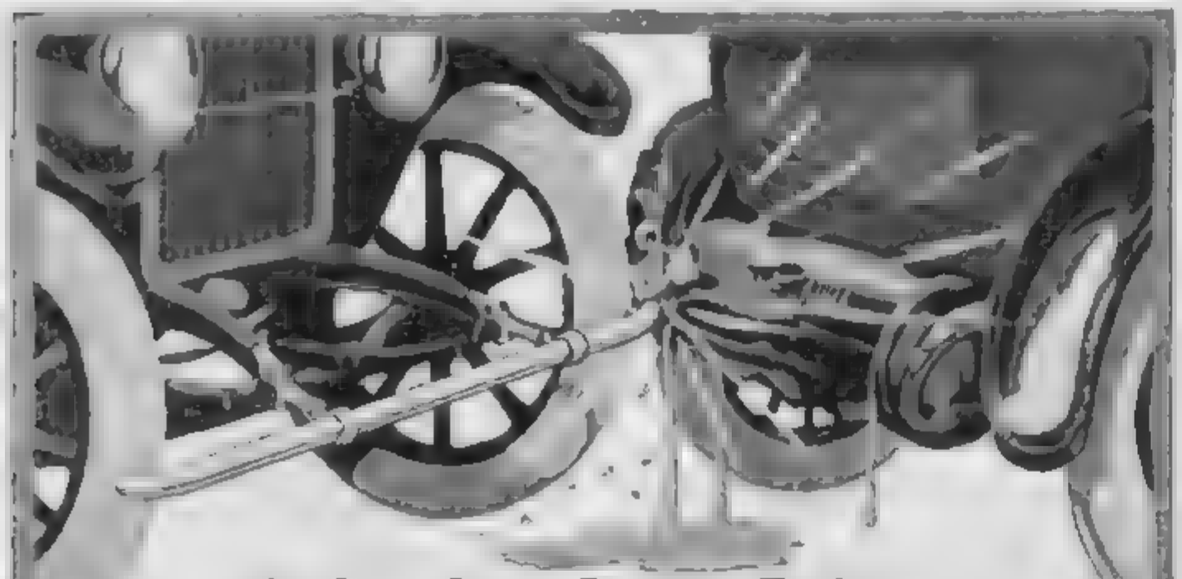
Select your correct size when you buy ATHENA Underwear. It will fit you snugly, comfortably all over, with no pulling or stretching anywhere and no loose bagginess at any point.

All sizes, weights and qualities at the prices you have been accustomed to pay.

Ask for ATHENA Underwear at your local dealer's

Manufactured by

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, CHICAGO



A Careless Jitney Driver

backed into the front end of my car. He smashed his gasoline tank and bent a fender. My lamps, radiator and fenders were saved by a GEMCO End Thrust Bumper. A rear GEMCO Bumper would have saved his loss. Ask your dealer for

Gemco Milwaukee **End Thrust Bumpers**

for the front and rear end of your car. They will pay for themselves the first time the inevitable smash comes. Made in Diamond, Channel or Spring Bar to fit all cars. One of the popular auto accessories made by the

GEMCO MFG. COMPANY, 780 South Pierce Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

DEALERS

If you are not already making good profits selling GEMCO Bumpers, ask your jobber what other dealers are doing.

head was about to come off. He backed to the desk and steadied himself against it.

As he did so, a voice from behind him spoke.

"Whassall this?"

He turned his head. A curious procession was filing in through the open French window. First came Mr. Crocker, still wearing his hideous mask; then a heavily bearded individual with round spectacles, who looked like an automobile coming through a haystack; then Ogden Ford; and finally a sturdy, determined-looking woman, with glittering but poorly coördinated eyes, who held a large revolver in her unshaking right hand and looked the very embodiment of the modern female who will stand no nonsense. It was part of the nightmare-like atmosphere that seemed to brood inexorably over this particular night that this person looked to Jimmy exactly like the parlor maid who had come in answer to his bell and who had sent his father to him. Yet how could it be she? Jimmy knew little of the habits of parlor maids, but surely they did not wander about with revolvers, in the small hours?

While he endeavored feverishly to find reason in this chaos, the door opened and a motley crowd, roused from sleep by the cries, poured in. Jimmy, turning his head back again to attend to this invasion, perceived Mrs. Pett, Ann, two or three of the geniuses, and Willie Partridge, in various stages of negligee and babbling questions.

The woman with the pistol, assuming instant and unquestioned domination of the assembly, snapped out an order.

"Shutatdoor!"

Somebody shut the door.

"Now whassall this?" she said, turning to Gentleman Jack.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Placing the Blame

A TIRED business man in New York, coming home after a particularly enervating day, had occasion—or thought he had—to speak sharp words of reproof to his eight-year-old son. He wound up by sending the youngster to bed without any supper.

That night, stealing into the kiddy's room to see whether he had fallen asleep, his mother found him wide awake and very scornful of her advances.

"Why, Jackie," she said, "you shouldn't be surly toward me just because your father scolded you. I'm not to blame."

"Yes, you are too!" stated Jackie. "You married the big stiff, and now I've got to stand for him!"

A Blow, Not a Hit

A POPULAR playwright—prosperous now but struggling once—claims to be the central figure of the champion hard-luck experience.

"I had written a dozen or more plays," he says, "and all of them died a-borning. Finally one of my brain children lived to see production on Broadway. One door farther down the street from the theater where we expected to play stood a savings bank, and in that savings bank was deposited the last two hundred dollars I had in this world.

"Well, we had our opening night. The crowd seemed fairly enthusiastic, though I noticed that the critics present managed to restrain themselves and remain calm. The next morning when I had read the notices in the paper, none of them being particularly complimentary, I decided to stroll down to the theater to see how tickets were selling for the second night's performance. As I turned the corner into Broadway I almost dropped from joy and astonishment. A line of waiting persons extended along the block and midway into the block below.

"As I wormed my way toward the box office I met the house manager. I clasped his hand warmly, expecting him to congratulate me. Instead, he looked at me sadly.

"'Well,' I babbled, 'it looks like a hit, doesn't it?'

"'Hit—thunder!' he said morosely. 'The producer came round behind the stage last night after you left and posted a notice. Your show closes at the end of the week.'

"'But, look—just look at all these people!' I gasped. 'Aren't they trying to buy tickets?'

"'They're not customers,' he said; 'they're depositors. The savings bank next door closed this morning!'"

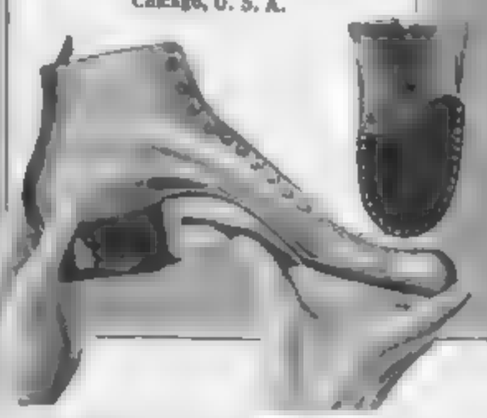
The Florsheim SHOE

A FLEXIBLE shank, arch-supporting shoe that exercises every muscle of the foot in walking—positive comfort and permanent cure for aching feet—"Doctor" heel. Highly recommended by medical men for "flat foot" or falling arch. Price $8.

There's a dealer ready to show the style you prefer. We'll give you his name and mail booklet, "*Styles of the Times.*"

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

THE SHOE for MEN



A REAL Bicycle for Little Folks

$9.75

The Little Hummer

Bright maroon frame
Motorbike handlebars
Fat leather saddle
Ball bearing wheels
Cushion rubber tires
Height—27 inches

One Model for All

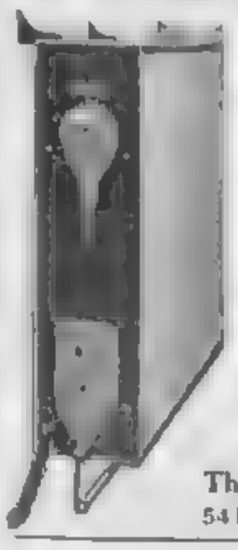
The ideal gift for a kiddie's birthday—or any day. And certainly fine for Christmas!

FOR CHILDREN FROM 4 to 8 YEARS OLD

Most department stores, hardware and furniture dealers have LITTLE HUMMERS. If yours hasn't yet, write us enclosing remittance. THE LITTLE HUMMER will come promptly (freight prepaid east of Missouri River)

T. B. LAYCOCK, SON & CO., Dept. B, Indianapolis, Ind.

A Safe Garage Heater



Repays its cost over and over, by saving batteries and preventing tire-rot.

[illegible] SCIENTIFIC SAFETY GARAGE HEATER. A Warm garage eliminates frozen radiator [illegible] health and makes winter driving a pleasure

Endorsed by Automobile Experts, Fire Marshals and Insurance Companies.

Just drop us a card and get our FREE booklet "Winter Motoring"

The Scientific Heater Co.
54 Power Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

YOU who progress with the times—you men of every age and build—individuality, service and the styles of today are yours in clothes we tailor to your personal order.

Have our dealer in your city send us your measure, fashion and fabric selection—*Now!*

E. V. Price & Co.

Price Building Chicago

The Spirit of 1916

©

and "The Man of the Hour"

The Triumph of The Liberty

THIS unusual car has astonished every motorist who has driven it. It makes every hour in the motor car less work to the driver and more comfort to the riders. Ride in it! Drive it! Compare it with every other car for driving ease and riding comfort. You will get more pleasure out of the Liberty than out of any other motor car you have ever known. Read these unusual features of this truly remarkable car. There are many others.

THE LIBERTY CONTROL

Imagine a gear shift so sensitive and smooth that it can be shifted silently, with the finger tips alone—even the unusual shift from third to second—at 40 miles an hour. Imagine a steering gear that responds to the slightest pressure of your hand—so important in heavy traffic—so difficult with the ordinary car. The Liberty is the ideal woman's car.

THE LIBERTY CLUTCH

To the driver of any other car the lightness and flexibility of the Liberty clutch is astounding. It is so light that it can be thrown by a finger pressure—so strong that it exerts a ton pressure. It means to the driver absolute elimination of clutch-throwing fatigue.

THE LIBERTY EMERGENCY BRAKE

It stops the car instantly—no matter what the emergency—no matter what the speed—with a pull of one finger and without a jolt. You won't jump a gutter or hit a tree with your finger on the Liberty brake. No other car carries this insurance of absolute safety.

THE LIBERTY SPRINGS

Because of their unusual balance and adjustment, the rider in the Liberty does not have to slow down for cobbles, tracks, pocky roads or ruts. No matter how rough the road the rider will not leave the seat. The spring movement is undulating—a gentle rise and fall—without pound or shock.

The Liberty is quick, agile, responsive. It gives you the realization of perfect control. It is beautiful in its long, low lines, and in its comfort. The deep, wide driver's seat is so cleverly planned that the 100-pound woman drives as comfortably as the 200-pound man. The Liberty performs steadily and smoothly. It is a truly quiet car.

GET THESE FACTS

Does your car steer hard? Steer the Liberty. Does your clutch throw hard? Try the Liberty clutch. Does your car ride hard in the back seat? Try the Liberty over the cobbles and the ruts. If you can't stop your car instantly, with a finger pressure, at full speed, try the Liberty emergency.

We leave it to you—for you know the faults in your car as well as we do. That is the reason for the Liberty—an easement—a freedom from your troubles and complaints. If you want driving ease and riding comfort as never before accomplished—you want the Liberty.

LIBERTY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

New York, Colonial Motors, Inc.
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Chicago, Chicago Motor Car Co., Inc
Detroit, Strasburg Miller Co.
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Buffalo, Packard Buffalo Motor Co.
Rochester, E. J. Ellis & Company, Inc
Birmingham, Detroit Motor Car Company
Baltimore, Wilson Motor Car Company
New Orleans, Abbott Automobile Co.
Cleveland, Luxurious Light Car Company
Toledo, Cornelius-Browning Motor Co.
Pittsburg, W. M. Bagewell
Minneapolis, J. P. Snyder Company
Milwaukee, Motor Car Sales Company
Sioux City, William Warnock Company
Kansas City, H. G. Shimp
Denver, Harrison Bros.
Seattle, Bardshar Motor Co
Los Angeles, Pacific Motors, Inc.

and in other principal cities

Five-passenger Touring Car and Four-passenger Close-Coupled Car, $1095. Detachable Sedan, $1295. Shopping Brougham, $2350

LIBERTY SIX $1095

THE CURE FOR LONESOMENESS

(Continued from Page 15)

also a Station No. 2, but Bud skippered Station No. 1—mounted it and, with an ax, started chopping a hole in the roof at a point where there seemed as yet to be no immediate peril. Under his strokes the shingles flew in showers. It was evident that if the flames should spread to this immediate area Captain Bud Gorman would have a rough but practicable flue ready for their egress into the open air, against the moment when they had burst through the ceiling and the rafters below.

More people and yet more kept coming. The rubber piping, which perversely had kinked and twisted as it came off the spinning drum of hose reel No. 1, was fairly straight now, and from his station just inside the gate the fire chief bellowed the command down the line to turn 'er on! They turned her on, but somewhere in the coupled sections of hose a stricture had developed. All that happened was that from the brass snout of the nozzle a languid gush of yellow water arose in a fan shape to an elevation of perhaps fifteen feet, thence descending in a cascade, not upon the particular spot at which the nozzle was aimed, but full upon the ill-starred Mr. Rice as he tugged to uproot a wooden support of the little grape arbor which flanked the house on the endangered side. Somewhat disfigured by the clothesline but still resolute to lend a helping hand somewhere, Mr. Rice had but a moment before become possessed of an ambition to remove the grape vines, trellis and all, to a place of safety. His reward for this kindly attempt was a sudden soaking.

As though the hiss of the water had aroused him, Judge Priest sat up in the grass, where he had been lying during these tumultuous and crowded five minutes. He was still half dazed. As his eyesight cleared, he saw that the bathroom was as good as gone and that his bedroom was about to go. Someone helped him to his unsteady feet and kept him upright. He shook himself free from the supporting grasp of the person who held him, and advanced toward the porch steps, wavering a little on his legs as he went.

Then, before anybody sensed what he meant to do, before anybody could make a move to stop him, he had mounted the steps and was at the front door.

Out of the door, bumping into him, backed a coughing, gasping squad, their noses smarting and their eyes streaming from the acrid reek, towing after them the big horsehair sofa which was the principal piece of furniture in the judge's sitting room. The sofa had lost two of its casters in transit, and it took all their strength to drag it over the lintel.

"It's no use, Judge Priest," panted one of these workers, recognizing him; "we've got pretty nearly everything out that was downstairs and you couldn't get upstairs now if you tried."

Then seeing that the owner meant to disregard the warning, this man threw out an arm forcibly to detain the other. But for all his age and size, the judge was wieldy enough when he chose to be. With an agile twist of his body he dodged past, and as the man, astounded and horrified, glared across the threshold he saw Judge Priest running down the murky hall and, with head bent and his mouth and nose buried in the crook of one elbow, starting up the stairs into the thickest and blackest of the smoke. To this man's credit, be it said, he made a valiant effort to overtake the old man. The pursuer darted in behind him, but at the foot of the steps fell back, daunted and unable to breathe. He staggered out again into the open, gagging with the smoke that was in his throat and down in his lungs.

"He's gone in there!" he shouted, pointing behind him. "He's gone right in there! He's gone upstairs!"

"Who is it? Who's gone in there?" twenty voices demanded together.

"The judge—just a second ago! I tried to stop him—he got by me! He ain't got a chance!"

Even as he spoke the words, a draft of fire came roaring through the crater in the roof which Captain Bud Gorman's ax had dug for its free passage. An outcry—half gasp, half groan—went up from those who knew what had happened. They ran round in rings wasting precious time.

Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, half dressed, trotted across the lawn. He had just arrived. He grabbed young Ed Tilghman by the arm.

"How'd it start, boy?" demanded the sergeant. "Where's the judge? Did they git everything out?"

"Everything out—hell!" answered Tilghman, sobbing in his distress. "The old judge is in there. He got a lick on the head and it must have made him crazy. He just ran back in there and went upstairs. He'll never make it—and nobody can get him out. He'll smother to death sure!"

Down on his knees dropped Sergeant Bagby and shut his eyes, and for the first, last and only time in his life he prayed aloud in public.

"Oh, Lord," he prayed, "fur God's sake git Billy Priest out of there! Oh, Lord, that's all I'll ever ask You—fur God's sake git Billy Priest out of there! Ez a favor to me, Lord, git Billy Priest out of there!"

From many throats at once a yell arose—a yell so shrill and loud that it overtopped all lesser sounds; a yell so loud that the sergeant ceased from his praying to look. Through the smoke, and over the sloping peak of the roof from the rear, came a slim, dark shape on its all-fours. Treading the pitch of the gable as swiftly and surefootedly as a cat, it scuttled forward to the front edge of the housetop, swung downward at arms' length from the eaves, and dropped on a narrow ledge of tin-covered surface where the small ornamental balcony, which was like a misplaced wooden mustache, projected from the face of the building at the level of the second floor, then instantly dived headfirst in at that window of the judge's bedchamber which was farthest from the corner next the bathroom.

For a silent minute—a minute which seemed a year—those below stared upward, with starting eyes and lumps in their throats. Then, all together, they swallowed their several throat lumps and united in an exultant joyous yell, which made that other yell they had uttered a little before seem by comparison puny and cheap. Through the smoke which bulged from the balcony window and out upon the balcony itself popped the agile black figure. Bracing itself, it hauled across the window ledge a bulky inert form. It wrestled its helpless burden over and eased it down the flat, tiny railed-in perch just as a fire ladder, manned by many eager hands, came straightening up from below, with Captain Bud Gorman of Station No. 1 climbing it, two rounds at a jump, before it had ceased to waver in the air.

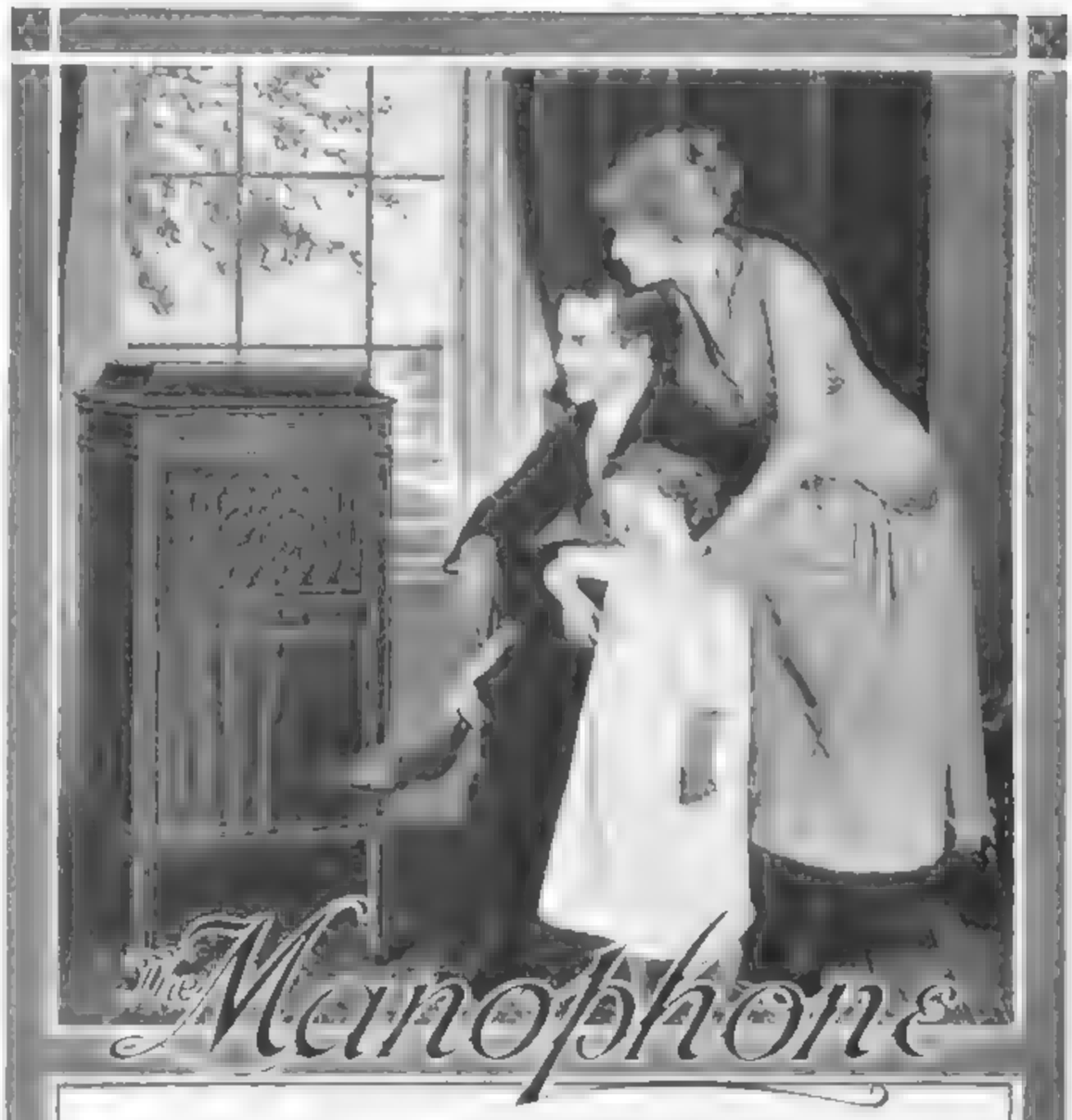
Volunteers swarmed up the ladder behind Bud Gorman, forming a living chain from the earth to the balcony. First they passed down the judge, breathing and whole but unconscious, with his nightshirt torn off his back and his bare right arm still clenched round a picture of some sort in a heavy gilt frame. His grip on it did not relax until they had carried him well back from the burning house, and for the second time that night had stretched him out upon the grass.

The judge being safe, the men on the ladder made room for Jeff Poindexter to descend under his own motive power, all of them cheering mightily. Just as Jeff reached solid ground the stoppage in the hose unstopped itself of its own accord and from the brazen gullet of the nozzle there sprang up, like a silver sword, a straight, hard stream of water which lanced into the heart of the fire, turning its exultant song from a crackle to a croon and then to a resentful hiss.

In that same instant Sergeant Bagby found himself, for the first time since he escaped from the kindly tyranny of a black mammy—nearly sixty years before—in close and ardent embrace with a member of the African race.

"Jeff," clarioned the sergeant, hugging the blistered rescuer yet closer to him and beating him on the back with hearty thumps—"Jeff, God bless your black hide, how did you come to think of it?"

"Well, suh, Mr. Bagby," wheezed Jeff, "hit wuz lak this: I didn't wake up w'en she fust started. I got so much on my mind to do daytimes that I sleeps mighty sound w'en I does sleep. Presen'ly, tho', I did wake up, and I got my pants on, and I come runnin' acrost the lot frum the stable, and I got heah jes' in time to hear 'em all yellin' out that the jedge is done went back into the house. I sees there ain't no chanc't of goin' in after him the way he's done went, but jes' about that time I remembers that



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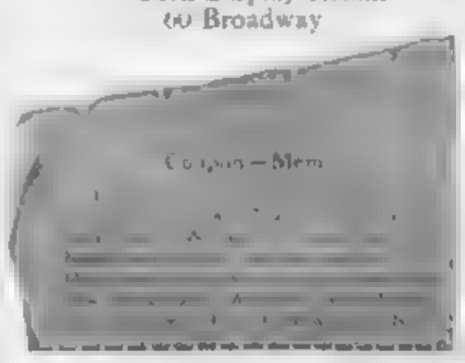

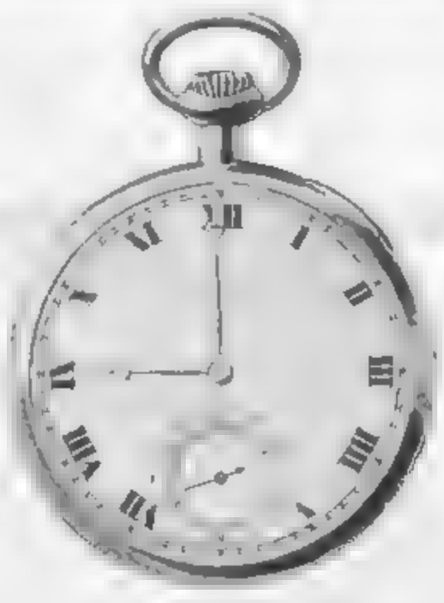

Waltham "Colonial A" with Maximus movement
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The jeweler is only human. The better the jeweler, the more human he is. He is in business, with prestige and contented customers as his source of profit. Sentiment does not enter into his calculations. He advises you to buy a Waltham Watch because he knows that a Waltham in your pocket means a pleased and permanent customer for his store.

Back of the jeweler's advice is a *record*. He knows the Waltham Watch like a book, as his father probably knew it before him. He knows that the Waltham factory is the largest and greatest of its kind. That Waltham Watches have led the watch-world for three quarters of a century. That half a hundred million Waltham Watches have been sold in every part of the globe. That Waltham Watches win every test for accuracy against all competitors—European or American. That Waltham Watches possess many *exclusive* features that make for accuracy, beauty and convenience. The jeweler has other watches in his show cases, but only of his Walthams can he say all this.

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air little po'ch up yonder on the front of the house w'ich it seem lak ever'body else had done furgot all 'bout hit bein' there a-tall. So I runs round to the back right quick, and I clim' up the lattice-work by the kitchen, and I comes out along over the roof, and I drap down on the little po'ch, and after that, I reckin, you seen the rest of it fur you'self, suh—all but whut happen after I gits inside that window."

"What did happen?" From the ring of men who hedged in the sergeant and Jeff five or six asked the same question at once. Before an all-white audience Jeff visibly expanded himself.

"W'y, nothin' a-tall happen," he said, "'ceptin' that I found the ole boss-man right where I figgered I'd find him—in his own room at the foot of his baid. He'd done fell down there on the flo', right after he grabbed that there picture offen the wall. Yas, suh, that's perzackly where I finds him!"

"But, Jeff, how could you breathe up there?"

Still in the sergeant's cordial grasp, Jeff made direct answer:

"Gen'l'mens, I didn't! Fur the time bein' I jes' natchelly abandoned breathin'!"

Again that night Judge Priest had a dream—only this time the dream lacked continuity and sequence and was but a jumble of things—and he emerged from it with his thoughts all in confusion. In his first drowsy moment of consciousness he had a sensation of having taken a long journey along a dark rough road. For a little he lay wondering where he was, piecing together his impressions and trying to bridge the intervening gaps.

Then the light got better and he made out the anxious face of Doctor Lake looking down at him and, just over Doctor Lake's shoulder, the face of Sergeant Bagby. He opened his mouth then and spoke.

"Well, there's one thing certain shore," said the judge: "this ain't heaven! Because ef 'twas, there wouldn't be a chance of you and Jimmy Bagby bein' here with me."

Whereupon, for no apparent reason on earth that Judge Priest could fathom, Doctor Lake, with a huskily affectionate intonation, called him by many profane and improper names; and Sergeant Bagby, wiping his eyes with one hand, made his other hand up into a fist and shook it in Judge Priest's face, meanwhile emotionally denouncing him as several qualified varieties of an old idiot.

Under this treatment the fogginess quit Judge Priest's brain, and he became aware of the presence of a considerable number of persons about him, including the two Edward Tilghmans—Senior and Junior—and the two Tilghman girls; and Jeff Poindexter, wearing about half as many garments as Jeff customarily wore, and with a slightly blistered appearance as to his face and shoulders; and Mr. Ulysses Rice, with a badly skinned nose and badly drenched shoulders; and divers others of his acquaintances. Indeed, he was quite surrounded by neighbors and friends. Also by degrees it became apparent to him that he was stretched upon a strange bed in a strange room—at least he did not recall ever having been in this room before—and that he had a bandage across the baldest part of his head, and that he felt tired all over his body.

"Well, I got out, didn't I?" he inquired after a minute or two.

"Got out—thunder!" vociferated the sergeant with what the judge regarded as a most unnecessary violence of voice and manner. "Ef this here black boy of yourn hadn't a-risked his own life, climbin' down over the roof and goin' in through a front window and draggin' you out of that fire—the same ez ef you was a sack of shorts—you'd a-been a goner, shore. Ain't you 'shamed of yourself, scarin' everybody half to death that-a-way?"

"Oh, it was Jeff, was it?" said the old judge, disregarding Sergeant Bagby's indignant interrogation. He looked steadfastly at his grinning servitor and, when he spoke again, there was a different intonation in his voice.

"Much obliged to you, Jeff." That was all he said. But it was the way he said it.

"You is more'n welcome, thanky, suh," answered Jeff; "it warn't scursely no trouble a-tall, suh—'cep'in' them ole shingles on that roof suttin'y wuz warm to the te'ch."

"Did—did Jeff succeed in savin' anything else besides me?" The judge put the question as though half fearing what the answer might be.

"Ef you mean this—why, here 'tis, safe and sound," said Sergeant Bagby, and he moved aside so that Judge Priest might see, leaning against the footboard of the bed, a certain crayon portrait. "The glass ain't cracked even and the frame ain't dented. You three come out of there practically together—Jeff a-hangin' onto you and you a-hangin' onto your picture. So if that's whut you went chargin' back in there fur, I hope you're satisfied!"

"I'm satisfied," said the judge softly. Then after a bit he cleared his throat and ventured another query:

"That old house of mine—I s'pose she's all burnt up by now?"

"Don't you ever believe it," said the sergeant. "That there house of yourn 'pears to be purty nigh ez contrary and set in its ways ez whut you are. It won't burn up, no matter how good a chance you give it. Jest about the time Jeff here drug you out on that little balcony outside your window, the water works begun to work, and after that they had her under control in less'n no time. She must be about out by now."

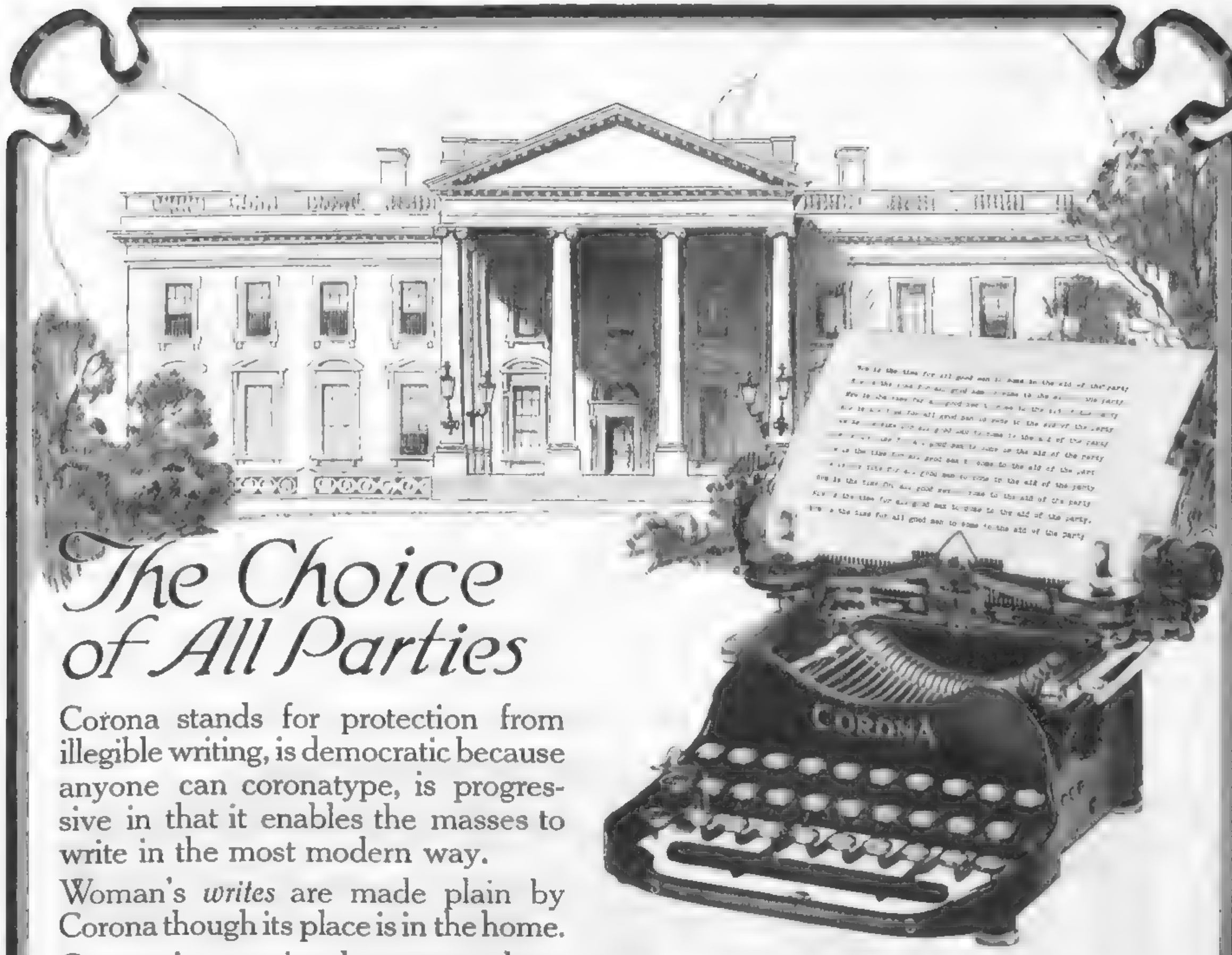
"Your bathroom is a total loss and the extension on that side is pretty badly scorched up, but the rest of the place, excusing the damage by the water and the smoke, is hardly damaged," added the younger Tilghman. "You'll be able to move back in, inside of a month, judge."

"And in the meantime you're going to stay right here, Judge Priest, and make my house your home," announced Mr. Tilghman, Senior. "It's mighty plain, but such as it is you're welcome to it, judge. We'll do our level best to make you comfortable. Only I'm afraid you'll miss the things you've been used to having round you."

"Oh, I reckin not," said Judge Priest. His glance traveled slowly from the crayon portrait at the foot of the bed to Jeff Poindexter's chocolate-colored face and back again to the portrait. "I've got mighty near everything I need to make me happy."

"What I meant was that maybe you'd be kind of lonesome away from your own house," Mr. Tilghman said.

"No, I don't believe so," answered the old man, smiling a little. "I taken the cure for lonesomeness to-night. You mout call it the smoke cure."



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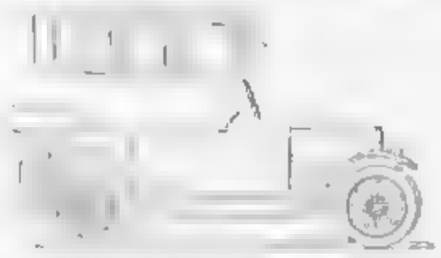

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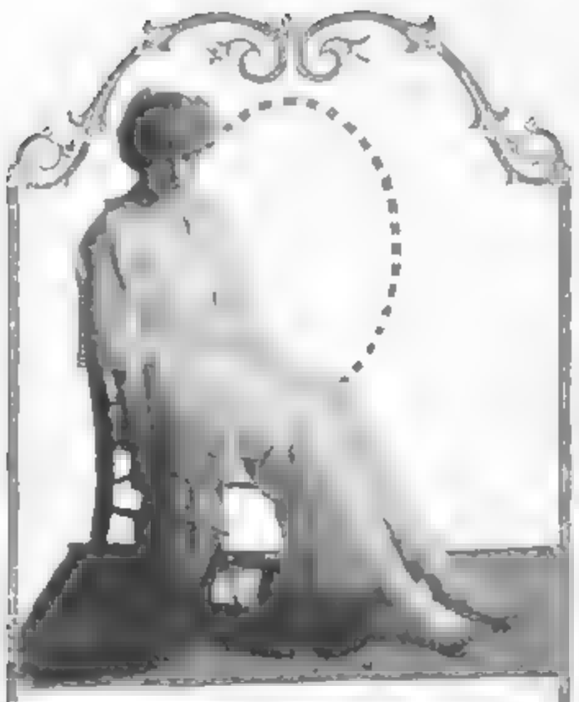

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THERE'S a mighty simple way to get rid of corns and calluses. If you've "worked" over your corns and caused yourself pain and inconvenience, why not use an easy, painless way and apply a few drops of the corn treatment that millions have used with success,

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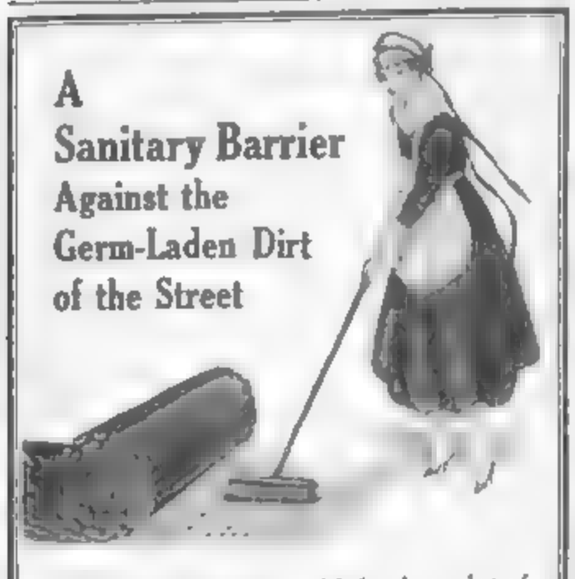

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TO THE LAST PENNY

(Continued from Page 20)

"It's as much as I can afford to pay," said Tommy quickly. It wouldn't leave much to send home out of the fifteen Thompson said he would pay.

Seventeen thousand dollars! And there was need of haste! The tragedy showed in the boy's face.

"Of course that includes the dinner," said Mrs. Clayton hastily, "same as Mr. Byrnes."

"Deal's closed," said Bill. "Come on, Leigh."

"Thank you, Mrs. Clayton," said Tommy, glad to find a home. He impulsively held out his hand.

Mrs. Clayton shook it warmly. As if by an afterthought, she asked:

"You are a stranger here?"

"Yes, ma'am; I only got in this morning."

"He is in the office," put in Bill, in the voice of an agency giving financial rating. "Come on, Leigh."

Tommy followed Bill, who took him to the room lately occupied by Perkins. A small, dingy room it was. The bed was wooden. The three chairs were of different patterns. The washstand, pitcher and basin belonged to a bygone era. The carpet was piebald as to color and plain bald as to nap. The table was of the kind that you know to be rickety without having to touch it. Altogether it was so depressing that it seemed eminently just. It epitomized the life of a workingman.

It induced the mood of loneliness Tommy had felt when he stepped off the train. But this time there was no exhilaration, no desire to dramatize the glorious fight of Thomas Francis Leigh against the world.

Tommy turned to his companion.

"Look here," he said, a trifle hysterically, "I'm not going to call you Byrnes. Do you understand? You are Bill. My name is not Leigh but Tommy; not Tom—Tommy! If there is going to be any—anything different I'll go somewhere else."

Tommy looked at Bill defiantly—and also hopefully.

"All right," said Bill unconcernedly. "She gives pretty good grub. My room is next door."

And then Tommy felt that his old world had been wiped off the map. He was beginning his new life—with friends! A great chasm divided the two periods. And in that knowledge Tommy found a comfort that he could not have explained in words.

VII

TOMMY found it difficult during the first few days to adjust himself to his new work. He had fixed his mind upon doing Herculean labors, in the belief that the reward would thereby come the sooner. Moreover, in taking on a heavy burden he had imagined he would find it easier to expiate his own participation in his father's sin of love. Twice a week Tommy wrote to Mr. Leigh, and told him never his new feelings but always his new problems. And the secret, after the manner of all secrets, proved a bond, something to be shared by both. Tommy did not realize it concretely, but it was his own sorrow that developed the filial sense in him.

His disappointment over the unimportance of his position he endeavored to soothe by the thought that he was but a raw recruit still in the training camp. In a measure he had to create his own duties, and he was forced to seek ways of extending their scope, of making himself into an indispensable cog in Mr. Thompson's machine. The fact that he did not succeed made him study the harder. It isn't in thinking yourself indispensable, but in trying to become so, that the wisdom lies.

His relations toward his fellow employees crystallized very slowly, by reason of his own consciousness that the shop could so easily do without him. He neither helped them in their work nor was helped by them in his. But it was not very long before he was able to indulge in mild jocularities, which was a symptom of growing self-confidence. Friendliness must come before friendship.

As a matter of fact, he was learning by absorption, which is slow but sure. He obtained his knowledge of the company's business, as it were, in the abstract, lacking the grasp of the technical details indispensable to a full understanding. But he found it all the easier, later on, to acquire the details. In this Bill Byrnes was a great help to him, for all that Bill appeared to have the specialist's indifference toward what did not directly concern him. Young Mr. Byrnes was all for carburetors. He would more or less impatiently explain other parts of the motor to Tommy, but on his own specialty he was positively eloquent, so that Tommy inevitably began to think of the carburetor as the very heart of the Tecumseh motor. He knew Bill was working on a new one in a little workshop he had rigged up in Mrs. Clayton's woodshed, a holy of holies full of the fascination of the unknown. Tommy must keep his secret to himself, but he was sorry that Bill kept anything from him. The fact that after all there could not be a full and fair exchange between them alone kept Tommy from bitterly resenting Bill's incomplete confidence in him.

Mr. Thompson, to Tommy, was less a disappointment than an enigma; and, worse, an enigma that constantly changed its phases. Tommy really thought he had bared his soul to the young-looking president of the Tecumseh Motor Company, and a man never can deliberately lose the sense of reticence without wishing to replace it with a feeling of affection. Mr. Thompson seemed unaware that Tommy's very existence in Tommy's mind was a matter of Mr. Thompson's consent. He was neither cold nor warm in his nods as he passed by Tommy's desk on his way to the private office.

Suddenly Mr. Thompson developed a habit of using Tommy as errand-boy, asking him to do what the twelve-year-olds could have done. And as this was not done with either kindly smiles or impatient frowns, Tommy obeyed all commands with alacrity and a highly intelligent curiosity. What did Mr. Thompson really expect to prove by them? In his efforts to find hidden meanings in Mr. Thompson's casual requests Tommy developed a habit of trying to see into the very heart of all things connected with the company's affairs. Of course he did not always succeed and doubtless he wasted much mental energy, but the benefits of this education, unconsciously acquired, soon began to tell in Tommy's attitude toward everything and everybody. And since the change took place within him he naturally was the last man to know it.

One day Mr. Thompson rang for him. Tommy answered on the run.

"Leigh," said Mr. Thompson, rising from his chair, "sit down here." Then he pointed to a sheaf of papers on his desk. Tommy sat down. He looked at the sheets on the desk before him and saw rows of figures. But before he could learn what the figures represented Mr. Thompson took a lead pencil from the tray, gave it to Tommy and said: "The first number of all, Leigh?"

Tommy looked at the top sheet

"Yes," he said; "it's 8374 ——"

"No. The first cardinal number."

"One?"

"Don't ask me."

"One!" said Tommy, and blushed.

"Of course." Mr. Thompson spoke impatiently. "The beginning, the first step. One! Did you ever study numbers?"

"I ——" began Tommy, not fully understanding the question. Then, since he did not understand, he said decidedly: "No, sir!"

"Do you know anything of the significance of the number seven?"

"In mathematics?"

"In everything!"

"No, sir."

"Ever hear of Pythagoras?"

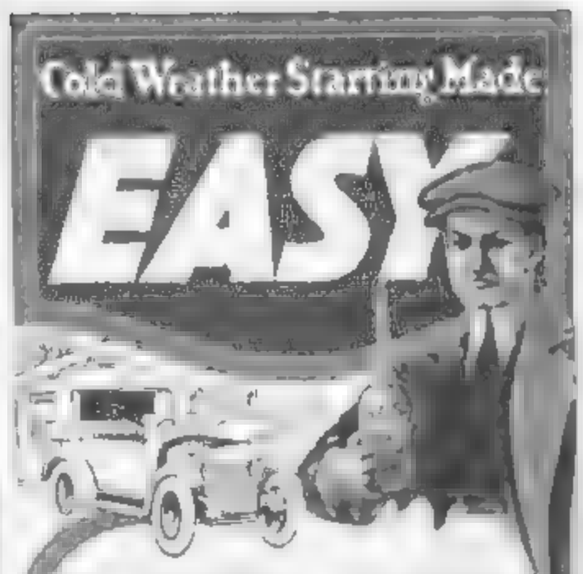
"The Greek philosopher?"

"I see you don't know much about what we might call the folk-lore of the heptamerides. At all times, in all places, a mystical significance has attached to the number seven. Ask a man to name a number between one and ten, and nearly always he will answer 'Seven!' Do you know why?"

"No, sir. But I am not sure he would answer ——"

"Try it!" interrupted Mr. Thompson almost rudely. "It is also a well-known fact that in all religions seven has been the favorite number. Greece had her Seven Sages. There were the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus and Seven Wonders of the Old World. The Bible teems with sevens: The Seven-branched Candlestick, the Seven Seals, the Seven Stars, the Seven Lamps, and so forth. The span of life is seventy years, and

Cold Weather Starting Made EASY



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YOU look forward all year to your annual hunting trip. In your mind's eye, you see a vision of yourself bringing down a fine, big "head."

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Why take chances—why not be sure that, when the opportunity comes, you will not lose out because of poor sighting?

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the first artificial division of time was the week—seven days. And the Master multiplied seven loaves and fed the multitude and there were left seven baskets. And He told us to forgive our enemy seven times, aye and until seventy times seven. And the Church was built upon the Seven Hills of the Eternal City. You know there are Seven Mortal Sins and Seven Virtues and Seven Sacraments and Seven Sorrows. You might study your Concordance and see how often seven occurs. And Shakspere's seven ages of man and seven degrees of a lie. And there are seven notes in music and seven colors in the spectrum. And the superstition about the seventh son of a seventh son is found among all peoples."

"I see!" said Tommy, and wondered.

"Now," continued Mr. Thompson very earnestly, "seven, which is formed by the addition of three, the Pythagorean Number of Perfect Harmony, and four, which represents the Four Elements, is an odd number. There is quite a literature about odd numbers."

Mr. Thompson looked at Tommy searchingly. Tommy's mind was working away—and getting nowhere!

Mr. Thompson now spoke sharply: "Take your pencil and strike out in those sheets every odd number that comes after a one or a seven. Get that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't skip a single one. I've spent a lot of time explaining. Now rush. Ready?"

"Yes, sir," said Tommy.

"Go!" shouted Mr. Thompson loudly, and looked at his stop watch.

Tommy went at it. His mind, still occupied with the magical virtues of seven, and, therefore, with trying to discover what connection existed between his own advancement and life work and Mr. Thompson's amazing instructions, did not work quite as smoothly as he wished. He was filled with the fear of omitting numbers. He did not know that Mr. Thompson was watching him intently, a look of irrepressible sympathy in his steady brown eyes. And then Tommy suddenly realized that obedience was what was wanted. From that moment on his mind was exclusively on his work.

At length he finished and looked up.

"How many?" asked Mr. Thompson.

Tommy counted. Mr. Thompson timed him.

"Two hundred and eighty-seven," said Tommy presently.

"Thank you; that's all," said Mr. Thompson impassively.

Tommy felt an overwhelming desire to ask the inevitable question, but he also felt in honor bound not to ask anything. This made him rise and leave the room without the slightest delay.

Mr. Thompson smiled—after Tommy passed out of the door.

Just a week later Mr. Thompson stopped abruptly beside Tommy, who sat at his desk, and said without preamble:

"Look round this room!"

Tommy did so.

"Again—all round the room!" said Thompson.

Tommy obeyed unsmilingly.

"Once more, slowly. Look at everything and everybody!"

Tommy did so. This time he included both ceiling and floor, and in the end his glance rested on Mr. Thompson's face.

"Come with me," said Mr. Thompson. Tommy followed the president into the private office.

"Sit down, Leigh, and tell me what you saw. Name every object, everything you remember—numbers and colors and sizes."

Tommy understood now what was expected of him and regretted that he had not made a stronger effort at memorizing. He decided to visualize the office and its contents. He closed his eyes and began at one corner of the office, methodically working his way clear round.

Mr Thompson had a comptometer in his hand and registered as Tommy spoke.

"That's all I can remember."

"Ninety-six—less than a third. Color seems to be your weak point. Study colors hereafter, but don't neglect form and size or numbers. Now tell me how the people looked; how they impressed you. Frankly."

Tommy told him frankly how the clerks looked to him.

"Come back here this afternoon at 2:32 sharp," said Thompson. And Tommy, after one look at the plump face and steady eyes, went away, disappointed but honestly endeavoring to convince himself that Mr. Thompson was not really and truly unfair.

At 2:32 sharp—Tommy had taken the precaution not only to go by the infallible electric clock over the cashier's desk, but had predetermined exactly how many seconds to allow for the twenty-eight-yard trip from his desk to Mr. Thompson's—Tommy reported to Mr. Thompson.

Mr. Thompson looked at the clock, then at Tommy.

"Leigh," he said with an impatient frown, "sell me a car!"

Tommy, of course, had thought of the selling department as he had of others. He had become acquainted with such agency inspectors as dropped in to talk to Mr. Thompson, but that branch of the business did not interest him as much as others. He knew what he ought to do, and tried to recall all the devices of salesmanship he had ever heard or read about. He was not very successful, for though his mind worked quickly no mind can ever work efficiently on insufficient knowledge or without the purely verbal confidence that practice gives.

He looked at Mr. Thompson, the man who was trying to find out what Tommy Leigh was best fitted for. That made him once more think of Tommy Leigh in terms of Tommy Leigh's needs. He must not bluff. He must not conceal anything—except the secret! Mr. Thompson was a square man. He must be square with Mr. Thompson. Also Tommy Leigh must be to Mr. Thompson exactly what Tommy Leigh was to himself. Now what was Mr. Thompson to him? And, indeed, what was Mr. Thompson to Mr. Thompson? An expert, a man who knew, who knew not only motors but men, who knew more about everything than any salesman could know. No salesman could talk to Mr. Thompson effectively.

Mr. Thompson was not an average man. He knew! And the average man was a sort of Tommy Leigh—that is, he didn't know much!

And so, though Tommy did not know it, his secret, which by making all other concealment intolerable compelled him to be honest, again compelled him to do the intelligent thing. It enabled him not only to see clearly, but to speak truthfully.

And when Mr. Thompson repeated impatiently "Come! Come! Sell me a car!" Tommy Leigh looked him boldly in the eye and answered confidently:

"Can't!"

"Why not?"

"Because it is impossible."

"Why?"

"You are you. You give me a problem that can't be answered except by an answer to quite a different problem. You know cars. You have cars. You make cars. You really don't want me to sell you a car. You want me to talk to a groceryman who has never spent more than seventeen cents for recreation, or to a speed maniac with ten thousand dollars a year pocket money. It wouldn't be Thompson. Nobody could sell a car to Thompson. Thompson doesn't need to be made aware that he wants to buy a car."

He was speaking from the bottom of his soul, and because he had been honest to himself and to the man who had promised to befriend him Tommy's courage grew. It made him now look unblinkingly at the president of the Tecumseh Motor Company. He saw neither displeasure nor approval in the brown eyes. So to make sure he had made himself understood Tommy added positively: "It isn't that I think your question is an unfair one, but that the problem isn't a problem, any more than if you ask 'How old is a man who wears a black necktie on his way to his office?' when you really want to know if he limps."

"That's all," said Mr. Thompson, and turned his back on Tommy.

Tommy turned on his heel and walked out of the room, conscious that he was a failure. He realized now that he had not made himself indispensable. His information bureau could be shut up and no harm whatever suffered by the company. In the tests to which Mr. Thompson had subjected him he had not proved that there was first-class raw material in him. Perhaps the tests were not fair; probably they were. Why, indeed, should he expect favors? What business could be conducted on the basis of unintelligent kindliness?

And the crushing sense of failure made his secret rise before the poor boy. He had intended to make restitution, and here he was good for nothing! When discovery came, where would he be? He gritted his teeth and clenched his fists as the awful vision fleeted before his eyes—the vision of

(Continued on Page 77)

Amazing Feats Easy With HUDSON SUPER-SIX

No Evident Effort—No Sign of Wear In Doing What No Other Car Has Done

Things the Super-Six does are less important than the way it does them. In breaking world's records it has hardly shown an effort. And after 7000 record-breaking miles, a Super-Six motor showed no evidence of wear in any part or bearing.

The Hudson Super-Six, in most cities, has broken all local records. Most of you have seen them broken.

It has elsewhere broken all worth-while records which have any bearing on stock cars. But all these wondrous things are done without a sign of effort.

Most stock motors go to pieces in attempting speedway tests. Also in hill-climbing feats. They never arrive at all.

But most of our stock-car records were won with a single Super-Six. It made a speed record exceeding 102 miles per hour. It broke all touring car speed records up to 100 miles. It ran 1819 miles in 24 hours, exceeding the record by 52 per cent.

Yet that Super-Six motor, after 3800 miles of that terrific strain, showed no wear whatever. The motor's condition was to experts almost unbelievable.

Another Super-Six broke the ocean-to-ocean record, solely because of endurance. It ran from San Francisco to New York in 5 days, 3 hours and 31 minutes. Then the same 7-passenger Super-Six turned around and went back to San Francisco. The round trip was made in 10 days, 21 hours, 3 minutes. It was the first car to ever finish in a coast-to-coast-and-return trip against time.

Last spring the best one-way time made by a famous 8 was 7 days, 11 hours, 52 minutes. In 2½ days more the Super-Six made the round trip. No test of endurance ever equaled that.

That's What You Want

That's why men buy the Super-Six—men wise in motor cars. Not for excessive speed or power. But to render every-day performance without vibration, wear or effort.

The Super-Six at half capacity can match the supreme exertion of other cars with the same sized motors. That means a long-lived motor, low upkeep, small repairs.

The great fact is that the Super-Six has almost ended vibration. It has reduced motor friction to almost nil. And that invention alone accounts for its 80 per cent more efficiency.

Made Hudson Supreme

The Super-Six has made the Hudson undisputed king. It now outsells any other fine car with a price above $1100. In six months we have quadrupled our output, but 3500 cars per month still fail to meet demands.

Yet this is the first season of the Super-Six. Last spring it entered the market a stranger, with all a stranger's uncertainties. And men have only begun to realize what this new-type motor means.

The end of the season will find 25,000 running. It finds the Super-Six in possession of all the worth-while records. It finds a car so perfect that not one change is necessary for the coming year.

Then every motorist must concede the Super-Six supremacy. And men who have bought cars with a lesser motor will realize their mistake.

The Super-Six is not one of the passing sensations. Ours is not one of those claims to motor supremacy which yields in a year or two to another. Mark what these records mean. There is plenty of evidence now to convince you that it cannot be superseded.

You Can Save $175 Now

By buying now you can save $175. The price will be advanced December 1st. The models will not be changed. You get the same Super-Six motor, the same wonderful chassis, and the same beautiful body. Your car you get now will be identical with those we shall sell after December 1st.

On that date we start a second production of the Super-Six. Material costs have increased enormously. That forces this raise in price.

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1475	Touring Sedan	$2000	Town Car	$2750
Roadster, 2-passenger	1475	Limousine	2750	Town Car Landaulet	2850
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1775	*(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)*		Limousine Landaulet	2850

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If you're out for tobacco quality then fire-up P. A.!

Buzz-down-roadway like speed-for-smokes and stock-in some Prince Albert; *and*, puff into your system that P. A. *quality* flavor and fragrance and coolness—*hundred percent tobacco satisfaction*—that men cheer about in every language.

Give your smoke-speedway a slant at a good time—Prince Albert will supply it! For, P. A. hands you *nothing but quality*, which means that you get in smoke-pleasure *everything* money can buy!

And it's such a lot of fun, this P. A. spirit of smoking *without bite or parch!* No matter how lively you hit 'em up, jimmy pipe or any other old way, Prince Albert rings true! *Can't make it bite!* Because, bite and parch are cut out by a patented process owned exclusively by us.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

From a fresh-jammed-in-load down to the sweetest "heel" you ever nursed over night, P. A. will furnish smoke-joy every minute you're on smoke-time! Gets right into your Department of Delight and puts such a new listen on your tobacco taste that you'll get in a big hurry to catch up with old Mr. Lost Time!

Prince Albert turns-the-trick and tells-the-tale! *Quality*-flavor, *quality*-fragrance, *quality*-satisfaction! *And, without a bite!* And, that's for every man whether he's a regular or wants to be one!

We nailed our faith to smokers' real desire for quality! *And it's quality you get when you pass out that smoke-smile and small-change for Prince Albert!*

Everywhere tobacco is sold you can buy Prince Albert. Toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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(Continued from Page 74)

what discovery would bring to him. He would take the blow! He would be good for something! If not in Dayton, elsewhere.

He had been a boy! He had been himself, as God made him. But now he would be different! He would make of Tommy Leigh a young man who would secure his advancement by any and all means. To succeed he would bluff and lie and ——

No! Nobody had it easy, not even people who wouldn't fight. And now he wanted to fight—fight with all his might! The harder the fight, the better! Fight the world, life, hell, Thompson, everything and everybody, the more the better. He would die fighting, with his soul full of rage. The great reward was the end of all trouble!

When a man commits suicide in a really glorious way he grows calm. How can petty annoyances disturb a heroic corpse? Tommy grew calm. He would have to leave Dayton, but Dayton had taught him just one thing—that beyond all question there was some place in the world where Thomas Francis Leigh would prove his value! He felt even a sort of gratitude to the head of the Tecumseh Motor Company, to whom he was indebted for his education. He had learned more of life in the few weeks he had been there than in the twenty-one years and three months he had spent elsewhere. His gratitude brought in time that mood of genial melancholy which is the heritage of youth, when youth, in the midst of life, feels its own loneliness; and because youth also is generous Tommy felt he must share it with somebody.

He decided to write, not to his father, but to Marion Willetta! He had written to her only once, a bright and amusing letter—of course to be read between the lines. She had answered. And her own letter, too, was full of Tommy Leigh. She asked for details concerning the few hundred things that Tommy intentionally had merely hinted at in his first.

This second letter to her must be carefully written. It must both express and conceal, say and leave unsaid. Every word must mean exactly what he desired to convey, in precisely the way he wished her to get the message.

He closed his eyes and began to compose.

Words never before had meant quite so much to Tommy. It was a literary revelation, because Tommy was utterly unaware that he was writing his first letter to his own twenty-one years and eighteen weeks!

He had not quite finished his peroration when Mr. Thompson came out of his office. Tommy looked up and saw him, saw the man who had written the end of his Dayton chapter. He felt no resentment. Indeed, Mr. Thompson had been more than kind. The fifteen dollars a week was really a gift. Tommy acknowledged to himself that he hadn't given a just equivalent therefor to the Tecumseh Motor Company.

And Mr. Thompson also was the man who had made it possible for Tommy to compose that wonderful unwritten letter to Marion, which by crystallizing his own attitude toward life, work, duty and earthly happiness had enabled Tommy Leigh to become acquainted with the brand-new Tommy Leigh.

Tommy stood up, for Mr. Thompson was walking straight toward him, and smiled expectantly, hoping to receive some order, that he might carry it out in full, now that he knew he had to leave and, therefore, could obey with an eager willingness unvitiated by hopes of advancement.

"Tommy," said Mr. Thompson in the voice of an old and intimate friend, "are you game for a quiet evening?"

"Yes, sir," said Tommy, not betraying his curiosity or his fear.

"Will you dine with me at my house—seven sharp? We'll have a very quiet time talking, just the two of us."

Mr. Thompson was smiling slightly. Tommy felt a wave of gratitude surging within him. This man, being a gentleman, wished to break the news gently.

In his appreciation Tommy in turn felt honor bound to spare Mr. Thompson every embarrassment.

"Of course I shall be delighted. But I want to say, Mr. Thompson, that you don't have to—er ——" Tommy paused.

"To what?" asked Mr. Thompson, puzzled.

"To be so nice about telling me that I—I haven't made good with you. You've done more than anybody else in the world would have done, more than I had any reason to expect. And ——"

"What are you driving at?" interrupted Mr. Thompson.

"You've made up your mind to let me go, haven't you?" asked Tommy bluntly.

"Hell, no!" said Thompson.

Tommy looked at his boss wide-eyed. Thompson went on:

"Seven. You know my house?"

Tommy nodded as Mr. Thompson passed on. It was all he was able to do. In point of fact he had to ask Martin, the cashier, where Mr. Thompson lived.

He didn't finish his letter to Marion. He was too busy dressing for his first dinner in Dayton and trying to keep from singing. Whatever happened eventually, this was a respite. He didn't even attach any importance to Mrs. Clayton's look of awe as she saw Tommy in his dinner clothes, nor to Billy's ironical "Good-by, old carburetor!" as he left the boarding house on his way to Mr. Thompson's.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SALESMAN WHO LASTS

(Continued from Page 9)

Hour after hour was frittered away in postponements, interruptions, diplomacy and heel cooling. His first constructive idea came when he tried to make some of this lost time available to the merchant in systematic buying and stock keeping.

He began with fly screen. Fly screen is seasonable merchandise—people want it in spring and summer. It comes in several standard materials—painted, galvanized and bronze wire. Each material is made up in three different sizes of mesh. The hardware man usually guessed at his needs late in the season, got his shipments a little behindhand, ran short on certain sizes or meshes through the summer, and lost sales while he was waiting for small stock-filling lots to arrive.

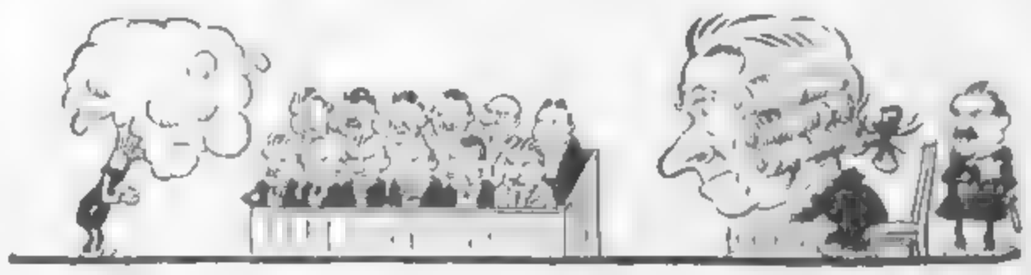
One day, in chill November, while Jim was waiting to get the attention of a hardware man, he wandered out into the stock room back of the store and counted the remnants of fly screen left over from last summer's trade. Then he asked the bookkeeper's permission to look over invoices for that summer, to see how much screen of the different materials and meshes had been ordered at the beginning of the season, and how many small lots through subsequent months. On top of that he estimated the increase in sales over the previous year. When his customer was ready to listen to him he had a schedule showing how much fly screen had been sold last season, what would probably be needed to take care of the coming year's demand, including a reasonable percentage of increase, and how much trade had been lost through running out of stock and disappointing customers.

The hardware man was astonished when Jim began to talk fly screen at that time of year. But he quickly saw the wisdom of placing his order early on systematic information. The stuff was not to be shipped or billed until spring, of course.

From this beginning, Jim went on to other major items of hardware, especially the seasonable things that were ordered haphazard and in a hurry. Before long he simply passed the time of day with a merchant on entering a store, and made for the stock room and the invoice files. Household goods, garden tools and stove fixings were investigated months ahead, and orders taken for delivery at the proper season.

Neglected lines were studied and built up, so that instead of having a haphazard trade, satisfied with a small assortment of stuff carried in a drawer down behind the counter, the merchant found his customers bought regularly; and goods were sold in quantities and displayed.

Jim's most notable success in this direction was the development of the feminine side of hardware, just beginning to be understood at that period. Ever since the first medieval ironmonger displayed a little collection of the products of his forge, hardware had been considered a purely masculine business, concerned chiefly with articles bought by men—tools, building materials, and the like. Every hardware store carried a wide range of goods interesting to women,



Your Face is the Judge of Mennen's Shaving Cream

No argument under the shining sun can convince you that the Mennen way of shaving is any better than the older ways. It is not a matter of argument. It's a matter of feeling.

Your own face must be the judge. The nerves of your face are the jurors.

If the shaving soap you now use gives you a swift, smooth, firm, and copious lather free from froth or lumps of undissolved soap; if it lathers equally well whether the water is hot or cold, hard or soft; if it softens your beard without rubbing-in; if it remains moist and rich without re-lathering; if it smooths the path of your razor; if it leaves your face cool and refreshed—then your present shaving soap stands absolutely acquitted of the Mennen indictment.

BUT—if you have to rub it in and re-lather; if your lather dries while you are shaving; if it is obstinate in cold or hard water; if your razor-blade pulls, hurdles or skids; if it leaves the slightest sting or smart—then your shaving soap is guilty of high facial crimes and grievous misdemeanors.

Mennen's Shaving Cream obeys every law of modern shaving. There's never a slip 'twixt the blade and the lip.

Be reasonable. Be progressive. Put Mennen's up to your face, and let its sensitive nerves bring in their verdict.

You can tell a man by the face he keeps. Mennen's Shaving Cream is keeping the faces of many thousands of men from the unpleasant results of an unfortunate shave. What it is doing for them, it will do for you.

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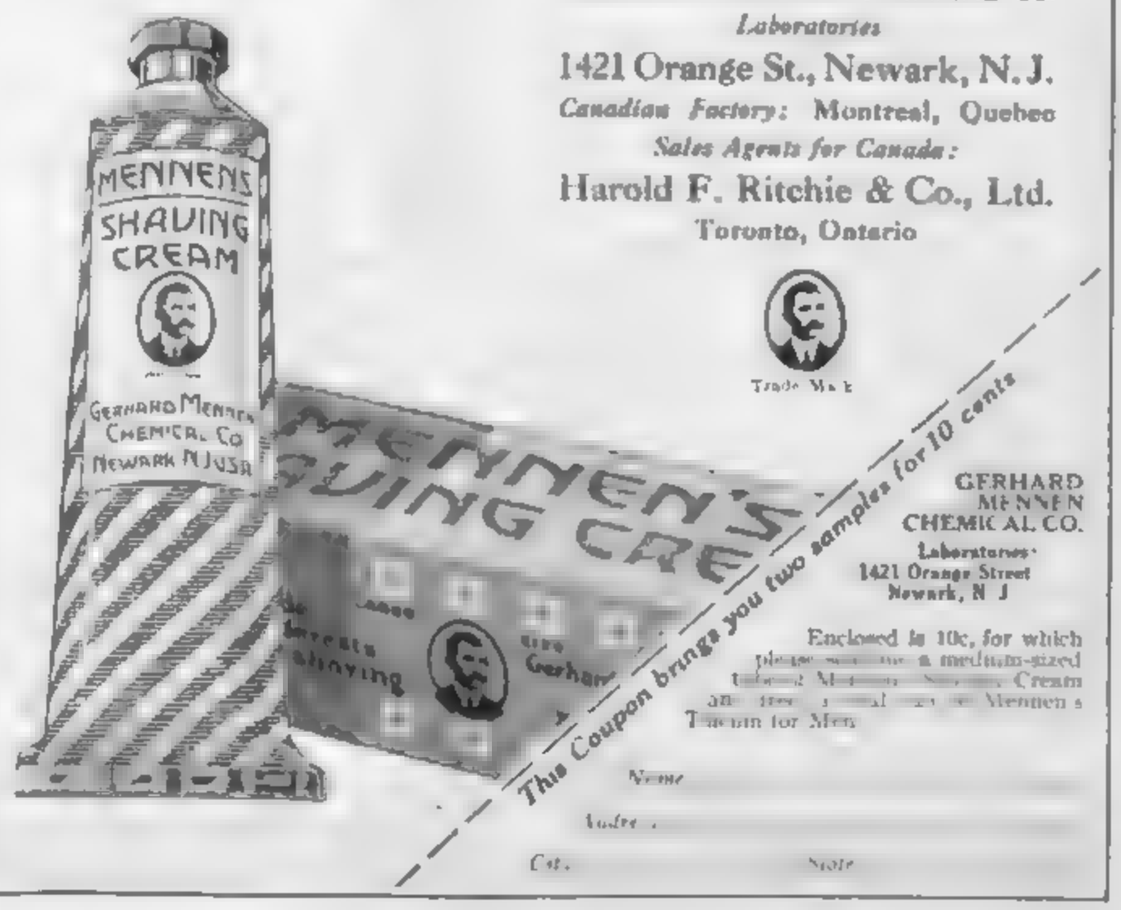
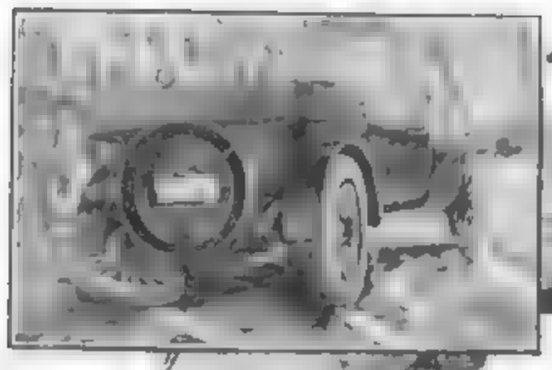




Skid

Timely Warning

No matter how careful a driver you may be, you **cannot prevent** skidding and slipping on wet, muddy, snow-covered roads or on icy, slippery, greasy pavements **unless** you equip your car with

Weed Chains

When properly applied Weed Chains do not injure tires—that is, put on so as to allow a little "play." Tight enough to be secure—loose enough to "creep." When they "creep" the cross chains do not come in contact with the tire at the same place at any two revolutions.

Stop at your dealer's today for two pairs of Weed Chains and always put them on before driving over wet, city pavements and country mire.

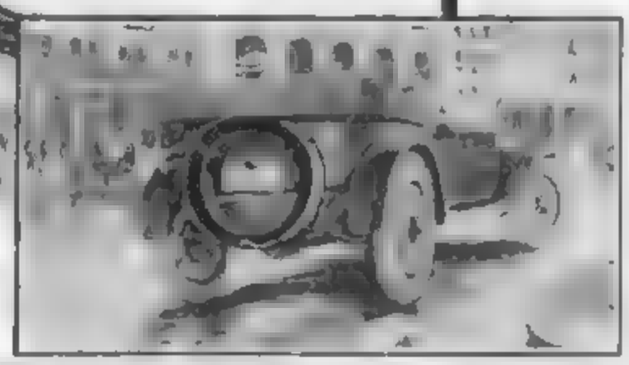
Sold for ALL Tires by Dealers Everywhere

Manufactured only by

American Chain Co. Inc.
Bridgeport, Conn.

In Canada—Dominion Chain Co. Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

and Anti Skid



Look for the Name on the Seat

IRISH MAIL

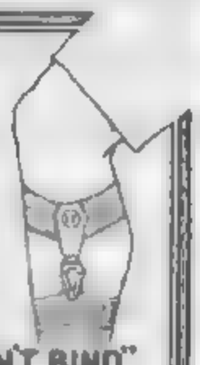
HILL STANDARD MFG CO
616 Indiana Ave Anderson Indiana

LEARN MUSIC AT HOME!

Special offer—Easy Lessons Free—Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Mandolin, Cornet, Guitar, Harp, Cello, Piccolo, Trombone, Flute, Clarinet, or to sing. Thousands now learning by free weekly lessons, paying only for music and postage—which is small. No extras. You learn by [illegible]. Send your name and get free booklet by return mail. Address

U. S. School of Music, Box 226 225 5th Ave., N. Y. City

E.Z. GARTER



"THE ONE THAT WON'T BIND"

No buckles, straps, or adjustments. Stays put—can't unfasten. Ideal for active men, athletes, stout men, and all whose feet must keep *fit*—made wide for *free circulation* and can't bind veins or muscles. Lightest weight. Every wearer a booster.

If not at dealer's, send us his name and 25c for a pair (or 50c for silk, sent prepaid. (If leg is over 21 inches around, ask for "Large" size.) THE THOS. P. TAYLOR CO., 174 James St., Bridgeport, Conn.

Dealers: Write for Attractive Proposition

"GRIP-SURE" BEACON FALLS TOP BOYCH

The Livest, Fastest Basket Ball Shoe

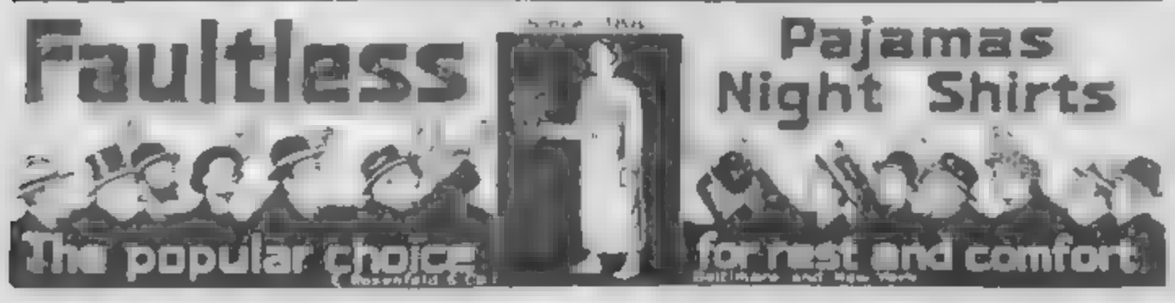
This is the shoe worn by the United States and Pacific Coast champions, by the Illinois Athletic Club team, three years national amateur champions, and by the Bronx Church House of New York City, recognized champions of the East.

Its famous, patented, suction-cupped red sole prevents slipping. It is full of life and spring and speed. A great shoe for bowling, too.

Write for illustrated folder, booklet of our sporting shoes and the name of the "Grip-Sure" dealer in your town

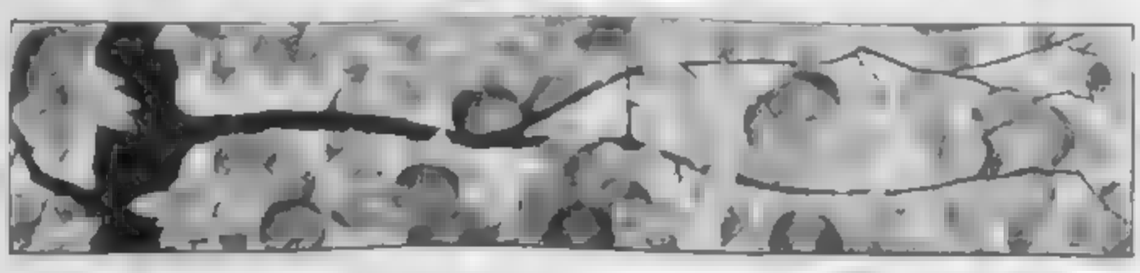
BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO.
Booklet C. Beacon Falls, Conn.

Faultless Pajamas Night Shirts



The popular choice for rest and comfort

Bloomfield & Co.



such as cooking utensils, cutlery and tinware. But little attention was given to attracting women's trade by special displays, by special advertising, by women's departments in which a shopper would feel at ease, by demonstrations and service by women clerks. When the feminine possibilities of hardware were realized, progressive retailers quickly developed them by original merchandising tactics, and Jim got and held some of his best business by carrying good methods from one town to another.

All this meant work—hard, hot, dusty rummaging in cluttered stock rooms, where a fellow's collar quickly melted, and his clothes were decorated with cobwebs and rust. It meant long hours spent deciphering obscure items on invoices and stock records. It meant work and it took time, and not one salesman in fifty would have been willing to follow the method had it been revealed to him. But Jim was a plodder, and shone at that sort of thing. He got out his stock schedules and laid them before customers; and they were glad to order according to his judgment, because it was clear that he knew more about some phases of their trade than they did themselves. He got orders so far ahead of competitors that, when the real selling season for a given line loomed up ahead, Jim's customers were fully stocked. And after a couple of years of such study he had something more solid than the confidence of dealers to back him up. For he kept memoranda of his customers' turnover and was able to sell on confidential information.

Since then this systematic service of the drummer to the retailer has been extended widely. To-day there are dozens of salesmen on the road who merely greet the dealer when they enter his store and go straight for the shelves and the stock room, to find out what he has on hand, what he has sold, and what he ought to order to take care of his customers.

The Ideas of a Picture-Frame Man

In a small Eastern town there was a little factory making picture frames and moldings. The business languished because it had never been pushed on the selling end. One of the stockholders had a nephew clerking in a grocery store. Thinking that there might be something in the boy, the stockholder offered his relative half his shares if he would take charge of the sales of this factory. The nephew knew hardly anything about picture moldings, but was conscientious, ambitious, industrious and red-headed. He took the job and started out with a bagful of samples. His first trip was to a town only ten miles away on the trolley. That place had been chosen by the factory superintendent with the idea that if the new sales manager failed it would be easy for him to get back home.

He found two customers in this town, both undertakers, who carried picture frames as a side line. One was a jovial fat man, who greeted him genially and spent an hour looking over his samples. Or, rather, an hour went by during which the merchant looked at samples about half a minute, at intervals, and joked with innumerable people who came in to shake hands, pass the time of day, tell stories, and so forth. His store was like a reception room, and the green salesman got the idea that this fat man must be very popular. Finally the fat man told the salesman to come again that afternoon, and the latter went to see his other prospect, who proved to be a tall, solemn individual. The solemn man fidgeted over the samples quite a while, until the salesman saw that he wanted some suggestions to help him in buying. When a dozen of the best sellers in picture molding were separated for him, he made the salesman's heart bound high with a small order. Full of confidence, the novice hurried back to the fat man. He was just as busy as ever, joking with people; and he spent two hours dallying over the samples before the salesman caught the real drift of his character. The fat man was a professional good fellow. All his handclasps and jokes were keyed to definite motives. Underneath his joviality was a determination to beat down prices. At that period the factory superintendent had considered the salesman too green to be trusted to shade prices in an emergency. So he stuck to the fat man, and stuck to his prices, and eventually landed a good order.

Then he went on the road and immediately ran into trouble. His knowledge of the line was still slender. Competition was keen; and what made matters worse, other houses had better goods than he. But he was also a worker. To find out things for himself, he constantly studied competitors' goods and dealers' stocks, to see what was new and good and what the public really liked and bought in picture moldings. By and by he learned enough about the favorite sellers in his own goods so that he could leave his samples at the hotel and simply carry half a dozen of the best sellers in his coat pocket. Most dealers handled his stuff as a side line anyway, and were not very well informed about the kinds or quantities of molding and frames. When he discovered this, he left all his samples at the hotel and worked with a series of schedules.

Making It Easy for the Dealer

"Here is an assortment of our best sellers," he would say, handing his prospect a typewritten list. "I've figured on two hundred dollars' worth of stock, which is about what the most successful dealers in other towns of this size are able to handle. This is all live stuff, the numbers that people actually want, so it will move off your shelves. I've made up the assortment with a view to helping you increase your picture-frame business."

Maybe the dealer would be afraid to order that quantity of stuff, so the salesman had other assortments at one hundred dollars and less. This method of selling by assortments saved time, and usually the merchant bought more than if he had spent several hours picking individual numbers from the samples. It was an assortment that moved briskly, so that when the salesman came back the dealer was cheerful and ready to increase his picture-frame business.

But the best point was that by reducing the actual work of selling to a few minutes it left the salesman time in which to stimulate the dealer to put a little ginger into the picture-frame department. This salesman was always on the lookout for good retail ideas. If one of his customers had some effective way of displaying, grouping, pricing or advertising picture frames, he would make a note of it and carry the idea along to other customers. His way of imparting such information was very subtle. As a rule, the average retail merchant has access to an abundance of good selling suggestions, for his trade journals are full of them. But he lacks time to carry them out, or he grows tired when he sits down to select one good idea from hundreds at his disposal. Here was where the salesman exerted personal pressure. He brought just one idea that Jones, in some other town, had used successfully. Instead of saying "Here is a scheme you ought to try in your store," he would remark casually that Jones had cleared off two hundred dollars gross in picture frames, during one week, by a new sales idea. The dealer would naturally want to know what the idea was, and then the salesman fed details out in a way that made the merchant anxious to try the same scheme. If there was time the salesman would help arrange the window display.

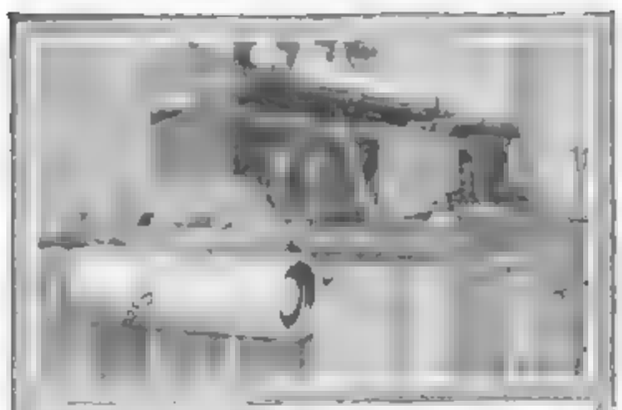
This sort of work plays a very important part in selling nowadays, and it is a line that shows steady development. If a salesman complains that competition is growing keener, customers more arbitrary, goods harder to sell, and the business going to the devil, probably it means that he is not keeping track of the live developments in his own business, not gathering fresh information for his customers, not rendering the solid service that is part of real salesmanship. If he does not do these things he is beginning to grow stale, and is not in the class of the salesman who lasts.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles on the salesman by James H. Collins. The second will appear in an early issue

"The Gas of a Thousand Uses"

Prest-O-Lite
Dissolved Acetylene

(Ready Mate Carbide Gas)



For Schools, Dentists or Jewelers

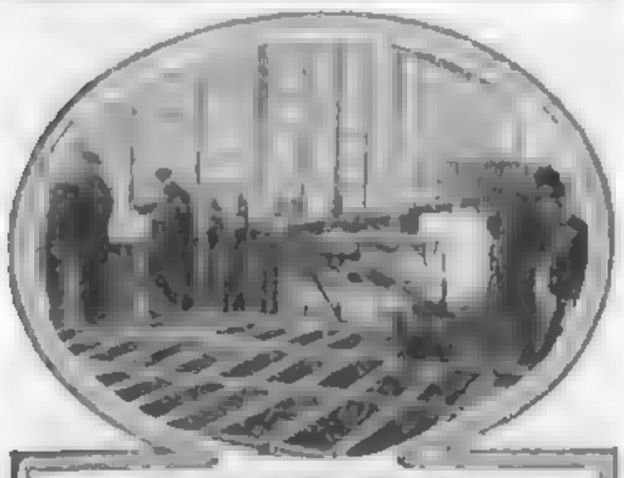
Acetylene Bunsen burners, as well as special blow torches for heating and brazing, are being used in hundreds of laboratories. The above picture, taken in the Groton (Mass.) School, illustrates one instance where Prest-O-Lite proved to be an ideal solution of a heating problem

Blow Torches for Brazing and Soldering

Wherever a gasoline [illegible] Prest-O-Lite acetylene blow torch [illegible] more economical heat, efficiency and convenience. Acetylene torches are used for soldering and brazing in thousands of factories, dentists, jewelers, foundries, etc. The Abell Wheel Works at Utica, N. Y., braze wires in solid tires without injuring the rubber. The torch shown costs 75c (Canada 85c)

A Convenient Portable Light

Prest-O-Lite with an inexpensive stem-and-burner attachment furnishes an economical, efficient light for indoor and outdoor use, contractors, railroads, fire departments, and in almost every case where temporary illumination is desired. In the illustration a large coal company is loading wagons at night during the rush season



Acetylene for Lead Burning

Acetylene [illegible] a real [illegible] burner, providing an inexpensive gas [illegible] even where electricity is used in [illegible] heavy work, [illegible] and [illegible] pipe in end of vessel [illegible] the [illegible] notes its use in the manufacture of lead storage

You may be surprised to learn how it will meet a real need for YOU

Do you know, for instance, that many manufacturers of metal products have made sweeping changes in their methods of production and even radical changes in design, so as to reap the economies and advantages of welding with Prest-O-Lite Gas and compressed oxygen?

Do you know that in thousands of factories, mines, railroad shops, construction companies, gas companies, oil companies—in fact, in nearly every leading industry in America—this same oxy-acetylene welding process is reducing the use of the bolt, the rivet and the threaded joint, and is also reclaiming millions of dollars of valuable material from the junk pile and saving other millions in the quick repair of defective castings, broken machinery parts and tools?

Do you know that brazing and soldering are being done with Prest-O-Lite Gas in an acetylene blow-torch more quickly, conveniently and economically than with the gasoline blow-torch or other devices?

There are literally hundreds of vital, convenient, profitable uses for this remarkable gas, which, of all gases, has the highest possibilities of intense heat or brilliant light.

Prest-O-Lite Acetylene Service

Prest-O-Lite Gas—extensively used in the familiar "gas tank" for automobile lighting—is purified, dissolved acetylene, furnished in portable cylinders containing from 10 to 300 cubic feet. The Prest-O-Lite System insures the prompt exchange of empty cylinders for full ones—universal and perpetual service. Prest-O-Lite is the most convenient and usually the most economical kind of acetylene.

Oxy-Acetylene Welding

The oxy-acetylene welding flame fuses two pieces of metal into one piece, with all the strength that perfect fusion implies.

Any average workman who understands metals can quickly learn the work. We furnish high-grade welding apparatus for $[illegible] (Canada, $75); acetylene service [illegible] welding blow-pipe at extra [illegible].

The cost of installation and use is trifling when compared with the savings it can effect.

Portable Heat and Light

Among hundreds of other uses, Prest-O-Lite Gas is employed for lighting churches, schools, tents, tractors, magic lanterns, boats—used for big flare lights for railroads and contractors, and smaller lights for scores of other purposes. It is used for priming cold engines, for paint burning, for removing defects in monument stone, and used in blow-torches, small hot plates and special burners for scores of other heating operations.

Our booklet, "101 Uses for Prest-O-Lite," and full information on any use you may have in mind, will gladly be sent on request

The Prest-O-Lite Co., Inc. 53 Branches and Charging Plants in the Principal Industrial Centers

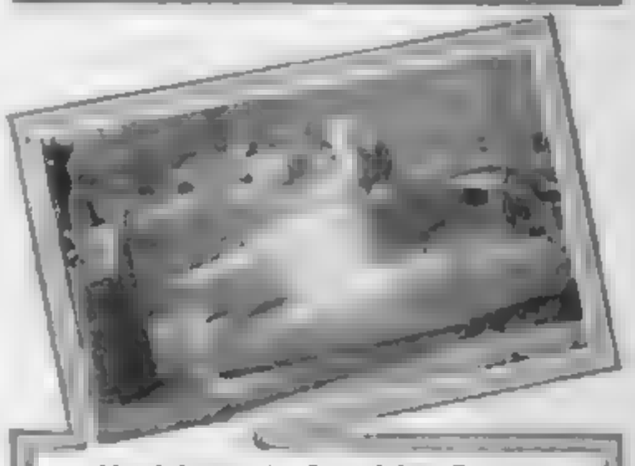
U. S. Main Factory and Office, 860 Speedway, Indianapolis, Indiana
Canadian Main Office and Factory, Department I, Merritton, Ontario.

Welding in Motor Car Manufacture

In the production of a great many metal products, from massive engines down to ear-rings, the oxy-acetylene welding process is simplifying construction, increasing strength and decreasing costs. Used [illegible] thousands of American industries, large and small, [illegible] shows the Prest-O-Lite Process used in the manufacture of rear axle housings for Marmon motor cars by the Nordyke & Marmon Co., Indianapolis. Practically every automobile and parts maker is utilizing this welding process.

Welding for Reconstruction and Repair

The [illegible] Indianapolis for Eastern Transportation [illegible] welding together 30-ft. channel [illegible] for reinforcing underframes of interurban cars instead of using 60-ft. lengths, which require special rolling at mills, cost more and must [illegible] on two flat-cars at greater expense. Job [illegible] shops and garages use this process for repairing [illegible] machinery, etc.



Metal Cutting by Prest-O-Lite Process

Oxy-acetylene cutting is destructive and constructive work is fast and economical. The above illustration shows a 50 per cent [illegible] in time effected [illegible] 15-in. ingots with the oxy-acetylene cutting torch preparatory to breaking, in the East St. Louis plant of the American Steel Foundries.

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF DISSOLVED ACETYLENE

SOME folks can't find any comfort in the flight of time, an' yet — nothin' else makes friends so close, shoes so comfortable, or tobacco so mellow.

Velvet Joe

THAT VELVET which you smoke today, left the fields of Old Kentucky two years and more ago.

Two years it mellowed in wooden hogsheads, becoming richer, smoother, milder. This is Nature's method of making good tobacco better. It is an expensive method, but we believe you will agree with us that the result justifies the cost. By comparison and by all tests Velvet is the best smoking tobacco made.

10c Tins 5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors
With New Ash Tray Top

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

$100.00 A WEEK

A Business Man's Christmas Profits

Mr. Harvey Stofflet has an established business in his home town in Michigan which brings him a cash profit of $100.00 a week during the Fall and Winter months.

This business requires no investment, no stock, no salaries to clerks and no credit to customers.

Mr. Stofflet merely devotes his spare time to asking his fellow-townspeople to give him their new, renewal, and Christmas gift subscription orders for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

Everybody knows these publications already and orders come thick and fast.

Your Christmas Money

may easily be earned by the same plan that pays Mr. Stofflet so well. Your own neighborhood offers you an excellent opportunity to earn the $10.00, $20.00 or $100.00 that you want.

To obtain full details of our cash offer, address

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Independence Square Philadelphia

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The Angle of the Wick—Means no smoke, no odor and the maximum light right where you need it—below the lamp.
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Can be used on ceiling, wall or table. Burns 16 hours on a quart of oil.
Be Our Agent in your district. If we have no dealer. Every one needs Angle Lamps. Make big money selling them. Send to Dept. A for full information and beautiful catalogue showing all styles and sizes of Angle Lamps.
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BLADES SHARPENED 2¢ EACH
Our exclusive method is guaranteed to make your dull safety razor blades as good as or Better Than New.
Over 115,000 Pleased Customers
A 25 cent stick of Armour's Shaving Soap GIVEN with first orders of one dozen or more blades. Money back if not satisfied. Mail your blades today.
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TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago

THE PEDIGREE PLUG

(Continued from Page 11)

voice, as cold and sharp as an icicle, pierced the babble of maidens' tongues.

"Miss McNab!"

Silence fell in the house of joy, one of those silences that you can't even cut with a knife, that paralyze limbs and make one feel as though one were sinking to oblivion in a sea of molasses. It lasted for a breath-held moment that was like a lifetime.

"Miss McNab!"

Miss McNab slipped through the curtains. In each of her cheeks was a spot of red, in her eyes a fire glowed. She stood very straight and looked at Mr. Simon, a lonely black dot in the vast golden expanse of the room he was wont to see busily peopled with customers, clustering attendants and their satellites.

In his hand he held a slip of paper which he flicked with nervous fingers.

"Just a moment, Miss McNab," he remarked coldly, on her appearance. "Did you bill a tailor-made suit from this establishment at one hundred and fifty dollars?"

Miss McNab gulped down a lump in her throat and said "Yes."

"Ah!" breathed Mr. Simon, his eyes growing hard.

Before he could speak further Miss McNab shot in a broadside.

"Yes, I did; and what's more, that suit'll let you in for thousands before you see the last of it; but let me tell you one thing, Mr. Simon, it's the biggest stroke of business I ever pulled off for this shop. Just the same, it is. It'll open your eyes as to what Simon Simon's can do when it really tries. It'll be a walking advertisement for you, and cheap at any price you care to name."

"Crazy!" said Mr. Simon aloud, and added reminiscently: "Quite crazy, and such a nice girl she was too." He dropped his eyes to the floor in thought.

Miss McNab quietly side-stepped and withdrew. In her place stood somebody else, somebody that looked old yet young, smart yet demure, trim but dignified, tall though solid. Mr. Simon came to a sudden decision and looked up. He gasped. His eyes shot wildly to right and left in search of Miss McNab, then they came back to direct focus and started to devour bit by bit the vision that stood before him.

Have you ever watched a night-blooming cereus burst into full glory in a moonlit garden? It is a great sensation, but the enchanting flower that blooms only for itself and the prowlers of the small hours had nothing on Mrs. Simon. In this her great moment she satisfied all the five senses of man in one bewitching swirl.

She was dressed in a steel-gray gaberdine suit that not only fitted but contained her. Its raglan cut relieved the set of her splendid shoulders and gave them a downward curve; its longitudinal ribs distracted the eye from horizontal thoughts and gave her height.

Like suit, like boots. They made her feet look long and slim. She was crowned with her own fine head of hair, done by a master, and bearing a supercoronet in the shape of a small hat of banded steel-colored feathers. Dangling at the end of a smart black ribbon was a *face à main*, known to people less posted than Miss McNab as a lorgnon. It was not of gold or of tortoise-shell, but of platinum, and it set the hall mark on an already perfect scheme in gray.

Mr. Simon took it all in slowly, gaspingly, then his eyes forgot clothes and settled on his wife's face. In her flushed cheeks, her tremulous, half-parted lips, and in her wide eyes he caught a gleam, a glow, of remembered youth. He felt a wonderful sensation, as though she had suddenly brought her girlhood back within reach of sight, smell, touch, hearing and taste. His heart gave a plunge, a lump rose in his throat.

"Maida!" he gulped.

At this spontaneous echo of the days of long ago Mrs. Simon trembled from head to foot. Her lips quivered, her eyes filled with tears, she half raised her gloved hands toward Simon, started to cry but laughed instead, a low happy laugh. Behind the curtain girls giggled hysterically and let go monstrous long-held breaths.

"Come out, you girls!" shouted Simon. "Miss McNab," he continued, his eyebrows twitching in a nervous frown, "you draw down a bonus of one hundred and fifty

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

Expensive Thought: "A Tube Is a Tube"

Tubes cost relatively little, but poor tubes easily can become the most expensive part of your equipment.

If the casing is right the job of the tube is very simple. It does not have to withstand pressure or wear. It has only to *hold air* and *keep on* holding air.

This is why too many motorists think "a tube is a tube" and let it go at that.

So, too many dealers will sell you good casings and then put in low-grade, long-profit tubes. These often cost you many times their price by losing pressure and so wearing out your casings.

If you have frequent tire trouble probably your long-profit tubes are to blame. The cheapest thing you can do is to throw them away and get a set of Goodyears all around.

We especially recommend Goodyear Heavy Tourists. They cost more at first but less at last.

All Goodyear Tubes are made the right way. They are built up of layer on layer of pure, tissue-thin gum—not ground out of a machine like sausage.

Each layer is inspected for sand holes and bubbles. Then the valve patch is put in place and the whole is vulcanized into one unified, air-tight tube, which will do all the work required of a tube and do it longer and better than others not made in this careful, expensive way.

It's expensive to think "a tube is a tube." It's economy to buy Goodyear Tubes, made right to hold air and keep on holding it.

It's *extra* economy to buy Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Emery on Shirts

stands for 35 years' experience and means unsurpassable workmanship, finish and fit.

Therefore we suggest—Look for *Emery* when you buy shirts $1.50 to $10

Nek-ban-tab is an added convenience

Your dealer can supply you, or we will send name of dealer who will

W. M. Steppacher & Bro. Inc. Makers, The Emery Shirt, Philadelphia.

LE PAGE'S GLUE 10¢ WHEN ANYTHING'S BROKEN

LEAKING?—Write for Special Deal on Le Page's Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass.

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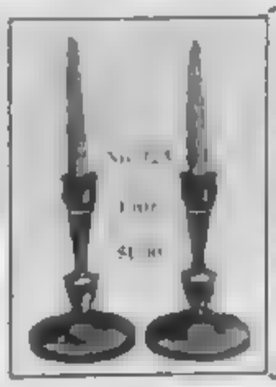

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Big Gift Book of splendid gifts, something for everybody and at right prices. Your list of names, and a postal will bring it free, and a great big help.

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you can *know* what you get by applying the simple tests which Parsons has collected during years of experience in the paper business and now publishes in a little book, "How to Test Bond Papers." This book is mailed free to any paper buyer who writes for it on his business stationery. With it come samples of the famous Parsons Old Hampden Bond, the paper with a national reputation. Compare Old Hampden with the bond you are using now.

PARSONS PAPER CO., Holyoke, Mass.

PARSONS

OLD - HAMPDEN - BOND

dollars this week." His glance swept the assembled company. "You and all the girls present get a raise of ten per cent—that is, all but the last one to leave the room."

The hint was broad and no one missed it. There was no last girl to leave the room, for they all burst through the door at once and slammed it behind them. Then the frown left Simon's face and he grinned like a boy as he advanced on his wife, threw his arms round her and kissed her.

"Maida, girlie!"

"Oh, John," gasped Ma Simon, "I've been so awfully afraid, and I am yet. John, I'm in debt, terribly in debt."

"Are you, dear?" said Simon. "Well, you're engaged from to-day at thirty a week."

"What do you mean? Engaged where and what?"

"My dear," said Simon, holding her off at arm's length and turning suddenly excited, "don't you realize what's happened? You've come back to me, caught up with the band wagon. You're part of the show, part of Simon Simon's. No more sitting round and letting yourself go flop. Why, Maida, d'you think I liked playing this game alone? I've longed to make you take a hand, but somehow it seemed as though you couldn't or wouldn't."

"I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Simon, her puzzled eyes wandering. "I don't see how I've helped you by spending money I haven't got."

"Oh, don't you?" said Simon. "You wonderful girl, have you looked in a glass?"

Mrs. Simon smiled reminiscently. "Have I!" she replied. "It is lucky mirrors don't wear out from use."

"Well, Maida," said Simon with one arm round her waist and drawing her toward a window, "look down there, down the Avenue, the greatest, the most beautiful street of shops and shoppers the world has ever seen. Girlie, after we've picked our new apartment and been away on a honeymoon, you've got to drive to this establishment every evening at five to fetch me, and for doing it you'll draw down all your clothes and thirty a week."

"I don't get you," said Mrs. Simon, using a phrase that she had caught from Swarty. "Why should you give me clothes and thirty a week and a motor car ——"

"No, no!" cried Simon with a shudder. "Not a motor car, my dear. Motor cars are a bit *passé*. A victoria will be more in the tone of Simon Simon's." His eyes grew dreamy. "A victoria done in drab, two men on the box, two bays that hit their chests with their knees every time they step, and inside it, like a gray pearl in a shell, you. Miss McNab said you'd be a walking advertisement for Simon Simon's. She was wrong, my dear—wrong about the walking."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Crowfoot. The third will appear in an early number.

Made in Boston

A YEAR or two ago Bozeman Bulger wrote a vaudeville sketch purporting to deal with life in a Southern Colonel's home. The preliminary tryout took place in Washington. On the afternoon before the first performance Bulger, while giving the scenery a final inspection, noted that the walls of the supposititious Colonel's library were bare of characteristic pictures.

He hailed the stage manager, a functionary of wide experience in mounting theatrical productions.

"Say," said Bulger, "we need some portraits of Southern heroes for this set. Suppose you get one good steel engraving of Jefferson Davis and one of Robert E. Lee right away, and hang 'em where they'll show up well from the front."

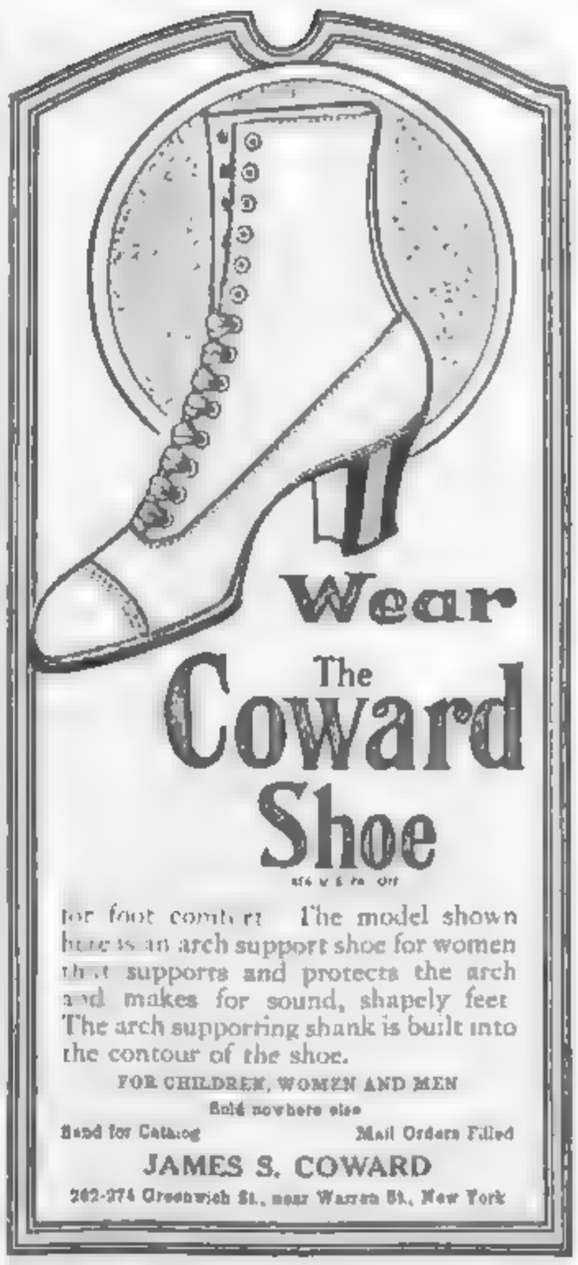
"All right, Mr. Bulger," said the stage manager, making a note on his little pad. "I'll have 'em for you inside of a week."

"Inside of a week!" echoed the author. "Why not have them for to-night?"

"Well, you see, sir," said the stage manager, "you'll have to send for them if you want the real article."

"Send where?"

"To Boston, Massachusetts—that's where they make the best engravings of Davis and Lee."



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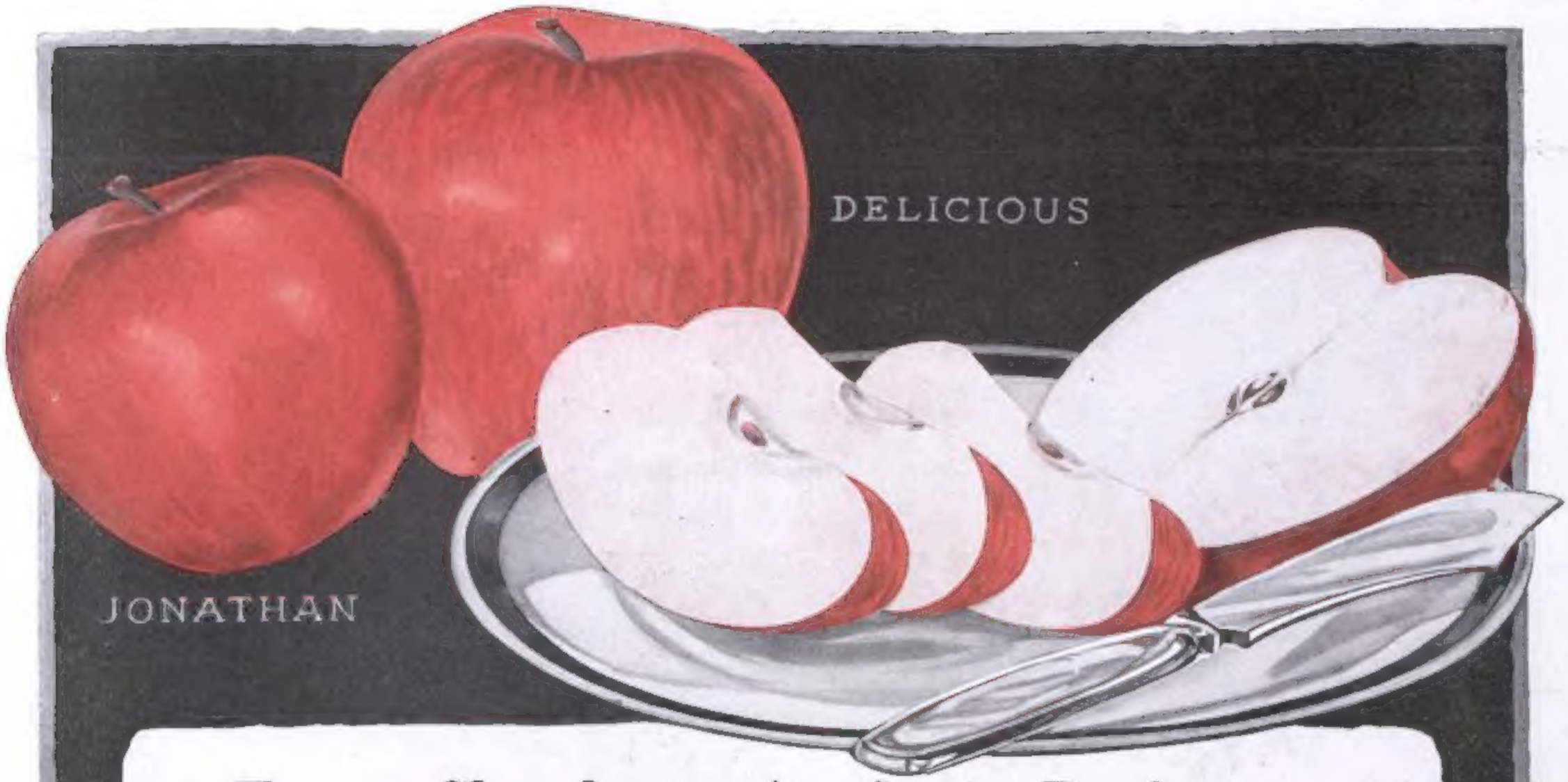

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The Vogue of Community Plate

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